



Nelson at Trafalgar: President Mandela greets the crowds in Trafalgar Square yesterday before making a triumphant speech from the balcony of South Africa House, scene of many anti-apartheid protests. Mandela's day, page 3. Photograph: Brian Harris

Seething Irish anger after Unionist victory

DAVID MCKITTRICK
Ireland Correspondent

Tens of thousands of Orangemen yesterday took to the streets on the biggest day of the parade calendar, amid unmistakable signs that nationalist alienation from the authorities and the RUC had reached a new peak.

The parades, to 19 main points across Northern Ireland, took place largely without serious incident, following a night of severe street disturbances in several towns and cities.

Although much of the sense of dread which was in the air earlier in the week had disappeared, a number of areas remained very tense. There was also much bitterness and political uncertainty, in the wake of the RUC's handling of the marches.

The RUC said yesterday that more than 1,300 plastic bullets had been fired during overnight

disturbances in Belfast, Londonderry and elsewhere. This figure may be the highest ever in Britain for a single night and relates mainly to street clashes in republican areas.

Michael McLaughlin of Sinn Féin said the force had "fired more plastic bullets against nationalists in one night than they did during the four days of Orangemen protesting at Drumcree." The party's president, Gerry Adams, declared "the peace process lies in absolute tatters," and said responsibility for reviving it lay squarely with John Major. The Prime Minister responded that Mr Adams's claim was "absurd".

The fact that three RUC officers were slightly injured by gunfire in separate incidents in north Belfast has led to worries that the IRA may be returning to terrorist violence in Northern Ireland itself.

This followed the aftermath of the week's events centred on a high

level of nationalist criticism of the authorities. The SDLP leader, John Hume, said events in Portadown, Co Armagh, when the RUC had escorted an Orange march through a Catholic district, had led to more anger than he had ever seen before in the nationalist community.

It is not easy for a government by a single act to abdicate its own moral authority, undermine confidence in the police, insult church leaders of four principal faiths, and boost the acceptability of a terrorist organisation. But last Thursday, a British government managed at one fell swoop to do all four. Just what the consequences of this may be it is impossible to tell. But when a government abandons the rule of law in favour of the rule of the mob, one must be very fearful of the long-term consequences.

— Dr Garrett Fitzgerald, former Irish prime minister, page 17

This followed the statement from Cardinal Cahal Daly, leader of the Catholic Church in Ireland, who said he felt personally betrayed by the British Government, and that Orangemen had flouted the rule of law and had been rewarded for their lawless behaviour. Dr Daly's comments have made a major impact, in that he is normally noted for his reserve and moderate language.

Meanwhile, an Irish govern-

ment spokesman described a telephone conversation between John Major and the Taoiseach, John Bruton, as "difficult and frank", which is assumed to represent a diplomat's gloss on a heated exchange. Dublin has called for the establishment of a new, independent parades commission to relieve the RUC of making decisions on marches.

The spokesman said Mr Bruton told the Prime Minister that he was "dismayed that the elaborate preparations which were made to prevent this provocative march were simply thrown aside in the face of massive intimidation. He told the Prime Minister he was shocked".

Mary Harney, who, as leader of the opposition right-wing Progressive Democrats, is known as one of the severest critics of republicanism, said the British Government had been "cowardly in the face of blatant Unionist bullying".

The marching controversies have clearly led to a crisis of nationalist confidence in the RUC, which stands accused of being either unable or unwilling to deal with the loyalist protests which disrupted the province.

The RUC's Chief Constable, Sir Hugh Annesley, was however defended by Mr Major, who said: "If the Chief Constable had not acted as he did, lives would have been lost — I wonder what Sinn Féin would have said then."

Mr Major's assertion that the Government had brought no pressure to bear on the RUC was queried by Mr Hume, who said he found it hard to believe that such matters would not be the object of consultations with the Government.

In Belfast, the Orange Order's chief executive, George Patton, repudiated the claim that Orangemen were "fascist bootboys".

Beat goes on, page 8

Beef appeal rejected

The European Court of Justice yesterday rejected Britain's call to lift the world-wide ban on exports of British beef. Page 7

HIV breakthrough

Potent drug cocktails which appear to drastically reduce the level of HIV in the blood are being hailed by scientists as a "new chapter" in the history of the Aids pandemic. Page 6

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Charles: Equal access

£17m divorce for Charles and Diana

PATRICIA WYNN DAVIES

The Prince and Princess of Wales will begin divorce proceedings on Monday to end their 15-year marriage, lawyers announced yesterday after months of wrangling over a financial settlement.

Official confirmation of an agreement, technically confidential but likely to be worth at least £15m and possibly up to £17m, cleared the way for a divorce by consent after the two-year separation required by current law, to be finalised on 28 August. The Queen is likely to pick up the lion's share of the financial burden.

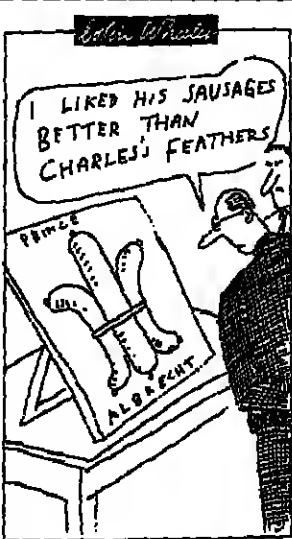
Simultaneous statements by Buckingham Palace and the couple's lawyers were ready for release as soon as Nelson Mandela's state visit, which took in Prince's Trust schemes in Brixton, south London, offi-

cially ended. While the Princess will lose the title Her Royal Highness and will in future be known as Diana, Princess of Wales, the statement from the Palace underlined that her role as the mother of the heir to the Throne has ensured she will still be regarded as a member of the Royal Family.

The couple have agreed on equal access to their sons, Prince William, 14, and Prince Harry, 11.

The Princess will retain her insignia, orders and other titles and receive, from time to time, invitations to state and national public occasions. She will also retain her apartments at Kensington Palace, but loses office at St James's Palace.

Alongside the lump sum, which could produce an annual income for the Princess of at least £1m on top of her own estimated investment income of



approximately £250,000, some £400,000 a year will be provided to run her private office at Kensington Palace.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr George Carey, said he was "pleased that the inevitable strain and uncertainty" of the negotiations was now over. Cold truce, pages 4 and 5 Saturday Story, page 16

... but it could have been so very different

ANDREW MARSHALL

Things could all have been so different. If history had shifted slightly, 300 years ago, the divorce of Charles and Diana would merit only a few paragraphs in the *Hannoversche Zeitung*, nobody would have the first idea about Orangemen and we would be mourning King Albert I.

The Battle of the Boyne, in 1690, ousted the Catholic Stuarts and brought us William of Orange. The Stuarts fled into exile. But the line continued, and the Stuart claimant was Prince Albert of Bavaria — until this week, when he died.

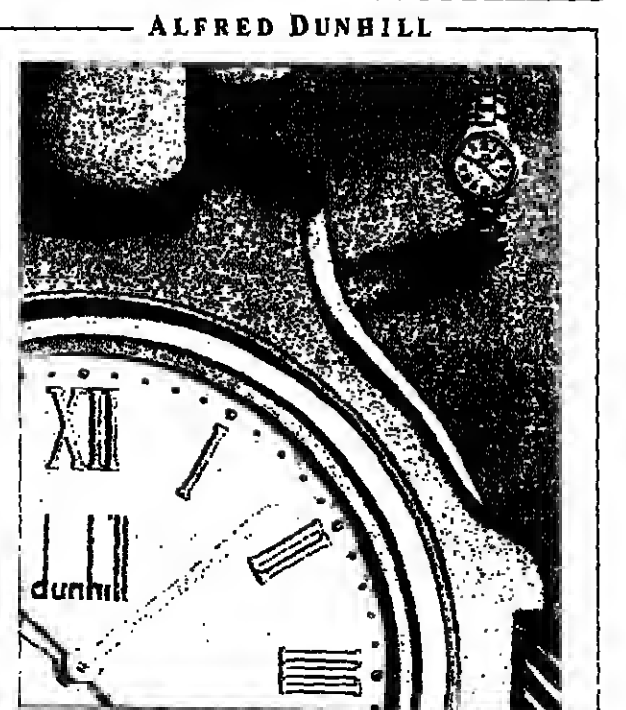
It does not take a great leap of the imagination to see Albrecht on the throne. He had a good claim, as a direct descendant of Charles I. He was a German, but then so, by origin, are the Hanoverians turned Wind-

sors. It is just that they are north Germans, and so Protestant; while Albrecht was a southern German, and hence Catholic.

Of course, had the Catholic Stuarts prevailed, then the marching season in Northern Ireland would not be quite the event it is now. King William would have remained in the Netherlands, and the House of Orange would not be something for Irishmen to fight over in a far-off island.

Albrecht never made much of his claim to the British throne, though several societies kept it alive — notably a drinking club in Oxford. His funeral will be attended by royalty from across Europe — including Prince Charles.

Perhaps, as he sits in the church, he may reflect that life would have been a lot easier if his cousins from Bavaria had pressed their case just a little harder.



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SIGNIFICANT SHORTS

Labour has appealed to its MPs to donate their rise in excess of 3 per cent to "good causes". Tony Blair, the Labour leader, who will himself only accept 3 per cent, said he was not criticising MPs who took the money, but that it was a different position from his colleagues. "I am in quite a different position from my colleagues. I am paid far more than they are. I voted for 3 per cent, that is what I shall take because that is what I voted for," he said. Mr Blair was paid £64,167 a year, and became entitled to £83,332, a rise of 30 per cent, when MPs defied pleas for restraint from both himself and the Prime Minister. He will now take £66,092, as from the beginning of this month.

Meanwhile, it emerged that the Prime Minister has told the Labour Party that they must decide personally whether or not to take the money, but that their decisions, like his, must be kept secret. "He told us he didn't want empty gestures for PR purposes and that their decisions must remain private whatever it was," a Cabinet minister was quoted as saying. *John Rentoul*

Islamic dissident Mohammed Al-Masari will not face criminal charges over calls for the "annihilation" of Jews, it emerged yesterday. The Crown Prosecution Service said tightly-drawn laws on incitement to murder and racial hatred meant a prosecution was impossible over inflammatory literature advocating the extermination of Jews in Israel.

But the CPS confirmed that it remained ready to take action if further evidence was submitted. The decision sparked a storm of protest at Westminster where MPs remain furious that Government attempts to expel the Saudi dissident failed. Former Cabinet minister Lord Tebbit said: "It seems that this man can say anything without risk of prosecution or expulsion from this country."

A court in St Malo, France, has dismissed a £108,000 criminal libel action brought by the press barons David and Frederick Barclay against the BBC director-general, John Birt. Judge Francois Genicon said the case brought by the 62-year-old twin brothers, owners of the European Newspaper and the tax haven of Breckou, was "unacceptable".

The action arose following an interview with the Observer journalist, John Sweeney, on BBC Radio Guernsey, on 4 October last year, in which the Barclays alleged they were falsely accused of corruption in connection with the Crown Agents scandal in the 1970s. In the interview, Sweeney referred to the twins as "interesting people with an interesting record", and as having been "embroiled" in the Crown Agents affair.

Hundreds of people are being sent to court charged with attacking people sexually or physically while they were sleep-walking, according to a consultant psychiatrist. But in most cases, juries refused to believe their stories, said Dr Peter Fenwick, speaking at the Association of European Psychiatrists' Congress in London.

Most of the assaults were physical, but Dr Fenwick, who runs a sleep disorders clinic, said charges of sexual assault were on the rise, partly due to the growth of "sleep over" parties at friends' houses: "It is no longer unusual for two or three people of different sexes to sleep together in the same bed... But behaviour which occurs in sleep can lead to charges of rape and sexual harassment," he said. He estimated up to 300 cases came to court each year involving sleep-walking. *Glenda Cooper*

A farmer who claims he was wrongly convicted of attempted murder because his mental state was affected by sheep-dip insecticide poisoning, yesterday won the right to a retrial. Robert Billings, 60, of Warrington, West Sussex, jailed for 12 years in December 1994, will remain in custody pending the retrial.

Billings severely wounded a labourer, George Foster, who lived in a caravan on his farm, by firing a shotgun at him. Yesterday, defence lawyers put forward reports from a specialist in the effects of organophosphate (OP) poisoning, who said it could lead to uncontrollable rages which were completely out of character, especially when combined with alcohol intoxication. Billings had worked with OP sheep dip and had been dipping sheep on the day before the shooting.

Laws to impose fines on noisy neighbours cleared a final hurdle in the Parliament yesterday. MPs accepted Lords' amendments to the Noise Bill, piloted by the Tory MP Harry Greenway (Ealing N) with cross-party and Government support, and it is clear to go for Royal Assent.

Peers' changes give the Secretary of State for the Environment the power to order councils in England, Wales and Northern Ireland to enforce the provisions. The Bill seeks to clamp down on loud music between 11pm and 7am and includes an on-the-spot £100 fine, as well as a maximum £1,000 penalty for cases that come to court.

A three-year-old playing with a cigarette lighter was the most likely cause of a fire in which two part-time firefighters and a five-year-old boy died, at a house at Blairstown, South Wales, an inquest at Aberystwyth was told yesterday by forensic scientist Dr Andrew Sweeting.

Kevin Lane, 32, and Stephen Griffin, 42, were killed in an explosion as they searched for a child mistakenly thought to be trapped upstairs. They had already rescued Daniel Harford, who died from smoke inhalation on his way to hospital. In fact, Ms Catherine Harford and her other son, Joshua, three, who was said to have a fascination for lighters and matches, had already escaped. Accidental death verdicts were returned in all three cases.

A man charged with the manslaughter of a jogger was remanded in custody yesterday. John Robinson, 36, unemployed, of Fir Terrace, Esh Winning, County Durham, appeared before city magistrates. An application for bail was denied.

Stephen Penfold, 41, a Land Registry clerical worker, of Forest View, Brandon, County Durham, died after being hit by a car near the village of Brancepeth on Tuesday. The court was told he died from multiple injuries which included a fractured skull and severed spine.

An apology: Jennifer Guinness

In yesterday's newspaper we printed a photograph of Jennifer Guinness, with a caption incorrectly identifying her as Lady Henrietta Guinness, who committed suicide.

The picture was supplied to us as a photograph of Lady Henrietta by an agency, and we reproduced it in good faith. We apologise for any embarrassment caused.

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Hole in the wall: The TSB bank in Prudhoe, Tyne and Wear, after thieves used a bulldozer to remove a cashpoint machine. Photograph: NewsTeam

ITV in huge cash boost for film

MATTHEW HORSMAN
Media Editor

Six major UK broadcasters will next week unveil an unprecedented investment in the British film industry, promising £100m over five years to develop high-quality movies for theatrical release.

The scheme, backed by Carlton, Granada, United News & Media, Yorkshire-Tyne Tees, ITV and STV, will also give the ITV Network a first chance to broadcast the films on free terrestrial television, before the rights revert to the producers.

The investment marks one of the largest commitments to British film since Channel 4 launched its own, highly successful scheme, which led to such hits as *Four Weddings and a Funeral*. It will be a huge boost to the country's independent producers, who have struggled to find financing even for modest films.

The BBC has also leapt into the movie production business, as a way of helping to finance



ITV is hoping to copy

its own schedule. About half of the films it finances get a theatrical release.

Senior executives declined to discuss the plan yesterday. A major launch is planned for Tuesday, presided over by Leslie Hill, chairman of the ITV. The plan has been driven by commercial imperatives. The ITV network has been hard pressed to compete against an increasingly populist BBC schedule, despite a network budget of £600m a year. Under the film development plan, the six broadcasters will give the network rights to their films at a much lower cost, in exchange for keeping the rights to subsequent viewings. This should enable the ITV companies to sell secondary rights to cable and satellite broadcasters.

A senior ITV source said last night: "Too often, the Network Centre pays a huge price for programmes, only to broadcast them maybe once or at most twice in seven years. Under this plan, the producers will be able to seek other markets, and therefore the costs to the network will come down."

In one example suggested by an industry source, a film that might have originally cost ITV £1m would be sold for one or two television viewings at half that price. The producer would make up the rest, through theatrical release, if possible, or through the cable, satellite and overseas markets.

Channel 4, led by Michael Grade, has led the way in the production by TV companies of theatrical films. The fourth channel believes a theatrical release provides excellent "marquee appeal", ensuring big audiences when the movies finally reach the small screen.

British films have been living through a minor renaissance in recent years, with hits such as *Four Weddings and a Funeral*, *The Madness of King George* and this year's *Trainspotting* and *Secrets and Lies*. Ironically, film-makers complain that development money is still difficult to raise, particularly for films that have no pre-sold rights overseas.

Ministers plan to end post monopoly

BARRIE CLEMENT
Labour Editor

The postal workers' dispute entered a far more serious phase yesterday when the Government disclosed it was preparing to suspend the Royal Mail's monopoly on delivering letters.

The news came amid attempts to start fresh peace talks after the 'Communication Workers' Union ordered a considerable escalation of the action on Thursday with four new strikes.

In a letter to the Post Office, Ian Lang, President of the Board of Trade, set in train the consultation process needed to lift the Royal Mail's sole right to deliver letters for less than £1.

It was not clear yesterday how long the period of consultation would last, the length of any suspension or which parts of the mail might be up for grabs.

Alan Johnson, joint general secretary of the union, said it

was "very unlikely" they would change the system just for the period of the dispute. It could last "years rather than months".

Ministers have warned that the Government could come under pressure to allow private companies a permanent right to handle letters once the monopoly has been suspended. The union fears it could lead to renewed calls for the privatisation of the Royal Mail.

Mr Lang's letter asks Sir Michael Heron, chairman of the Post Office, to evaluate the impact of a suspension, which is most likely to affect bulk mailing by businesses. Mr Lang has the right to allow private firms to deliver letters under the British Telecommunications Act of 1981. The monopoly was last suspended a quarter of a century ago when postal workers went on strike for weeks on end.

A spokesman for the Post Office conceded that Mr Lang's plans were of "great signifi-

cance" to its business and they would be treating the matter "very seriously".

The Direct Marketing Association, which represents companies which sell products through bulk mailing, said the Government's decision had followed intense lobbying by its representatives. The association estimated the industry would lose £11m a day if disruption was prolonged.

The Government has so far acquiesced over the "restriction on trade" in order to stop companies "cherry-picking" profitable bulk mailing business.

The move by Mr Lang comes after the union - which has already led two day-long stoppages - announced strikes ranging in length from 24 hours to 48 hours. Some 130,000 sorting and delivery workers are to walkout for 24 hours from 3am next Thursday; 36 hours from 10am on 26 July; 48 hours from 10am on 31 July and 24 hours from 3am on 6 August.

Blair: We had wrong policies

ANTHONY BEVINS
Political Editor

The Labour Party fought the last two elections with some policies the leadership did not want, Tony Blair says in an exclusive interview with the Independent Magazine today.

That explains why the Labour leader has taken such trouble to dump some of the political albatrosses hung round the party's neck in the 1987 and 1992 elections, when Neil Kinnock was leader.

Mr Blair says: "I remember going through the last two general elections, and there were all sorts of policies that the leadership collectively didn't want."

"There were pledges [such as on child benefit] that it really wasn't sensible to hold to, but the outcry of the party was going to be too great to change them."

Neil Kinnock succeeded in jettisoning a number of Labour policies, including withdrawal from the European Union, and

unilateral nuclear disarmament, but it was impossible to make the changes that John Smith and Tony Blair made after the 1992 election defeat.

Mr Blair says that the leadership was given no choice but to go into the election of 1992 with a string of commitments it would have preferred to ditch, but the fear of party rifts and splits was just too great.

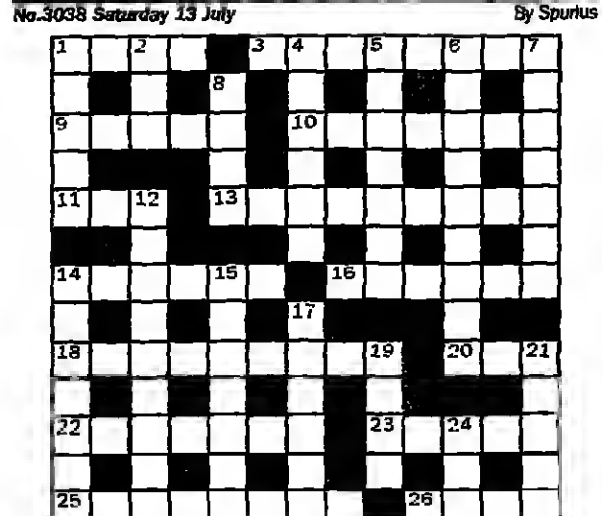
Shadow Chancellor John Smith was therefore forced to make the best of a bad job with a Shadow budget explaining how to pay for pledges on such items as child benefit and pensions.

According to Mr Blair, that shadow budget "gave birth to an election which we fought around the issue of tax, in which the Tories were able to misrepresent and misinterpret our policies."

With tangible relief the Labour leader adds: "Now we aren't going into the election with those difficulties."

Interview, Magazine

the weather



- ACROSS**
- Exalted (4)
 - Sadly inadequate (8)
 - Metallurg (5)
 - Inconvenience (7)
 - Brick container (3)
 - National treasury (9)
 - Sponsor (6)
 - Put in (6)
 - Ruffian (9)
 - Bath (3)
 - Eye specialist (7)
 - Board (5)
 - Drug (8)
 - Linear measure (4)
- DOWN**
- Half-door (5)
 - Weapon (3)
 - Kidnap (6)
 - One no longer successful (3-4)
 - Defiant (9)
 - Entertainment (7)
 - NE river (4)
 - Dog (9)
 - Unaccepted social usage (3-4)
 - Mournful (7)
 - Highland dress (6)
 - Curse (4)
 - Tree (5)
 - Prohibit (3)

Solution to yesterday's Concise Crossword:

ACROSS: 1 Pledge, 4 Round (Playground), 5 Cable, 9 Revital, 11 Freedom, 11 Tact, 12 Air, 14 Sun, 15 Each, 18 Gel, 21 Pet, 23 Academic, 25 Braille, 26 Noid, 27 Rove, 28 Ordial, DOWN: 1 Puff, 2 Ambient, 3 Unending, 4 Rock, 5 Ultra, 6 Delect, 7 Drama, 13 Retainer, 16 Crevise, 17 Timber, 19 Label, 20 Kendall, 22 Elate, 24 Sloe.

Notes

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Area	Temp	Wind	Cloud	Area	Temp	Wind	Cloud
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Bristol	12-14	10-12	10-12	Bristol	12-14	10-12	10-12
Birmingham	12-14	10-12	10-12	Birmingham	12-14	10-12	10-12
Manchester	12-14	10-12	10-12	Manchester	12-14	10-12	10-12
Cardiff	12-14	10-12	10-12	Cardiff	12-14	10-12	10-12
Edinburgh	12-14	10-12	10-12	Edinburgh	12-14	10-12	10-12
Glasgow	12-14	10-12	10-12	Glasgow	12-14	10-12	10-12
Belfast	12-14	10-12	10-12	Belfast	12-14	10-12	10-12
London	12-14	10-12	10-12	London	12-14	10-12	10-12
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Cardiff	12-14	10-12	10-12	Cardiff	12-14	10-12	10-12
Edinburgh	12-14	10-12	10-12	Edinburgh	12-14	10-12	10-12
Glasgow	12-14	10-12	10-12	Glasgow	12-14	10-12	10-12
Belfast	12-14	10-12	10-12	Belfast	12-14	10-12	10-12

'I would love to put each and every one of you in my pockets and return with you to South Africa'

RAYMOND WHITAKER

The ethnic hotpot of Brixton in south London and the imperial grandeur of Trafalgar Square are only 15 minutes apart by Tube, but worlds apart in every other sense. Yesterday they were both engulfed by a single phenomenon: Mandela-mania.

To the thousands of black people who converged on Brixton to see Nelson Mandela, the President of South Africa, the symbol of pride, "Mandela, you took us to the promised land, thank you," read one banner. "Viva President Mandela, free at last," said another. "He is a saviour, not only of Africa, but of the whole world," said Esther Ogua, a Nigerian-born retired



Exhilaration: A spectator in Trafalgar Square

journalist and lawyer who had brought her grandson.

Janmed among market stalls in the narrow space between Brixton Recreation Centre and a railway viaduct, the crowd blew whistles, danced, clapped and sang to a troupe of Brazilian drummers and a thunderous sound system. It did not seem possible that the noise could increase, but there was still no mistaking the hero's coming: voices rose to hysteria pitch and beyond as Mr Mandela, in one of his trademark silk shirts, arrived with the Prince of Wales. Several women burst into tears when they saw the stately, grey-haired president.

The dignitaries disappeared inside the recreation centre to meet community leaders and talk about schemes launched to regenerate the area after the 1985 riots and subsequent violence. Mr Mandela told them it was "the fulfilment of a dream" to visit Brixton: "I want to tell you that Britain, especially Lon-

don and the community of Brixton, were the heartland of the anti-apartheid struggle."

In the streets outside, the crowds and the mood of excitement rose close to danger level. "This time I'm going to touch him, no matter what," one young girl muttered.

When Mr Mandela emerged for a walkabout an hour later, he was able to shake only a few hands before people came swarming over the barriers. Anxious security men returned him and the Prince to their Rolls-Royce, but could not prevent the car being mobbed as the motorcade swung into Brixton Road. Police horses managed to clear a path, but well over half of the 10,000 people who had come to see Mr Mandela's presence failed to catch a glimpse of him.

In Trafalgar Square the crowd was predominantly white, but no less thrilled. Although it was impossible to see Mr Mandela among the sea of heads, one could tell where he was from the hubbly of ecstatic cheering which accompanied him. "I've been coming here for 30 years for anti-apartheid demonstrations," Mervyn Bennun, an Exeter University law lecturer who left South Africa in 1964, said, "but we never had as many people as this."

Finally came the most intensely symbolic moment of Mr Mandela's visit: his appearance on the balcony of South Africa House, once an outpost of apartheid which was barricaded against the world outside. It echoed his speech from the balcony of Cape Town's city hall on the night of his release from 27 years in prison.

As the sun shone on the column bearing a statue of his naval namesake, the bells of St Martin's in the Fields chimed and the smell of vendors' hamburgers drifted across the square, the latter-day Nelson told his adores: "I wish I had big pockets, because I love each and every one of you, and I'd like to fit each and every one of you in my pocket and return with you to South Africa." He thanked the British people for their help in the struggle against apartheid, but said South Africa still needed their help to entrench its young democracy.

In his speech, and at a press conference afterwards, Mr Mandela tried to deflect some of the adulation away from himself. "All over the globe there are men and women who fight injustice. They have a vision, and are prepared to suffer for it," he said to the crowd, but they cheered only for him.

"The response of the people of this country exceeded my wildest expectations," Mr Mandela told the press at the end of his visit. It is almost certainly true that the normally reserved British were equally surprised at themselves.



Symbolic moment: President Mandela waving from the balcony of South Africa House to the cheering thousands in Trafalgar Square yesterday

Photograph: Alf Kumalo

'In Brixton, he was speaking about us'

Black broadcaster Trevor Phillips was among the crowds in south London

He kept calling it "Bristol". In Brixton, you don't get people's names wrong. Such mistakes can lead to the sort of misunderstanding that has given Brixtonians the reputation of being prickly and hostile towards outsiders. For Brixtonians it's just another example of the way people ignore and undervalue the multi-racial inner city. Thus the fact that Nelson Mandela got the name of the entire place wrong, but still received a rapturous ovation, made his achievement on the streets all the more remarkable.

Of course, he praised "Bristol's" contribution to the anti-apartheid struggle. He may or may not have been aware that most black people tended to regard the British anti-apartheid

movement as the creature of white liberals. Being a political genius he is bound to be aware that many black people here lined up behind his Black Consciousness opponents, regarding the multi-racial African National Congress as likely to compromise with the oppressor. But with his exquisitely paced rhetoric, and his knack for the right gesture at the right moment he charmed the pants off Brixton. Next term the essay topic "The Day I Saw Nelson Mandela" will no doubt figure in the lives of thousands of Brixton children, black and white. All of which makes it so much more tragic that people

did not appear to realise that Mandela was not only speaking to us; he was also speaking about us. The old fox is a master of symbols. His decision to wear the Springbok shirt last year at the World Cup rugby finals did more than any number of speeches to convince the Afrikaansers that they could live with the new order; the acceptance of Speaker Betty Boothroyd's helping hand yesterday, at once acknowledged his physical frailty, and emphasised the triumph of his spirit over attempts to break his body.

So the decision to go to Brixton, the symbolic heart of black Britain, was a clear signal that

he identified with those who still face prejudice here. He knows that more than half of the young black men in this area and others like it are unemployed. He could hardly ignore the deep sense of neglect that hangs over the shabby inner city streets. And there is no question that his choice of Brixton was a signal to our nation that perhaps we should be less keen to lecture South Africans on the threat of crime and instability in their country until we've done something about them here at home.

In my own conversation with Mandela, I presented him with a copy of *The Runnymede*

Trust's report. "This is *Where I Live*", a survey of the views of young black men in Brixton. Remember that virtually his first speech when he emerged from prison was to urge young black South Africans to return to school, and to value their education. He reacted instantly when I pointed out that one of the key findings of the report was that black students were up to six times as likely, here and elsewhere in Britain, to be expelled from school. The young men themselves saw that as a failure by the education system that had wrecked their lives.

In the face of the celebration and adulation, it is a token of

Mandela's greatness that he tried to point to the harsh realities facing black citizens in every way open to him. It is equally a token of our political class's moral feebleness that we ignored this side of his message and concentrated on his forgiveness of the hypocrites who lined up pay tributes just as fulsome as the abuse they heaped on him less than a decade ago.

But we should listen to his warning. If we, like the apartheid regime, fail to see the signs of a nation divided by poverty and race, we must not be surprised if our society begins to fall apart in flames.

Trevor Phillips is chairman of the Runnymede Trust and executive producer of factual programmes at London Weekend Television

The future's not so bright as Orange gets the red light in Ulster

PATRICK TOOHER

Orange, Britain's third largest mobile phone operator, is thinking about changing the name of its digital service in Northern Ireland after a week of sectarian violence in the province.

"We are taking advice about actively marketing our brand name in Northern Ireland," a spokeswoman for Orange confirmed yesterday. "I accept that we need to look to see if there is any sensitivity."

Orange is already in the process of acquiring base-station sites in and around the Belfast area and hopes "go live" in the

province within a year. It is keen to tap into a captive audience of 1.5 million, 40 per cent of whom belong to the Catholic/nationalist tradition. But wooing them is going to prove an uphill struggle.

"Imagine the uproar it would cause if they ran a campaign there using their current slogan 'The future's bright, the future's Orange'," Gordon MacMillan of Campaign, the advertising industry bible, said. "They are going to have to seriously consider a sub-brand to get round the problem with the political situation so fraught and volatile."

Orange is not alone in hav-

ing major marketing problems. Indeed, its teething troubles in Northern Ireland are a reminder of how the image of leading brands can quickly be overtaken by events.

Perhaps the most famous example was of a biscuit bar assigned to stifle appetite as part of a slimmers' diet. It was sold in the early Eighties under the unfortunate brand name Aids - until the arrival of the disease Aids.

The Anglo-American drug giant SmithKline Beecham ran into similar problems over its best-selling fizzy drink which bore the legend "Lucosade aids

recovery". The company argues that the label was dropped long before Aids became a major public health issue.

Instances of brand names failing to cross the language barrier are also legion, although the humour they elicit is often of the lavatorial variety.

Cars seem particularly prone to marketing faux pas. Rolls-Royce realised before it sold its Silver Mist range in Germany that "mist" translated as "excrement". But Ford's launch of the Pinto car in Brazil failed - "Pinto" is Brazilian slang for "tiny male genitals". Ford wisely substituted nameplates with

"Corcel", which means "horse". Vauxhall ran into similar difficulties with its Nova range in Spain: "no va" means "won't go" in Spanish.

Chinese translations have also caused unlovely linguistic complications. The Kentucky Fried Chicken slogan "finger lickin' good" came out as "eat your finger off", while in Taiwan the exhortation to "Come alive with the Pepsi generation" ended up as "Pepsi will bring your ancestors back from the dead". And soft drinks rival Coca-Cola had to be renamed for sale in China after it translated as "Bite the wax tadpole".

Foreign firms can also have trouble with English names. There is a French soft drink called "Sic", crisps sold in Spain as "Bum" and a Finnish anti-freeze called "Super-Piss".

But perhaps the funniest faux pas belongs to Parker Pen. When a ballpoint pen was marketed in Mexico the advertisements were supposed to say "It won't leak in your pocket and embarrass you". Alas, Parker thought the Spanish word "embarrasar" had just one meaning: to embarrass. Instead, the advertisements read: "It won't leak in your pocket and make you pregnant".

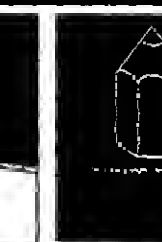
Great advertising gaffes of our time



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The Rolls Royce Silver Mist range had to be renamed for Germany because mist means 'excrement' in German



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THE ROYAL DIVORCE

A cold truce breaks the union which

Nuts and bolts of a deal that couldn't stay secret

PATRICIA WYNN DAVIES
Legal Affairs Editor

Simultaneous statements from Buckingham Palace and from the Prince and Princess's lawyers have signalled the formal ending of a "fairy-tale" marriage that had long turned sour.

With a decree nisi set to be granted on Monday, the decree absolute six weeks later will come roughly a month after the couple's 15th wedding anniversary on 29 July.

After highly intimate admissions culminating in Princess Diana's *Panorama* interview, and three years of deadlock since the couple first separated, it was the Queen who eventually decided enough was enough, urging both parties in a letter last December to seek a divorce and allow the Royal Family to recapture some of its dignity.

Thus began acrimonious and – despite the supposed secrecy – some of the most public matrimonial negotiations ever.

When the lawyers – Anthony Julius of Mishcon De Reya for the Princess, former debutante Fiona Shackleton of the Queen's solicitors Farrer and Co for the Prince – were instructed to begin bargaining, nothing other than a "clean break" settlement featuring a hefty lump sum was ever likely. Only a sub-

stantial one-off payment could give Diana the financial and personal freedom she desired.

The final offer of up to £17m – just over £1m for each year of the marriage – plus funding of around £400,000 a year for the Princess's Kensington Palace private office – was communicated to her last Thursday.

The Queen is expected to find much of the £17m out of her personal fortune, which is

What Diana gets

A £17m settlement for the Princess would produce an annual income of around £1.5m. She will also get £400,000 to run her office,

reputedly around £50m. The Prince's income from the Duchy of Cornwall and from investments, after paying tax and staff expenses, is around £1m a year, making it impossible for him to find such a sum.

Having initially resisted the idea of a divorce – notably in last November's *Panorama* interview – the Princess always held most of the negotiating cards.

In February she was prepared to declare, however, that she would not seek to retain the title Her Royal Highness, Diana, Princess of Wales, as she

will be known, will thus be technically obliged to curtsy to her sons William and Harry – and to her ex-husband.

The statement from the Palace, emphasising the Princess's continuing membership of the Royal Family and provision of a "central and secure home" for her and the children, shows a determination to draw a line on the past and focus on a more stable future.

Both parties are bound by a gagging clause – though that could, presumably, be circumvented by third parties – and they will share responsibility for bringing up the children.

For the Prince, who is expected to throw himself even more enthusiastically into his work with the Prince's Trust and other interests, the prospect of becoming King is unaffected: divorce is not a bar. His remarriage in a church in England is technically possible, despite the Church of England's policy not to conduct second marriages.

So far, however, he has indicated that he does not wish to remarry. That could mean an ongoing, unmarried, relationship with the now-divorced Camilla Parker-Bowles. But compared to earlier miseries and embarrassments, that is something even the Prince's critics may learn to live with.



Outsider: The dummy of the Princess of Wales standing apart from dummies of the Royal family at Madame Tussaud's, London. Photograph: Edward

Princess's role defined

Buckingham Palace issued the following announcement on the Princess of Wales's role:

"The Princess of Wales, as the mother of Prince William, will be regarded by the Queen and the Prince of Wales as being a member of the Royal Family."

"It has been agreed that her style and title will be Diana, Princess of Wales. She may retain any orders, insignia and other titles consistent with her being known as Diana, Princess of Wales."

STATUTES AND ROLE OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES

The Princess of Wales, as the mother of Prince William, will be regarded by the Queen and the Prince of Wales as being a member of the Royal Family.

It has been agreed that her style and title will be Diana, Princess of Wales. She may retain any orders, insignia and other titles consistent with her being known as Diana, Princess of Wales.

One of the family: The Princess remains in Kensington Palace.

"The Princess's public role will essentially be for her to decide. However, as for any other member of the Royal Family, she will receive invitations to state and national public occasions, as for any other member of the Royal Family, at the invitation of the sovereign or the Government. On these occasions the Princess will be accorded the precedence she enjoys at present."

"Being regarded as a member of the Royal Family, the Princess will continue to live at Kensington Palace with the Queen's agreement. Kensington Palace will in this way continue to provide a central and secure home for the Princess and the children."

"The Princess will continue to have access to 32 (The Royal) Squadron and to the state apartments at St James's Palace for entertaining on the same basis as all other members of the Royal Family, namely with the permission of the sovereign."

"The Princess will maintain a private office in Kensington Palace, the size of which will depend on the nature and extent of the public role she undertakes."

"As for any other member of the Royal Family, any activity of the Princess which involves the use of public funds will be undertaken only with the permission of the sovereign acting where necessary on the advice of ministers."

"The Princess has asked the Queen if she may relinquish all her service appointments and the Queen has agreed."

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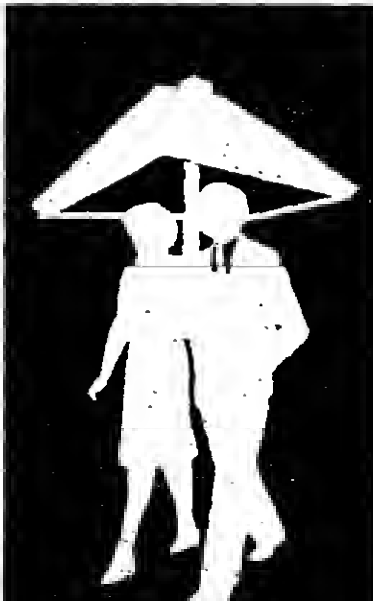
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proved a watershed for the Windsors

King-in-waiting, but weakened



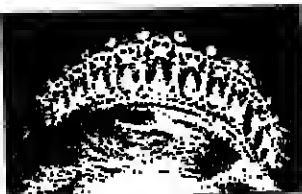
No crown, and an empty diary

Will the Princess be Queen? No. She will not now be crowned. But she can at least expect an invitation to the coronation. Unlike Caroline, wife of George IV, she will not be cold-shouldered. The plan is not to isolate the Princess - she will still use Kensington Palace, Buckingham Palace's aim is stop the acrimony and engineer a stable reconciliation, albeit with the couple divorced. The Queen wants her to remain part of the Royal Family and to keep up some engagements.

What will she do? Some say she will move to the United States, which she finds welcoming and where it might be easier for her to have a private life. However, exile would be a dangerous move for a mother wary of losing control of her children. As her boys grow older, the influence of the court will increase and she might wish to stay nearby.

While her husband must now concentrate on becoming King, her role is more problematic. Her sons will spend their teens away at school. She has lost the HRH title and the precedence it affords at numerous events. Once the Princess's looks fade, she can expect Joan Collins-type articles of the "Isn't she looking amazing-for-her age?" variety. She will have to work harder than she would have as Queen on cultivating public esteem. Charity engagements, plus the daily rituals of gym, therapy and shopping, will fill her days.

There will, of course, be



plenty of time for causing trouble for the Prince of Wales. Her greatest threat would be a whispering campaign in the Press that Charles was unfit to be King. Though her settlement requires her silence - there will be no kiss'n'tell books - a few words from "friends" will raise the heat on the Prince. However, undermining her ex-husband might also be bad for her own cause: she must be careful not to damage William's chance of becoming King.

What about remarriage? "Her relationships with men over the past five or six years have shown that side of her life is important to her," Nigel Evans, editor of *Majesty* magazine, said. "She has been through a traumatic divorce and recovery will take time. But when you are the most famous woman in the world, opportunities come to you."

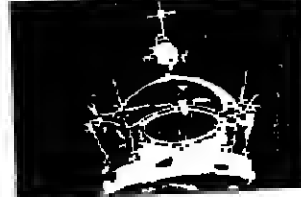
Having more children, he said, would be problematic. "She would probably want to have another child. But that would create the problem of what relationship the child would have with William and Harry."

Questions and answers by Jack O'Sullivan

Can Charles still be King? Yes. He wants to reign and neither divorce nor remarriage can undermine his constitutional entitlement to do so. Under the 1701 Act of Settlement, he will become King as soon as the Queen's heart beats for the last time. They only way the succession can be altered is by an Act of Parliament.

Can he still be Supreme Governor of the Church of England?

Yes. Disposal of wives, legally or otherwise, did not prevent his ancestor, Henry VIII, from becoming supreme governor. The Archbishop of Canterbury has intimated, albeit through grunted teeth, that divorce would not stop Charles taking the role. Remarriage might provoke some protest among conservative evangelicals. But, given that Church of England clergy can now marry, Charles can still be the chief Anglican.



Are there other risks to his succession?

The long-term danger to Charles's job prospects is probably not the fuss about Diana, but rather his readily voiced opinions. Trendy teachers, modern architecture and environmental problems have all crossed his firing line.

However, the Prince's vocal interventions into public debate have so far stayed clear of really divisive issues. "What do his views on architecture matter, as long as he keeps quiet about Britain's relations with Europe," said one royal author. Republican sentiment has fo-

cused more on his family's extravagant, adulterous lifestyle than on the Prince's pretensions to influence government.

But a government intent on major constitutional reform could provoke a Carlist conflict. Charles is prone to nostalgia, and can lose himself in black moods: the danger is, as he grows older, he will become a bitter, reactionary man and so produce a constitutional crisis.

Friends, however, highlight his reformist instincts - he helped broker the deal by which the Queen began paying income tax. He made a contribution to the Exchequer, long before it was mandatory. They also say that age - and divorce - might mellow the Prince, whose public outbursts are blamed by some on a miserable emotional life. It may also be that, in time, the Prince's environmental concerns will chime with the public mood. And he is in-

creasingly given credit for the Prince's Trust, which is creating more employment than many government schemes.

Will he marry Camilla? "Right now, it's the last thing he wants to do. Marriage has been the cause of all his problems," said Nigel Evans, editor of *Majesty* magazine.

Remarriage, certainly as long as Diana stays single, would also antagonise public opinion, whose sympathy would go out to the jilted princess. The Queen is said to be in no hurry to see Charles and Camilla, and Mrs Parker-Bowles, who has had a 20-year on-off relationship with Charles, is in no rush. She may continue to be a royal mistress just as her great-grandmother, Alice Keppel, was to the notorious philanderer, Edward VII. But it would be bad PR for Charles if it emerged that he was a more than one-mistress man.



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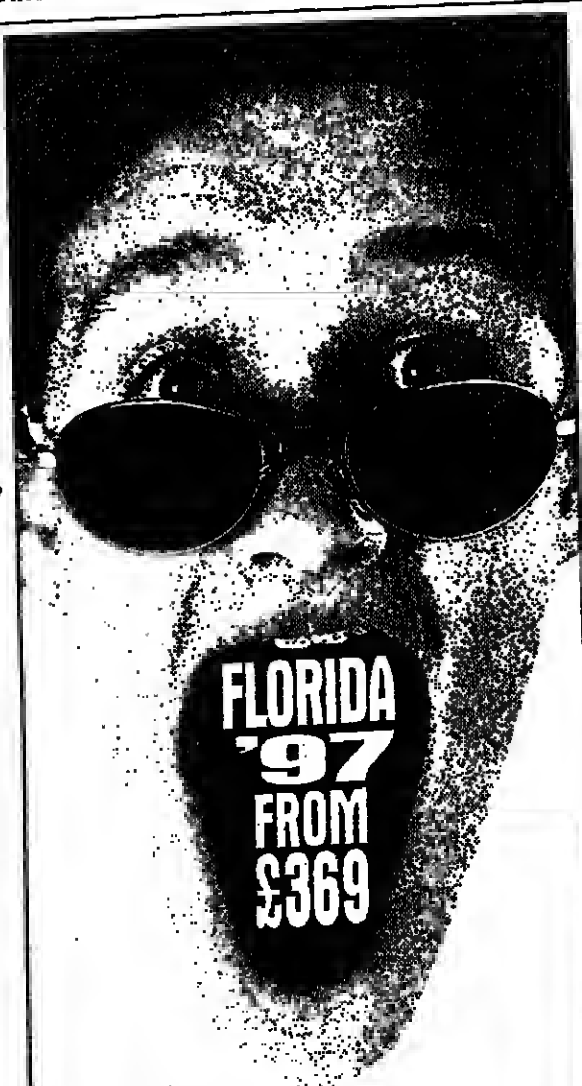
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Literature finds poetic justice in Lottery loophole

MARIANNE MACDONALD
Arts Correspondent

Struggling poets, publishers of experimental magazines and novelists from ethnic backgrounds could become eligible for money from the National Lottery from next year under new proposals drawn up by the Arts Council.

Under the council's plans, grants would be awarded to such artists for the creation of "new work".

This definition should be exploited by the literary world, according to Professor Andrew Motion, the poet and biographer who chairs the Arts Council's literature advisory panel.

He is appealing for writers and publishers to come up with suggestions on how such money could be spent following the publication of an Arts Council consultative document, *New Literary Programmes*.

The document, published last month, offered a mould-breaking interpretation of the areas which could benefit from lottery arts money – in keeping with the council's private determination to extend funding beyond the capital projects it is supposed to support.

Using a surprising loophole, it argued that "in lottery terms, 'new work' is considered to be 'capital' – comparable to a building or a truck".

Prof Motion believes the new thinking offers literature, the most neglected area in terms of arts lottery funding, the chance to get in on the act. Only 11 of the 704 arts grants so far have gone to literary interests, totalling £711,000 out of £425m.

"It does not require a mathematical genius to work out that writers and readers are receiving a minuscule proportion of the funds, or that the status of literature in this country is not reflected in the number of grants so far provided," he said.

Under the new guidelines – expected to be implemented next April – Prof Motion believes it could be possible for money to go to publishers who feel "left out in the cold by the Establishment", to magazines which promote experimental writing, and to poets.

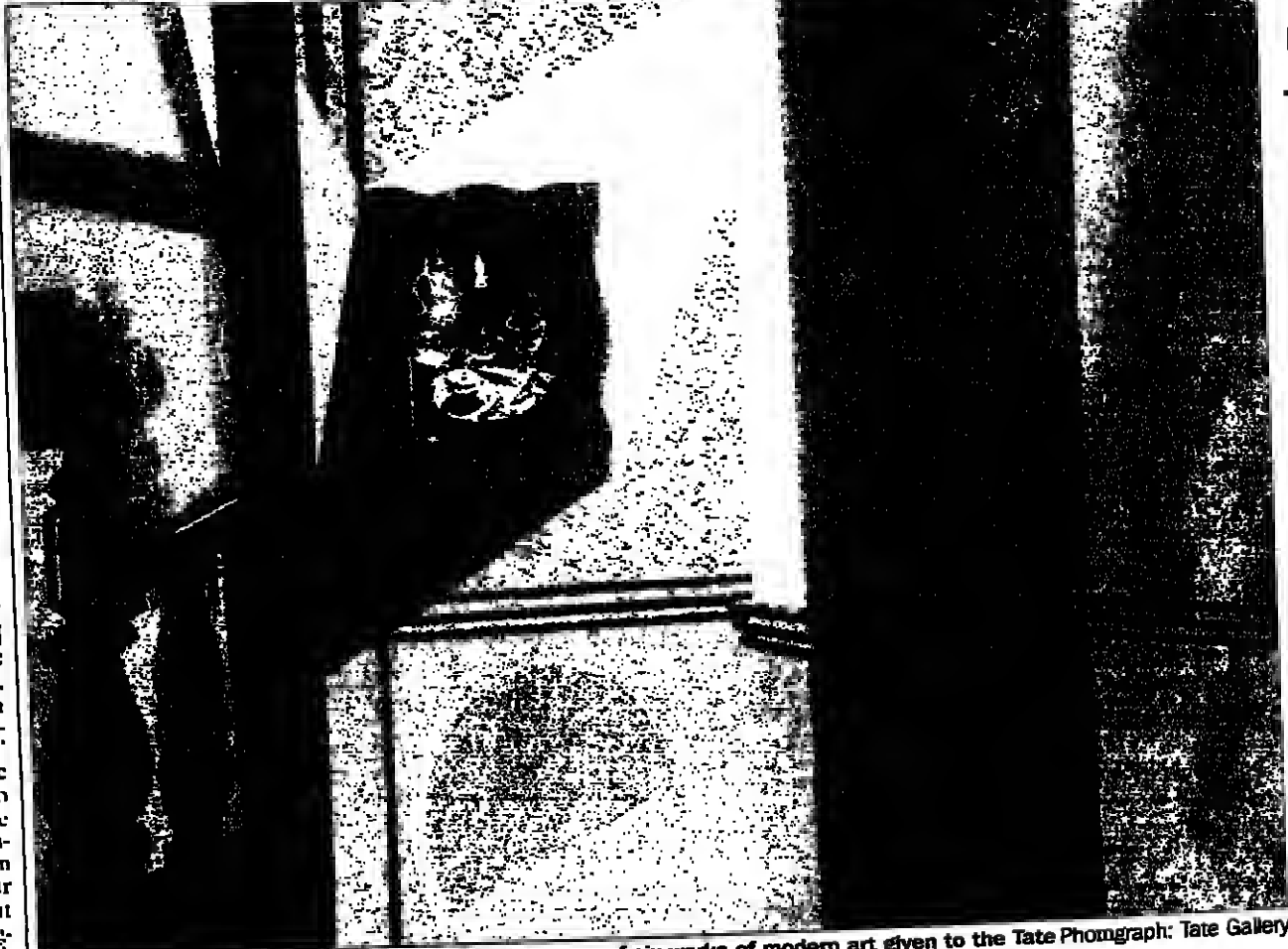
He also favours funding the creation of writers' houses in which professional writers could go for a week or two to work away from "yowling families".

"This is the Golden Age. If writers don't take the chance to get proper funding for literature now then they probably never will," he told the *Independent*.

The consultative document said that any scheme involving practising artists – amateur or professional – should be eligible for funds if it could be demonstrated that the work was additional to their regular programme. "Just as capital building projects often start with a feasibility study... so could artistic initiatives," it said.

"It may be possible to apply lottery funds to an 'R&D' [research and development] process through which creative artists (writers, choreographers, musicians, etc) try out an idea before committing large amounts of time and money on it."

However, the more flexible approach seems unlikely to benefit libraries, which are effectively barred from claiming lottery funds. Prof Motion said he "had spent a lot of our meetings banging on about libraries" – but could not suggest a concrete way by which they might be helped.



In lieu: Interior with a Picture by Patrick Caulfield, one of six works of modern art given to the Tate Photograph: Tate Gallery

Taxman's loss is the Tate's gain

Six works of modern art from a millionaire's "outstanding" collection have been given to the Tate Gallery in lieu of more than £4m in death duties.

The Constantin Brancusi sculpture and five paintings by Patrick Caulfield, Jean Dubuffet, Howard Hodgkin and Francis Picabia belonged to Ted Power, a noted art expert, who died in 1993 aged 94. Power supported many artists during his life and, as a trustee of the Tate, he pressed for more avant-garde exhibits.

One of the paintings, *Mr and Mrs EJP* (1969-73) by Hodgkin, is a highly abstract portrait of Power and his wife. This, with Brancusi's *Fish* (1928), Caulfield's *Interior with a Picture* (1985-86), Jean Dubuffet's *Large Black Landscape* (1946), and *The Tree of Fluids* (1950) and *The Handsome Pork Butcher* by Francis Picabia (1924-26 and 1929-35), will go on show at the Tate in November.

Finance plays second fiddle to date with Verdi

John Bimson, chairman of The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, is showing commendable initiative in his efforts to get the orchestra's finances back on a sound footing.

Bimson, who is also principal horn in the orchestra, was casting his eye over its programme when he fingered on the season's eagerly anticipated climax, Verdi's *Requiem* to be conducted by Daniele Gatti on Maundy Thursday next year.

Bimson's eyes watered as he thought of the ecstasy of the *Requiem* with its large chorus, then watered some more as he thought of the balance sheet. He rang up Gatti. Could the performance be given a few days later on Easter Sunday as a Resurrection piece?

"Why?" asked the RPO's bewildered music director. Because, replied Bimson triumphantly, it would then fall in the next financial year.

Gatti's response is unrecorded. But the performance remains a requiem and remains very firmly scheduled for Maundy Thursday.

Writing about sequels and prequels the other week I mentioned that at least Charles Dickens had been relatively safe from the prequel/sequel fetish of the Jane Austen write-alikes.

It did not take long for me to be proven wrong. The list of summer books from Harper Collins contains *A Time Before Oliver* by Eleanor Thomson. It is described on the cover as the "love story of Bill Sikes and Nancy – a prequel to *Oliver Twist* in the bestselling tradition of Catherine Cookson".

The marriage of Dickeos and Cookson seems an even more unlikely one for Miss Thomson to accomplish than the love story of Bill and Nancy. I can only imagine the happy couple gazing over

Artspeople
with David Lister



Jessica Lange (above) the Hollywood star seen most recently as Mrs Rob Roy, is likely to make her first appearance on the West End stage as *Blanche DuBois* in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. The producer, Bill Kenwright, is on the verge of signing the actress for the planned production by Sir Peter Hall. Sir Peter's magic touch hailed him recently when *Mind the Gap* for Me, with Felicity Kendal, was forced to close early, but the Lange *Streetcar* will, I suspect, be the theatrical highlight of the autumn.

London Bridge, Nancy stroking their mischievous pup, Bull's Eye, as Bill whispers sweet nothings in her ear and puts his hands, oh so gently, round her delicate neck...

Michael Gambon has, I'm pleased to see, been granted star status by American Equity, for the Broadway production of David Hare's *Skyline*.

Gambon's British co-star, Lia Williams, will be alongside him. American Equity has accepted her under the swap system, with an American actor coming to Britain.



Still beating: Cliff Richard (left) and Toyah Wilcox

Remember those quintessentially British musical films of the early Sixties which reached their zenith (or nadir depending on your view) with Cliff Richard's *Summer Holiday*? A new British-funded musical (the first for 10 years, claim its promoters) has begun shooting at Ealing Studios. Produced by the Ealing-based Parker Mead, *Julie And The Cadillacs*, directed by Bryan Izzard, tells the story of a Merseybeat band in the Sixties and its battles with the music business. Stars include young punks like Victor Spinetti, Thora Hird and Toyah Wilcox. Plus ça change.

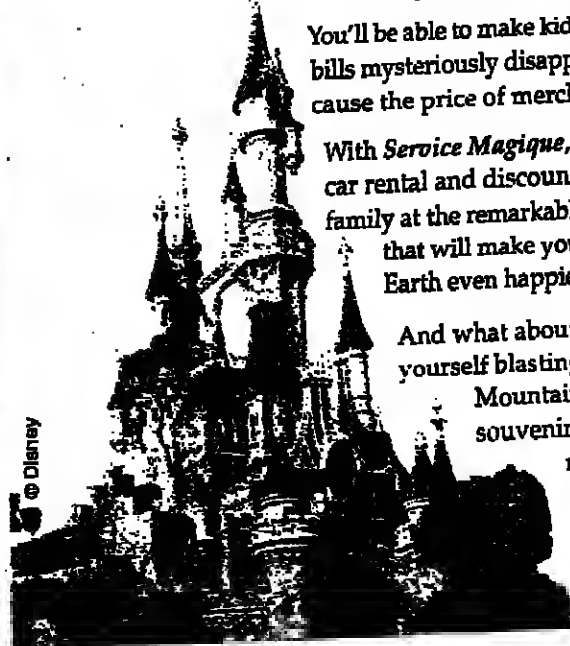
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Monks who die for the truth

Buddhists and Communists are locked in conflict in Vietnam, reports **Richard Lloyd Parry**

You need a trained eye to spot the plain clothes police outside the Linh Mu pagoda, but Thich Hai Trang can tell them a mile off. "It's got a bit more relaxed," he says, in his tiny book-lined hut, "but there are still lots of them in Hue, and they're usually hanging round outside. When important visitors come, they follow them in. They seem to think that they're dressing like tourists but you can tell straight away from the eyes. The true tourists have simple eyes. The eyes of the police are cunning."

Brother Trang's home, the ancient capital of Hue, is the most beguiling city in Vietnam, but it has long been an uneasy place. After the Viet Cong seized it during the Tet offensive it saw some of the fiercest fighting of the Vietnam war, but even a United States bombardment could not snuff out the beauty of the 100 Buddhist temples, and the Forbidden Purple City, nestled on the green banks of the Perfume River.

But in the 21 years since the reunification of Vietnam, and the final victory of the Communist North over the US-backed South, the city has become the focus of a different kind of trouble. To a government which recognises no authority but that of the Communist Party, and ruthlessly suppresses all who challenge it, Hue is a hotbed of dissidence. As independent-minded Buddhists, Brother Trang and his fellow monks are the closest thing Vietnam has to an organised opposition.

According to the Paris-based Vietnamese Committee on Human Rights (VCHR), more than 200 of them - both lay people and monks - are in detention in Vietnam. Sixty-one are serving sentences from 20 years to life, and many more are detained without trial. The charges against those who have been convicted (many, according to human rights groups, unfairly, in closed court and without access to defence lawyers) range from counter-revolution to public-order offences but, according to Penelope Faulkner of the VCHR, their real sin has been political. "Buddhism has existed in Vietnam for far longer than the Communist Party, and the monks are a big problem for the government because they



Monk's sacrifice: Thich Quang Duc's self-immolation in Saigon in 1963 in protest at government persecution of Buddhists

Photograph: AP

have wide public support and a nationwide network," she said. "If anyone has the power to organise against the government, it is them."

Vietnamese Buddhists have a long history of political protest. In 1963 a monk named Thich Quang Duc burned himself to death on a street corner in Saigon in protest at the anti-Buddhist policies of the South Vietnamese leader, and the blue Austin in which he drove to his death is on permanent display in Brother Trang's pagoda. But the present trouble has its roots in 1981 when the government took it upon itself to set up an official Buddhist movement, the Vietnamese Buddhist Church (VBC).

The monks already had an organisation, the United Buddhist Church of Vietnam, founded 30 years earlier. "There is a saying: Buddhism works for the life of the people,"

Brother Trang said. "For 2,000 years, Buddhists have played a great role in this country, but in 1975 things changed, and the Communist Party began to lean on the church for its own political purposes. The party has its youth groups and its student groups and women's groups, and they want to treat us as another one of them. They want the saying to go: Buddhism works for the Communist Party of Vietnam."

It was this dispute about independence which originally turned the church against the party; several senior monks were imprisoned for their defiance, although a number of them were released in 1989. Four years ago, the conflict escalated dangerously with two events. In April 1992, the old patriarch of the UBCV died, nominating as his successor 77-year-old Thich Huyen Quang, one of Vietnam's most eminent prisoners of

conscience, who has been in detention since 1982. A year later, there was another immolation, at the Linh Mu pagoda in Hue.

There are two versions of what happened next. Officially, the 52-year-old lay man who doused himself in petrol at the back of the pagoda was a simple peasant who killed himself in despair over the breakdown of his marriage, and did not wear a Buddhist funeral. A few days later "bad monks", in violation of their doctrine of non-violence, instigated a public disturbance attended by 10,000 people and were arrested.

Brother Trang has a different story. "The man's death was the action of a Buddhist," he said, "but the government called the abbot of this pagoda in for questioning and tried to force him to deny this. In protest he sat in the road in front of the People's Committee. The police surrounded him, and put him in

side a car. The other monks protested, and broke the glass in the car and took him back to the pagoda." By this account, 40,000 people turned out in support of the monks, and had to be dispersed with tear gas and water cannons.

Either way, it was an unprecedented event - the highest incident of civil unrest since the end of the Vietnam war. The abbot was arrested, along with three of his followers. After a closed trial lasting one day, they were sentenced to four years imprisonment for "disturbing public order". In the same month, November 1993, their patriarch issued a nine-point declaration which was smuggled out of the pagoda where he is confined. It called for "democratic reform... freedom of expression, freedom of the press, freedom of conscience and religion, freedom of association."

For common vandals, they

are suffering a harsh imprisonment. Abbot Thich Tri Tuu is reported to be in poor health, after three months in solitary confinement. Another disciple was even more poorly; last month he was finally released from solitary and allowed medical treatment after the intervention of the United Nations.

There are non-Buddhist dissidents and prisoners of conscience in Vietnam, including former Communist Party members, but they are isolated and, according to the few journalists and human rights workers who have direct contact with them, increasingly fearful after intense surveillance in the run up to last month's Communist Party Congress. In the absence of any organised secular opposition, the UBCV stands alone. "We are not afraid," Brother Trang said. "We are telling the truth, and if anything happens to me I am prepared to die for the truth."

Moscow's mayor stacks the chips against casinos

PHIL REEVES
Moscow

The mayor of Moscow, Yuri Luzhkov, proved yesterday that he is nothing if not plucky. He threw his weight behind the President's new war on the twin evils of organised crime and official corruption by declaring that the scores of casinos in his capital should be cut to only five.

If the move goes ahead, it

would almost certainly trigger a conflict between the authorities and the Mafia, who have taken such deep root in Moscow since the collapse of the Soviet Union that the place now has the reputation of Chicago in the Twenties.

The mayor's remarks came as the city was clearing up after another bomb detonated on a trolleybus in its centre, the second in two days, prompting police to flood the streets and to de-

clare a state of high alert. No one claimed responsibility for the blast, which injured 28, although it coincides with a sharp escalation of fighting in Chechnya. However, bombing is a favourite method of Russia's mobsters, who are unlikely to relish the latest moves to clamp down on their activities.

Earlier this week, Boris Yeltsin, vowing to "fight against corruption at all levels", signed a decree ordering a fierce drive

against crime in the Moscow region. This includes deploying 10,000 more interior ministry police, encouraging informants by promises of new homes and identities, and doubling the (paltry) pay of judges. The President placed his new security supremo, retired general Alexander Lebed, in charge of implementing the plan, which is supposed to be a testing ground for a nationwide battle against crime.

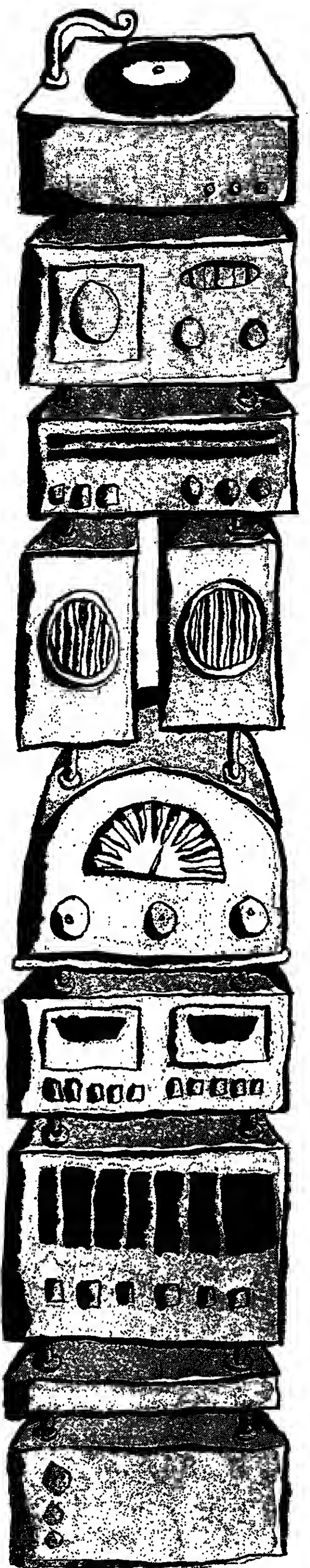
In weighing in against the

mob, the mayor, a close ally of Mr Yeltsin's, is taking on a formidable task. Six years after a German entrepreneur opened Moscow's first gaming house since the Bolshevik revolution, the number of gambling venues has risen to 577, including 72 casinos.

Although several of the city's gambling establishments are controlled by well-known figures - including the eye surgeon Svyatoslav Fyodorov and

Vladimir Semago, a Communist millionaire - scores operate in the dark recesses of the underworld, and are used for money laundering, prostitution rackets and drug running.

It remains to be seen whether much progress is made in the clean-up; relations between Russian officialdom and organised crime is tangled enough to justify strong doubts. But there is certainly strong air of determination.



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SO GET OUT THERE AND SNAP THE WINNER!

Army to clean up Mexico's lawless policemen

PHIL DAVISON
Mexico City

There is a black joke in Mexico that goes: "If you get raped, don't call the police, unless you want raped again."

Particularly in the sprawling capital, Mexico City, known locally as the Federal District, the police have long been considered as much of a threat to the public as the regular professional criminals.

Rape and torture are common, corruption endemic. Eliciting *maridas* (bribes) instead of issuing tickets has always

been seen as a perk for the poorly paid, badly trained men - and now women - on the beat.

So common was the system that the police rarely had to ask. Mexicans would pre-empt the bribe request with a phrase known as the *palitaco*: "Officer, perhaps we could settle this on the spot. Could I offer you and your partner a refreshment?"

Now, after a record year for crime in the capital - an average of 100 serious crimes a day, the worst since the 1911-17 revolution - President Ernesto Zedillo has taken drastic action. He sacked the city's civilian police

chief and replaced him with one of the country's toughest army officers, General Enrique Salgado Cordero.

General Salgado is not the first military officer to run the capital's 30,000-member police in times of soaring crime. But his appointment of a dozen other generals and nine colonels to head major precincts, each bringing in their own military staff, was unprecedented. It brought strong criticism, mostly from leftist opposition politicians, that President Zedillo was "militarising" the city of more than 20 million people.

At his first press briefing this week, in a brand new police uniform but with army insignia, General Salgado said he had found the city police "in a state of virtual abandon" and riddled with corruption from the top down.

"I found a force with a wrong and selfish attitude and a tendency towards extortion, often because of exploitation by corrupt senior officers," he said. That appeared to be a reference to the "pyramid" system under which beat and patrol officers - currently earning around 24,000 pesos (about £2,000 a

year) - pay what amount to bribes to their superiors, who in turn pay theirs, making the senior officer a very wealthy man.

Beat officers, for example, often have to pay for their own uniforms and hire their own guns, even the bullets, on a daily basis from the sergeant. Those on patrol have to pay "rental" for their cars, the assumption being that their day's bribes will easily cover the cost. Paralleling Mexico's political system, senior police officers traditionally "bought" the most lucrative posts, an example which filtered down to the lower

ranks. A traffic officer, for example, would pay for a particularly rewarding spot at a confusing traffic junction where tourists were liable to miss the red light.

Apart from the almost-daily bank robberies, when police bank guards often happen to be lurking the other way, Mexican City residents are concerned by spiralling rates of muggings and highway robbery. Expressways are snatched from female drivers in residential areas. The less wealthy are robbed by armed gangs who board the city's "microbuses".

Neither papal nor presidential connections bring immunity. The papal nuncio, Jeronimo Prigione, had his car stolen. President Zedillo's son escaped an attempted kidnapping or robbery. Last October, while a committee was debating crime, six armed men stormed into the Mexican parliament building and walked out with the parliamentary staff payroll - around £150,000.

General Salgado pledged to slash the crime figures by next year, saying a "blitz" on police corruption would be the first step. As part of a 22-point anti-

crime plan, he said that a data bank, similar in those used to track criminals, would be created to list the record of every police officer. Those with persistent complaints against them would be kicked off the force or prosecuted.

The general also said that he would take hundreds of officers off bank sentry duty to patrol tourist zones or crime-ridden suburbs. It was not uncommon to see a police bank guard prop his shotgun against a tree while parking or guarding customers' cars. For a small refreshment, of course.



Double whammy: A bull goes two runners simultaneously at the annual San Fermin festival in Pamplona, Spain. The runner on the left had to be treated in hospital

Photograph: Desmond Boylan / Reuter

Chirac keeps forces cuts under wraps

MARY DEJEVSKY
Paris

Less than 48 hours before the grand military parade that traditionally marks France's national holiday on 14 July, the country's top brass assembled at the defence ministry in Paris to hear details of swinging cuts in military programmes and the imminent disbanding of nearly 40 regiments. The news was broken by President Chirac at a reception for more than 800 senior officers which was held behind firmly closed doors.

The sensitivity of yesterday's occasion was such that the Elysée denied until the last moment that it was taking place.

The cuts are partly a result of the reduction in the defence budget decided by the French government. However, they also reflect President Chirac's decision to abolish conscription with effect from 1999 and restructure the armed forces along more "modern" lines.

According to advance information leaked to the French press, 38 army regiments - out of a total of 180 - will be disbanded between 1997 and 1999. A dozen air bases will be closed or amalgamated (out of 44), and 11 arms and ammunition depots - out of 39 - will be abolished. The navy is expected to lose 20 per cent of its land premises. In addition, the French troop presence in Germany will be sharply reduced from its current

level of 15,000 men. As the left-of-centre daily *Liberation* commented yesterday, "it is politically less costly to close down a regiment in Baden-Baden than in Colmar" (on the French side of the border).

One knock-on effect of these reductions is expected to be a restructuring of the French component of the multi-French-German Eurocorps. Officials insist, however, that France's commitment to the Eurocorps, regarded by some as the kernel of a future European army, is undiminished.

A few months ago, the prospect of any change in the French contribution to Eurocorps might have caused diplomatic difficulties between France and Germany. But that risk is considerably lessened now that Germany's economic difficulties are necessitating a rethink of military spending and structures in Bonn.

The details given in the top brass in Paris yesterday will be conveyed to French ministries and local officials and then to the wider public next week by the defence minister, Charles Millon. Mr Chirac may, however, allude to them in the television interview he is due to give after Sunday's military parade.

The French President last met the top brass five months ago, shortly after his televised announcement on the likely abolition of conscription. Then, he called on them to "rally

round" the military reforms "without fail", as though anticipating resistance. Now, there are clear divisions in the military, both on the wisdom of abolishing conscription, and on the rationale for the reforms.

Political sniping about winners and losers from the latest cuts has already started, with an (unnamed) official at the general staff quoted as saying: "You can tell in whose regions the regiments were stationed. There's no question of touching the regions of the 'three big ones': the President, the Prime Minister and the Defence Minister." The Correz (Mr Chirac's country fiefdom in the Massif Central), Bordeaux (where Mr Juppé is mayor) and the Landes in the southwest (where he comes from), as well as Provence (where Mr Millon chairs the regional council) are likely to be exempt from the most severe cuts.

Other regions fear they could be blighted by their lack of political clout in Paris and are trying to make their voices heard. Scarcely a day goes by without a demonstration in one of the two northern ports, Cherbourg and Brest, which expect cutbacks in naval orders and large job losses. Smaller towns, where the garrison is a major source of income, are staging "dead town" days where everything shuts down for half a day to show what the town could be like without its military income.

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There seems to be so much unavoidable suffering in the world. We appeal for your support to reduce avoidable suffering.

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This information becomes increasingly relevant as medical ability to operate advances. Invasive surgical techniques in the womb including termination (20,000 fetuses are terminated annually in the UK after 13 weeks), life saving stent insertions (where fluid is drained from the baby), blood transfusions, keyhole surgery (where the baby is operated on whilst still in the womb) and routine tests such as amniocentesis are all currently performed with no pain relief for the pre-born.

It was discovered ten years ago that premature babies who need surgery also need anaesthetics. The survival rate was found to increase dramatically when deep anaesthesia was administered. Further research is now needed to enable doctors to provide improved control of suffering.

The right to ban cruelty to animals is being established. This right should apply equally to avoidable human suffering. A recent report by a research specialist in the *Lancet* adds to the evidence of pre-natal distress and recommends anaesthetics to minimise it.

All can unite with our appeal for the new-born and pre-born to be protected from pain. But research is needed to determine HOW pain relief can be provided. We aim to raise funds for the few research centres working to achieve this.

We also call for increased research into pre-natal influences and their long term consequences. This is urgently required. More information is needed on measures which help to build healthy babies. Research is equally needed to identify influences in the pre-natal environment which may cause illness later in life.

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Career Development Loans (CDLs) try to solve this dilemma by allowing you to get trained without having to pay until you've finished your course. CDLs were launched in 1988 and 78,800 have now been approved. It is expected that record number of applications for loans will be taken out this year. The CDL scheme is operated by Barclays, The Co-operative, Clydesdale and The Royal Bank of Scotland. Once your CDL is agreed then you do not have to pay any of your loan

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You don't have to be unemployed to qualify for a Career Development Loan. As long as you are over 18, you can apply for a loan to finance yourself through a wide range of vocational courses whether they be full-time, part-time or distance learning.

Mr Farrow feels he has benefited from a CDL. He used to be a psychiatric ward manager but felt frustrated, "I seemed to be pushing against a glass ceiling, probably a feeling shared by many people in large organisations". At 26 he took out an £800 Career Development Loan. He successfully completed the 2 year part-time course and secured a place on the NHS general management training programme. He now works at a NHS hospital trust as an assistant hospital manager and is just about to turn his diploma into a BSC degree. He plans to start an MSc in hospital management later this year.

He now pays back £40 a month and "There was no way I could afford to pay myself so the loan has proved a real benefit while investment which has opened up new opportunities."

A pilot scheme was launched by Department for Education and Employment in the South West of Britain and South Wales to give CDLs wider appeal. This allows a longer repayment holiday of up to 18 months after your course has finished. If you have been out of work for 3 months you are able to borrow 100% of your course fees. The course is full time you may be eligible to get a loan to cover your living expenses.

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international

Bavaria buries the royal dream



Imre Karacs on the funeral of Prince Albrecht (above) pretender to the thrones of Britain and France

Bonn — Europe's royalty gathers today for the funeral of a man who laid claim to some of the greatest kingdoms of Europe but never sat on a throne himself. Albrecht, Duke of Bavaria and pretender to the thrones of England, Scotland, Ireland and France, will be buried this morning in a manner befitting a king in the family plot of Kloster Andechs, a monastery south of Munich.

Representatives of all the major royal houses will be there. The requiem mass for "His Royal Highness" will be broadcast live by Bavarian television, underlining the significance of the event in Germany's last monarchist outpost. In a vivid display of royalist sentiment, thousands of Bavarians flocked yesterday to the family church in Munich to pay their respects.

Albrecht, who died on Monday at the age of 91, was the last living link with the Wittelsbach dynasty's reign spanning eight centuries; the embodiment of independent Bavaria. He was 13 when his grandfather King Ludwig III was overthrown in a short-lived communist revolution in November 1918.

The family spent three years in exile in Austria, but discovered upon their return that the Weimar Republic was as hostile to a Kingdom of Bavaria as the communists had been. The Wittelsbach estates were expropriated, leaving two castles and a palace in family hands.

Albrecht later studied forestry at Munich university,



End of a dynasty: Thousands of Bavarians came to pay their respects to Prince Albrecht at the family church

Photograph: AFP

but was not allowed to graduate because of his refusal to join the Nazis. At the age of 32 he went into exile again, this time to Hungary, where German troops deported the family to Dachau in 1944.

They were rescued by American troops and made a final attempt to restore the monarchy. Helped by the Catholic Church, monarchists set up the "Bavarian Homeland and Royalty Party" in 1946. It was deemed a threat by the occupying US administration and banned.

The Wittelsbachs licked their wounds, but never renounced their royal title. Crown Prince Rupprecht, Albrecht's father and the son of Ludwig III, even pressed the family's tenuous claims to other royal titles. Related to the Habsburgs and direct descendants of the Stuarts, Rupprecht insisted until his death in 1955 that his family were the heirs to the titles usurped by the Windsors, as well as the vacant French throne.

Every year, Rupprecht laid a wreath at the statue of James I in Munich.

The Wittelsbachs' British pretensions are not as fanciful as they may seem. According to *Burke's Royal Families of the World*, Prince Albrecht was "representative and heir-general of King Charles I, or the senior descendant of King James VI of Scotland, James I of England, and lineal heir of the Royal House of Stuart. This makes him the Stuart claimant to the British throne".

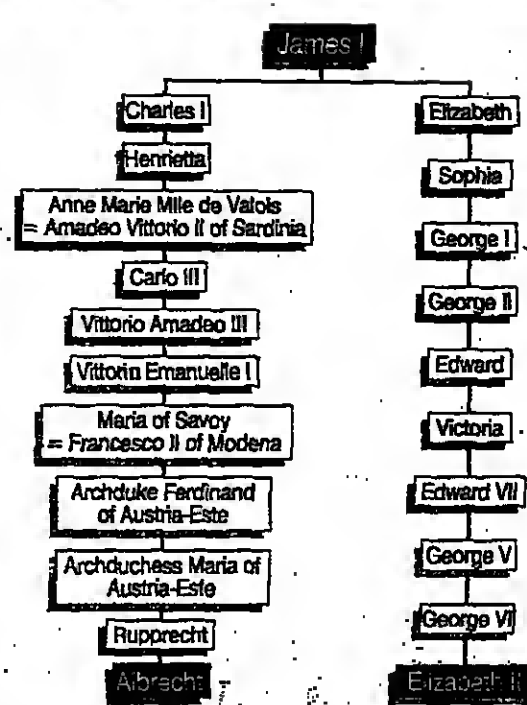
Albrecht, however, seemed to be less interested in the overseas dominions than his father. After inheriting the title, he withdrew from public life, devoting himself to hunting and fishing.

The 800th anniversary of the dynasty in 1980 brought a revival of public interest that continues, reinforcing suspicions elsewhere in Germany that Bavaria is almost a foreign land. The spirit of Bavaria lives on, above

all, in the former ruling family. Between 1180 and 1918 the Wittelsbachs ruled the country almost uninterrupted, bequeathing an underdeveloped backwater dotted with quaint castles, none grander than the turrets designed by Ludwig II, the "Fairy-tale King". His reign, between 1864 and 1886, marked the zenith of Bavarian civilisation, its glory set to score by Ludwig's protégé Richard Wagner.

Ludwig II is now back in fashion. Exhibitions set out to prove that he was not mad, merely highly creative. Albrecht helped to foster the myth, and became a legend himself in the process: the "Fairy Prince of Bavaria" and symbol of a nation yearning for nationhood.

He is succeeded by his son Prince Franz, 64, childless and unburdened by regal memories. For many Bavarians, he will represent not only the end of the line, but also the end of a dream.



SIGNIFICANT SHORTS

The Italian television tycoon turned politician, Silvio Berlusconi, was ordered to stand trial yesterday in the past second criminal case against him to reach court in Milan on charges of tax bribery. Now, starting on 21 November, he will be invited to appear in the dock on charges that he illegally siphoned 10bn lire from his media empire into the coffers of his political protector, the erstwhile Socialist Party leader Bettino Craxi, in 1991. Mr Berlusconi has kept a very low profile since losing last April's general elections, remaining the nominal leader of the opposition while preparing for the stock exchange flotation of his media companies, due to begin on Monday. *Andrew Gumbel - Rome*

Hurricane Bertha grew in force as it moved towards a Carolina coastline deserted by tens of thousands of vacationers and residents. Bertha's maximum winds climbed to 105mph, making it once again a Category 2 hurricane though not quite as powerful as the peak 115 mph winds clocked as it passed through the Caribbean. Forecasters warned residents along a wide swath of the US eastern seaboard to prepare for torrential rains and flood tides 7 to 9 feet above normal. *Wilmington - Reuters*

A bomb exploded on a trolleybus in Moscow in the morning rush hour, prompting Russian authorities to order more than 1,000 extra interior ministry troops into the city. The Moscow Health Department and the mayor's office said no one was killed in this, the second such attack in two days, but 28 people were injured. *Moscow - Reuters*

President Lee Teng-hui issued a ringing defence of his drive to ease Taiwan's global isolation, saying the embattled island had "stood up" to rival China's diplomatic and military pressure. "Some people made the criticism that my visit to the United States would cause [China] to attack. This is unjustified," Lee told the National Assembly, referring to a high-profile trip to New York in June 1995 that sent Peking into a fury. Peking downgraded ties with Washington and launched a campaign of anti-Lee vitriol and a series of war games in waters near Taiwan that peaked in the island's presidential election in March. *Taipei - Reuters*

Authorities in South Africa said they have ordered the arrest of a former police captain who exposed government hit squads that murdered anti-apartheid activists. Police told the South African News Agency that Dirk Coetzee and four others were wanted in connection with the 1981 killing of the lawyer Griffiths Mxenge. Coetzee fled South Africa to join the ANC in London in 1989 after telling newspapers he belonged to a police group - the Viakplaas - in the 1970s and 1980s that murdered anti-apartheid activists. He recently testified at the trial of a former Viakplaas commander, Eugene de Kock, that he had received orders to kill Mxenge. *Johannesburg - AP*

The business manager of the Russian Army Club ice hockey team was shot and killed yesterday by unidentified gunmen in what appeared to be a contract murder. Vladimir Bogach was attacked by several assailants who shot him at point-blank range at the Army Club's tennis courts, the Interfax news agency said. *Moscow - AP*

Two empty beer bottles delayed for days the launch of the world's most powerful particle accelerator to probe deeper into the origins of the universe. CERN, the European Laboratory for Particle Physics, has been unable to determine whether the bottles, slipped into the 17-mile-long LEP accelerator, had been left maliciously, said spokesman Neil Calder. *Geneva - AP*



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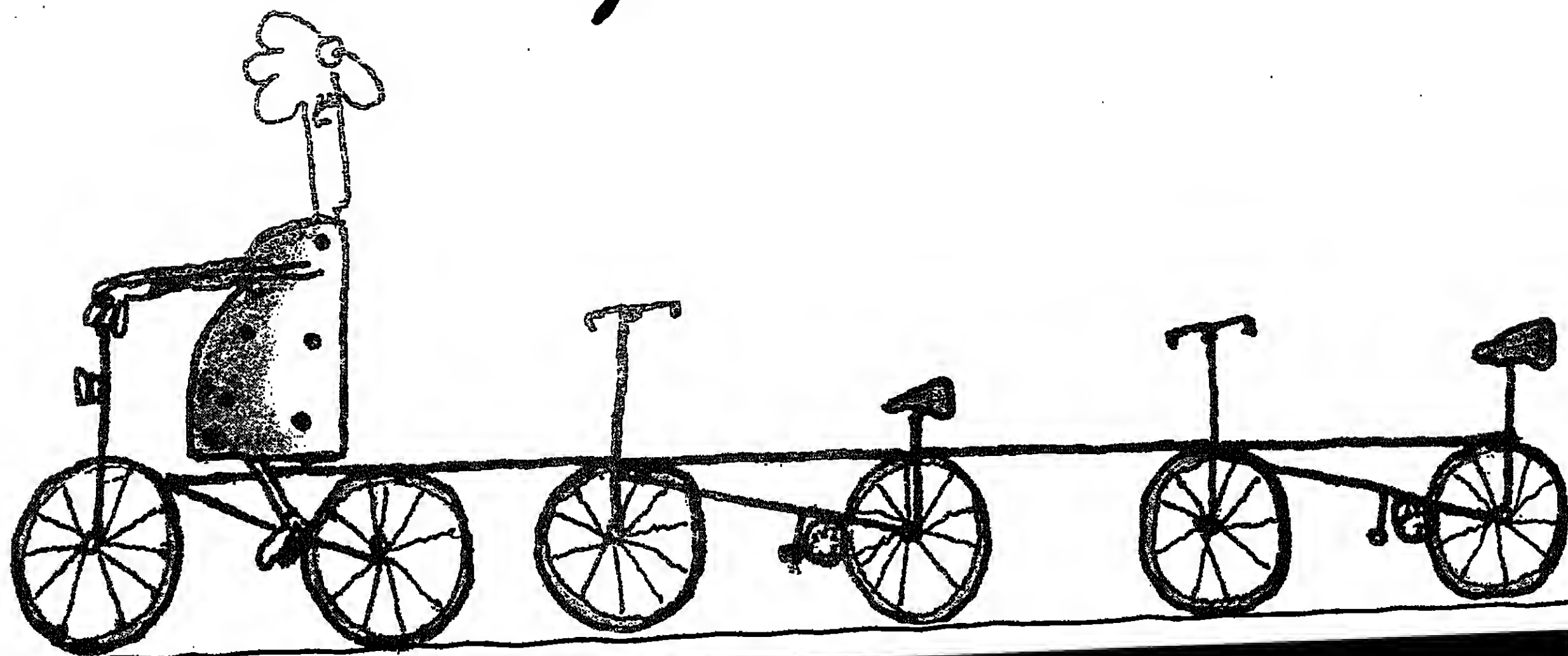


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The Orange court case:

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The Independent Weekend



The prime minister, the president and the man in the middle

Wherever Nelson Mandela goes, Alf Kumalo is sure to follow.
He's the man guaranteed to get the picture (and get in the picture).
He is the chronicler of a nation

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picture story



Photographs of Nelson Mandela's state visit this week by AN Kumalo.
Above, Kumalo being arrested in the 1960s



هكذا من الاصول



Mandela's shadow

By Paul Valley

It happened when Nelson Mandela met Bill Clinton. And it happened again this week when the great man met John Major. Half-way through the official photograph session Mandela beckoned to one of the photographers to come forward and join them.

Broadly grinning, Alfie Kumalo, with two cameras swinging from his neck and another dangling from his shoulder, shambled forward from the scrum and took the hands of the two prime ministers. Fanning his fingers through theirs, he lifted their hands in an impromptu salute to the photographers he had just left. He grinned again.

Heisenberg's uncertainty principle asserts, *in-v-alia*, that an observer always changes the situation that is observed. Of no one is that more true than Alfie Kumalo, the man who has personally chronicled the life of Mandela from its earliest years. His influence is such that the South African leader is personally to open an exhibition of Kumalo's photographs in Paris on Wednesday. They are an index to the turmoil of a nation at the height of transition.

Born in 1930, Alf Mangaliso Kumalo began his career as a newspaper photographer comparatively late. It was not easy for a black man to take up such a profession but then Kumalo was determined, it seemed, never to do anything the easy way. That he still wears a suit, even when covering riots, is a legacy of those times. Yet if his approach is invariably well-mannered, his collected photographs are a grainy testament to a time of trauma.

"Ninety-nine per cent of his work is connected with the politics of the country," says David Sandison, who was picture editor of the nation's largest circulation paper, the *Johannesburg Star*, when Kumalo was on the staff there. There is something profoundly political in his poignant shots of Mandela's wedding to Winnie and of their subsequent new-born children - Nelson the family man, before the treason trials, the imprisonment on Robben Island, the waiting wife and children, and the final release. He had the ability to capture an epoch in an image. "There is an amazing picture of a pickpocket arrested by plainclothes policemen, with his arms being pushed up behind," says Sandison, and all the emotion, anger and impotence is in a single shot.

It also revealed Kumalo's most singular virtue - the uncanny ability to be in the right place at the right time. His ability to get anywhere has become legendary.

Many years ago, as a fan of the young Cassius Clay, he left Johannesburg and flew to New York to photograph him in action. He arrived at the arena without press accreditation and without a ticket, but somehow talked his way to the ringside where he managed not only to produce a set of pictures of the fight but also to strike up a relationship with the boxer. The two became close friends and among Kumalo's most prized photographs are those of Muhammad Ali at home and with his mother.

"He's got a smart mouth: you've got to have to get into some of the places he's got into. He's an inspiration to South African photographers, black and white," says Sandison. "Technically he's not a brilliant photographer; it's the gut feeling he conveys." Kumalo does not shoot much film by the standards of modern press photographers - a legacy of the time in Soweto when film was precious. "Three-quarters of what he shoots is not worth much but it contains some individual pearls. We were shooting colour in South Africa long before most British photographers were but Alf still prefers to work in black and white; it captures a lot more mood."

Alf Kumalo, who lives still in Soweto with his wife, Elizabeth, has been jailed himself a number of times over the years. Throughout, he has demonstrated considerable personal courage.

When talks began between the ANC and the white government, right-wing extremists drove a vehicle through the plate-glass window in the building where the talks were being held and took over the entire place at gun point. About eight photographers - all white - were allowed in. Then, recalls Sandison, "we were amazed to see the door open and Alf slide in. Keeping his back to the wall he moved round the room. It was full of white supremacists - armed to the teeth with shotguns and semi-automatics - for whom any black was a legitimate target. 'I just had to get a few frames,' Alf said. He did and slid out. The bravery was unimaginable."

It was not his only tool against apartheid. Alf's party piece was carrying his camera bag on his head the way African women carry water jars. One day, in an area that was under police control and where photographs were forbidden, he did it with this camera. The police all laughed at him, thinking he was a clown. But Kumalo had the last laugh. He had set the automatic timer on the camera and was shooting pictures all the time.



Don't forget your toothbrush...

But you can leave the folding cup and Bra Bank behind. Claire Gervat lists the traveller's essentials

Arranging a holiday must affect the part of the brain that controls common sense. Why else would normally sane people suddenly find themselves wanting to buy mini electric fans, folding cups and plastic beach bags that turn into pillows?

But among the gadgets that won't be even half as useful as you think (a mini fan in 40 degrees celsius, for instance) there are items that really could make your trip a lot more comfortable. The trick is to take as few as possible, so that your luggage isn't too much for you to manage by yourself (unless you have £10,200 spare for a Louis Vuitton wardrobe trunk, in which case you'll probably have someone else to carry it).

If what you take is important, even more so is what you take it in. The most adaptable piece of luggage I have found is the convertible rucksack, which looks more like a soft suitcase, with straps that can be hidden away for plane journeys and hotel reception desks. They are light and easy to carry, and because of their flat design slide easily under the seat in trains and buses in most countries. Choose one with a detachable day-sack: Field & Trek has one for £99.95, and SafariQuip one for £84.99 (plus p&p), and sports and camping shops should also stock them.

If you prefer to take a "proper" suitcase, look for one that doesn't weigh too much and has wheels and a strong handle. Some now have their own built-in trolley, with the suitcase resting on the shorter side. Antler's range, found in most department stores, starts at around £75.

Some bags will have their own locks, but I prefer to use combination locks if possible, since tiny locks have tiny keys that are too easy to lose. They can be bought at most travel shops, department stores and at the airport. It's also an idea to go to your nearest hardware store and buy a medium-sized padlock (around £3). In cheap hotels you can use them to make the door more secure, and on trains to lock bags to the luggage rack.

Security is rightly many travellers' greatest concern. Losing your passport or money can completely ruin a trip, so it's important to keep them safe, preferably somewhere on your body rather than in your bag. One travelling friend of mine keeps her valuables in a length of doubled-over Tubitrip on her thigh, but most people use some sort of money belt.

There is an apparently endless choice, from pouches you hang round your neck (the strap is a bit of a giveaway) or clip to your bra (Go Products' Bra Bank, around £4; too small and embarrassing to open in public), to shoulder holsters (sweaty, and a hopeless shape for women) and bags you clip on to a belt (fine if you wear one). I prefer to wear a simple, flat money belt under my clothes, to contain the important things (in plastic holders), and a bum bag over the top to disguise it and to hold day-to-day money. Go Products Cash Carrier (£6.93) or Money Minder (£4.75) are comfortable next to the skin, and they also have a good range of waist bags that are not too enormous from around £4.75. If you want something larger, Field & Trek has a selection of Love Alpine bags from £12.95.

Once the basics are sorted out, you can begin to consider the other things you cannot live without for two weeks or two months, though try not to take anything you couldn't bear to lose, such as jewellery.

Towels take up a huge amount of space. If you are going on a sunbathing holiday, it is worth taking a beach towel (try the chain stores); otherwise it's better to take a lightweight travel towel, which you can find at specialist travel and camping shops. There are two types. The first is made of Pertex, a finely woven nylon. I prefer the second type, which is soft viscose and more comfortable to the touch. Buy the largest size (50cm by 100cm, around £11), and take a couple of sarongs, too, which as well as being emergency towels in hot

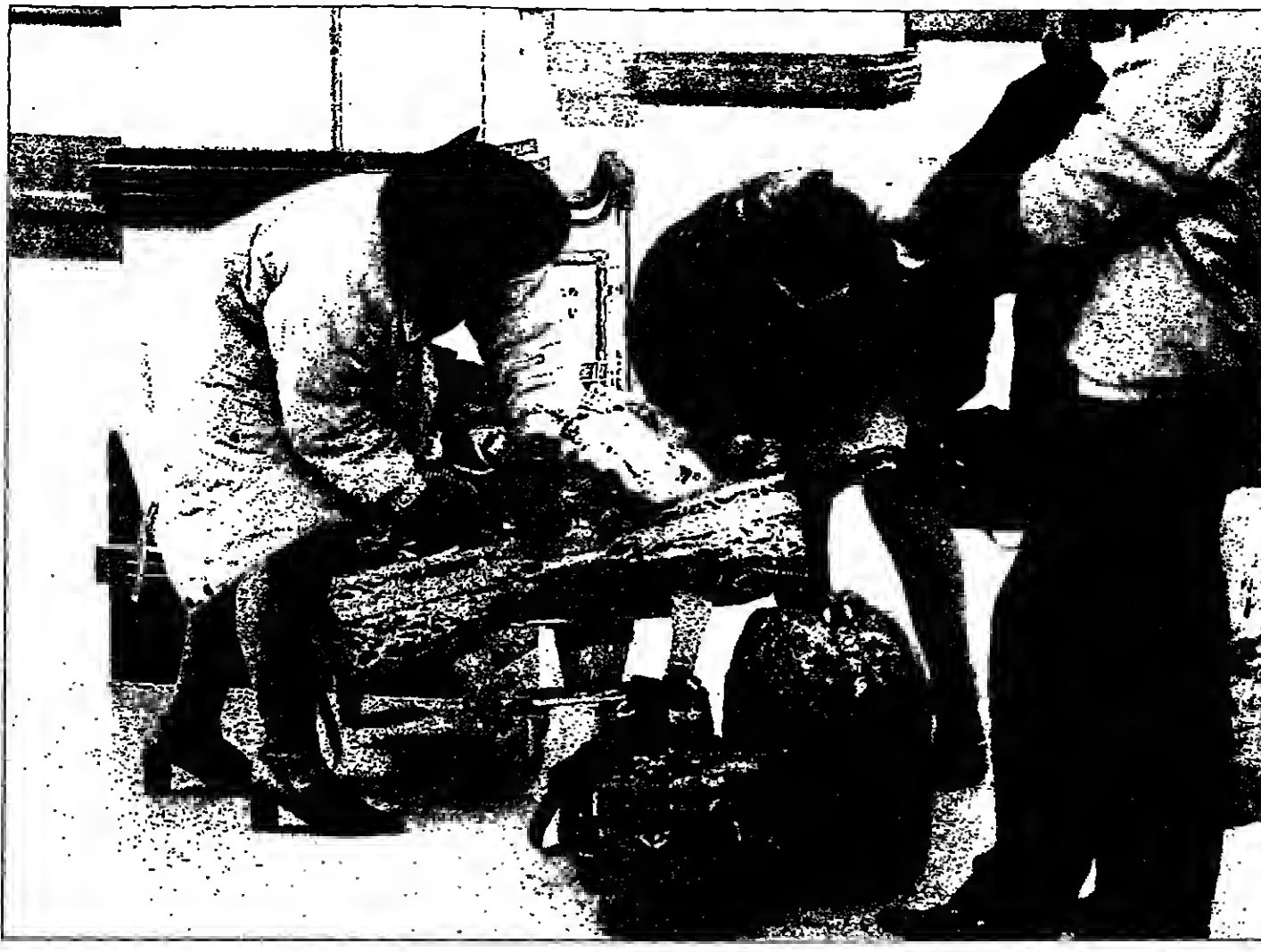


Photo: Nicholas Turpin

Excess baggage: a user's guide

Last week's behind-the-scenes documentary on Elton John, *Tantrums and Tiaras* proved that despite a valet, and an obscene amount of clothes, shoes and sunglasses he still wasn't happy on his holiday. Airlines do try their best, pampering First and Upper class passengers to ensure that they arrive at their destination de-stressed, and in a holiday mood. British Airways offers first class travellers a luxury travel kit containing a range of Espa toiletries: cleansing and moisturising milk, 24-hour eye complex, lip balm, a facial water spray, a foot spray, and moisturising balm. None of this will ensure against superstar tantrums, but for mere mortals denied the pleasures of travelling first class,

feeling like a million dollars can make for happier forays abroad. So it's good to know that you too can enjoy the pleasure of Espa products as they are available from all good department stores - at great cost, of course, but then it's still cheaper than a BA first class ticket. However, you won't get to sit in a fantastic "seat that becomes a mini-cabin", which BA has now installed in First Class. But glamour travel is not just about facial maintenance, it's the flashy accoutrements we can furnish ourselves with that turn the average traveller into a super-traveller. Joan Collins and Barbara Streisand are supers. They never travel anywhere without at least 10 pieces of matching luxury luggage. For the rest

of us, such extravagance is reserved for our dreams. But if it's a dream you're after, Louis Vuitton, the uncontested master of travelling extravagance, is the place to start. The range includes some fabulously useless pieces of luggage and accessories to fuel your fantasies. How about a "Sac Chien", a specially made case with top handles and a roll up entranceway for your beloved pooch, complete with washable lining in case of doggy accidents; it costs £635. Or a fake panther Vuitton cosmetic case, customised by French designer Azzedine Alaïa, it contains Guerlain beauty accessories, and costs a cool £820, the same as an economy flight to Cape Town (the super-travellers' newest holiday hot-

spot). Accessories include Lady Primrose talcum powder (available from Harrods) which comes in a silver sugar shaker. Lady Primrose also do bath-foam in a crystal decanter. Such cunning packaging means that these products are not about indulgence alone, they have a practical afterlife becoming perfect accessories for that holiday home. Other classic items by Louis Vuitton are the Stokowski Desk-trunk (£17,900). Named after the Polish conductor who commissioned it, this handy little number is a bookcase and desk in a trunk. And last but not least, that £10,200 wardrobe trunk.

Melanie Rickey

countries can also be top sheets, skirts, bags, shawls and curtains, among other things. You can often buy good sarongs cheaply at your destination, although my favourite is one I bought at Tie Rack years ago.

If you are going somewhere hot, there are likely to be mosquitoes, and protecting yourself against being bitten is a matter of health as well as comfort. Modern mosquito nets are light, compact and easy to hang, and even if you will be staying in good hotels with air-conditioning, or their own nets at least, it is worth slotting a net into your bag in case you want to go off the beaten track a little. I have one from YHA Adventure Shops impregnated with permethrin, which weighs about 300g, and other travel shops will have similar ones for about £28.

You will also need a good mosquito repellent. There are various ranges that all use DEET (diethyl toluamide) in varying propor-

tions. The strength you choose will depend on your destination, but also on your skin. Ranges to look for include Boots Repel PLUS, Autan, Jungle Formula, LifeSystems and Repel. SafariQuip sells coils to burn at night to repel insects (10 for £1.99 plus p&p).

Travel accessories don't have to be expensive or elaborate. One of the most useful things I ever took away with me was an enamelled mug that cost £1 in a high-street bargain basement. In India, it meant that at bus stations I could fill it up with steaming hot tea and drink it slowly as the bus continued on its way; it's also a good tooth mug, snack holder and water cup. In Europe, I take an immersion heater and plug adapter as well for making hot drinks in my room.

Something else I never travel without is my penknife, which splits in two with a fork on one piece and a spoon on the other. It doesn't have

a manufacturer's name on it, and I haven't seen one in any shop recently, but if you find some buy two, because they are useful for picnics at home as well.

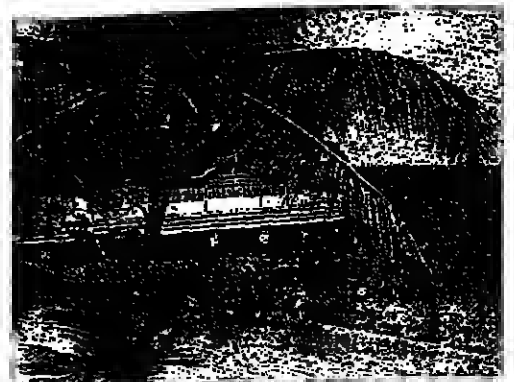
As for the rest, there's always room for a travel alarm, a first-aid kit, a small torch and some long-life batteries, a couple of nightlights, a sewing kit, a few carrier bags and some laundry soap. I have my eye on a retractable washing line (too many bad experiences with stupid bits of string) and a waterproof neck pouch for the beach. But I think I shall be able to resist the lure of the Bra Bank.

Field & Trek mail order hotline: 01277 233122; Go Travel Products, 0181-906 8505 for stockists; SafariQuip 01433 620320 (mail order); YHA Adventure Shops, 01784 458625 for branches and technical guide.

Serena Mackesy

Last week we gave the fax number for Lady Daphne's, but no telephone number, which is 0171-730 1131

The thing about... Honeymoons



Among the rapidly increasing social trends of our times - the complainant culture, lack of faith in established political structures, vegetarianism, belief in horoscopes - is a polarisation in weddings. While the average cost of a wedding now stands at roughly £10,000, the costs are disguised by the fact that more and more people seem to be sneaking off to marry. If there's one phrase that characterises mating habits of the Nineties, it's "we did it quietly in a register office, with just our families."

This hasn't, however, got rid of the biggest individual cost: the honeymoon. In 1995, young lovebirds were spending £3,000 and upwards on this glorified holiday and the trend seems to be ever more lavish.

There are three contributing factors in this. I think, apart from the obvious ones of cheaper air fares and the presence of a luxury holiday complex in every two-bit banana republic with the sort of wage rates that bring smiles to the faces of American leisure executives. They are female emancipation, the permissive society and, in this country at least, the Royal family.

The third might well have had its hey day. The Royals used to have rather low-key holidays. They'd borrow a friend's stately, trot off to one of their own, or take Britannia for a picnic on the Western Isles. Then Diana and Sarah brought Eurotrash values to the family and our tabloids were full of pictures of tropical vegetation, pina colodas and palm-thatched bungalows on white sand beaches. Now that the heirs are divesting themselves of their embarrassing spouses, we might see a bit less of the Caribbean.

So, female emancipation. Basically, that old saw, "the best day of a girl's life", hasn't got the same potent ring since we stopped having to hunt for an income source. Now that we have things like jobs, and lives, women have almost as many "best days" as men: the day we got our first job, the day we became boss, the day we climbed Everest. A wedding day is still ripe with emotional redolence, thank goodness, but it doesn't have that triumphalist tang of having sorted one's future out. We need something extra to make the experience a bit more memorable - most people, after all, have only dim recall of their wedding day, what with nerves, valium and kissing a load of strangers. What better way to fix the memory than one of those "holidays of a lifetime" you see on game shows? After all, you won't have an excuse for another one until impending divorce sends you on a second honeymoon.

But it's sexual emancipation that has really revolutionised the honeymoon industry. Because let's face it: unless they have powerful religious beliefs, or families with powerful religious beliefs, most people won't be Doing It for the first time on their wedding night. In an era when most people shed their virginity with the blitheness with which Elizabeth Taylor sheds husbands, newly-weds still want their honeymoon to have some specialness, some mark of the leftover ritual of this rite of passage. So they find other Firsts to indulge: the first time I saw the inside of a live volcano; the first time I stayed in a suite with its own personal jacuzzi. It's rather sweet, really; where a honeymoon used to be the time when you people got to grips with sex and all its knotty aspects, now it's the time when young people get to grip with what it would be like to be seriously, seriously rich.

Mugs from Tunbridge, donkeys from Majorca — memories are made of this

By William Hartston

Blame the Vikings and Francis Drake. If only the Vikings hadn't been so keen on pillaging and looting when they weren't raping, and Francis Drake hadn't set the fashion of swapping cheap trinkets for gold, the souvenir business would not be in the terminally tatty state in which we find it today. Does anybody know, incidentally, what the difference is between pillaging and looting? Or were the Vikings just being tautological between rapes?

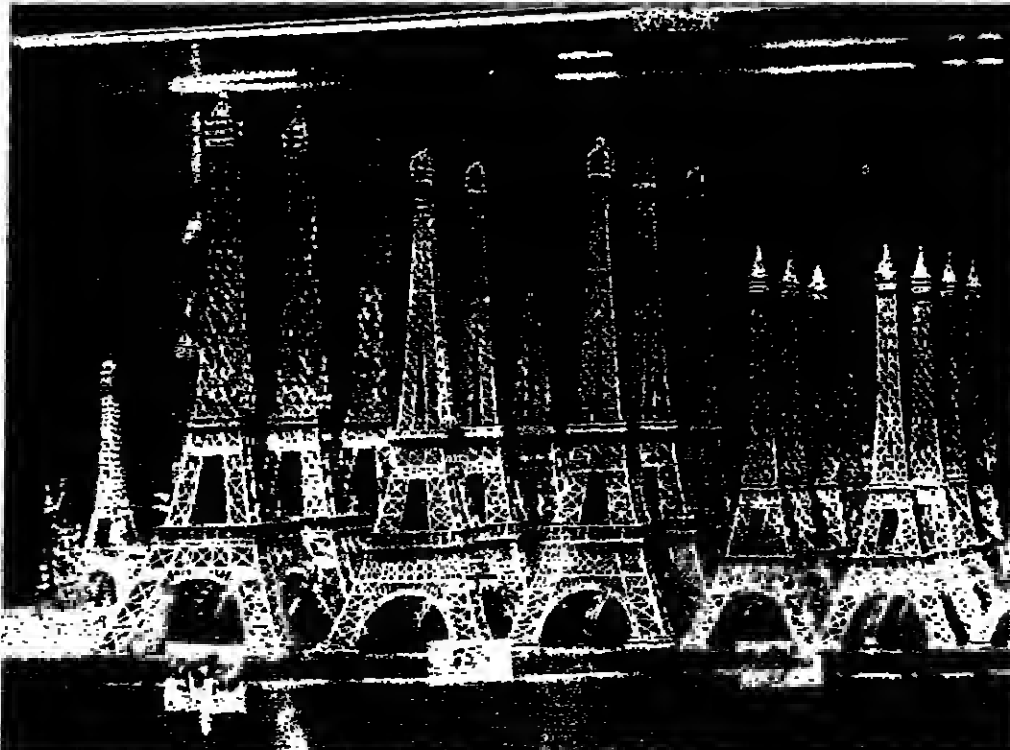
Anyway, the Vikings looted, then Drake sailed the world making Britain rich by his shrewd commercialism, and the rest of the world have been getting their own back ever since by selling their cheap trinkets for our hard-earned gold. And we fall for it every time.

Souvenir-hunting - which is, after all, only the PC term for pillaging - all comes down to man's insatiable desire to own things. Wherever we go, whatever we do, we want to take a bit of it home with us. So the intrepid British traveller cannot tear himself away from the shores of Majorca without taking with him something that symbolises its idyllic values: a stuffed donkey and one of those stupid conical bottles with a hole in the point that lets you pour cheap vino into your t-shirt while everyone is singing Viva Espana.

And what happens to those bottles? They sit at home on the mantelpiece for months until someone lurches for the "Present from Majorca" ashtray next to them and knocks both onto the floor where they are shattered into a thousand pieces. Old!

Once taken out of the natural habitat of the souvenir shop, souvenirs lose all their interest. Look at the most valuable souvenir to come up for auction in recent years: a hand-written page of a draft of George Washington's inaugural address. There were 31 sheets of the speech that Washington distributed to eager souvenir hunters in 1789. And how many have survived? Just 14 - the others, presumably, were used to write shopping lists on the back, or put into the wash when they got home along with the "I love [heart] Washington" sweat shirts. The recently discovered 14th page only survived because it had been stuffed down the back of a sofa all those years.

Souvenir: from the French *souvenir*, remember, which in turn comes from the Latin *subvenire*, to come into the mind, but whatever it is that comes into our minds when we buy a garish mug with the legend "A Present from Majorca" stencilled on it, it's not even as though we've fallen prey to a mod-



ern marketing gimmick. In 1852 Charles Dickens, in *Bleak House*, mentions "A mug with A Present from Tunbridge Wells on it" and Rudyard Kipling,

in 1890, refers to "a china mug w/ gold letters - A Present from Leeds". Presents from Everywhere have been with us for a century and a half.

Presents from Paris: Eiffel Tower statues await the tourists. Photo: B & S Photography

and we still go on buying them. And the cheap models of the Eiffel Tower and the Statue of Liberty, and Taj Mahal biscuit tins and the famous Leaning Tower of Canary Block Wharf.

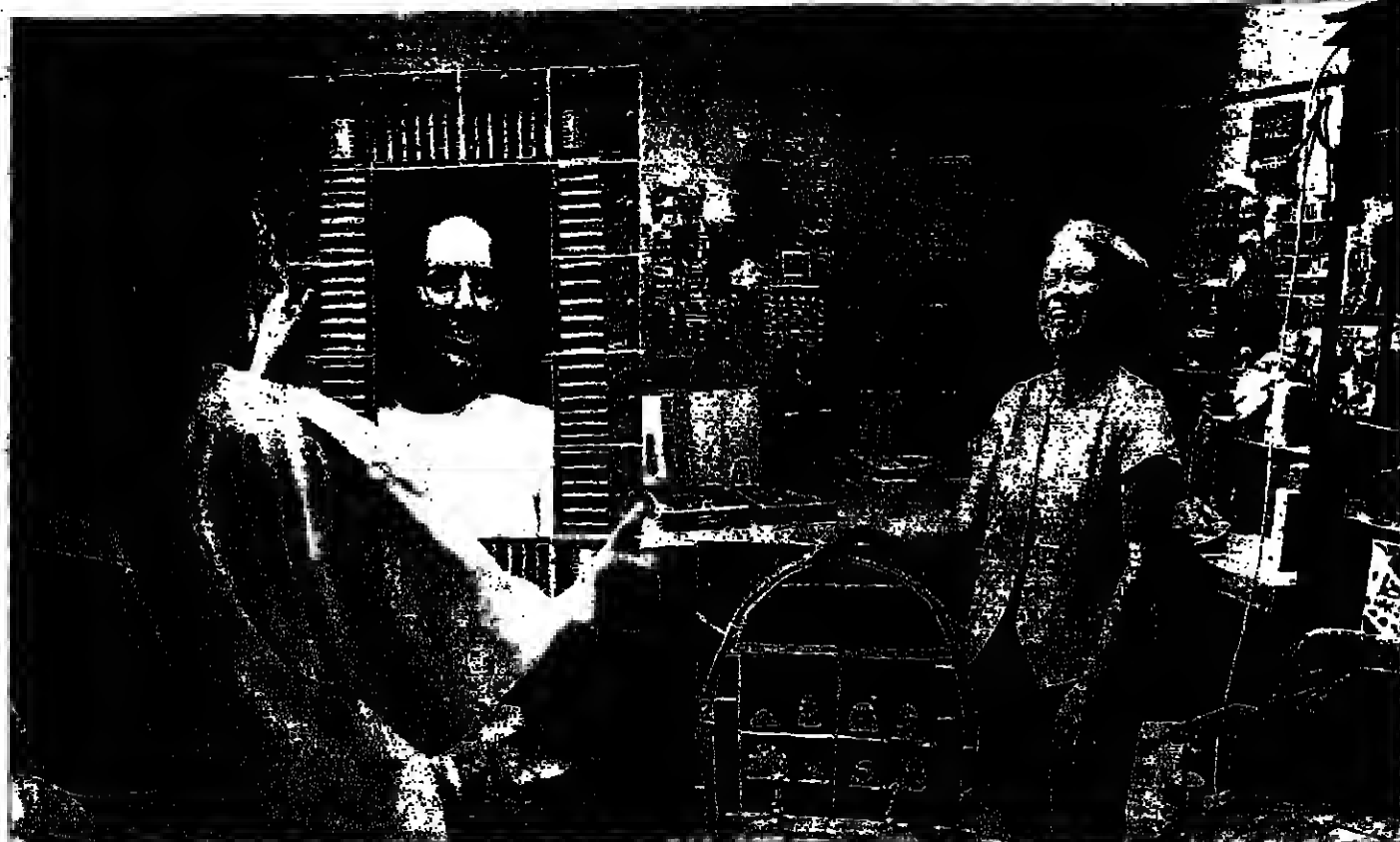
That's only the legally-acquired souvenirs. As Russell Asb's *Top Ten of Everything* records, the favoured items for klepto-souvenirists to pinch from hotel rooms are towels, teaspoons, ashtrays, pictures, bathrobes, hairdriers, kettles, televisions, ornaments and glasses, in that order. At Ronnie Kray's wake last year, souvenir-bunters were even spotted trying to nick toilet rolls. You can just see them back home, tucking guests into the loo and explaining in reverential tones that Ronnie himself might have wiped his bum on an earlier sheet from the roll. Forget "Now wash your hands please", this is the genuine "A Present from Gangland".

Personally, I always buy something genuinely useful as a souvenir. After a pleasant trip to Sweden a few years ago, I decided on an elegant Swedish glass pepper-grinder. Back home, I discovered that it was in fact plastic and made in Birmingham. Come to think of it, it was probably by Dunelm, and not Sweden anyway. That's the real trouble with souvenirs: you forget where they are meant to come from.

shopping

Birds, fish and found objects — tiles of the unexpected

By John Windsor



Ms Napp and Ms Evans, makers of contemporary wall tiles. Abandon all notion that a tile is something that is laid on a wall. Photo: John Lawrence

A cautionary tale

Forget the flock wallpaper, the tongue-and-groove pine, the picture window of Lake Lugano — tiles are making a comeback as wall decoration. You can commission tile artists such as Amanda Napp and Angela Evans to cover a wall or two with colourful contemporary patterns, or buy single antique tiles from a dealer such as Jonathan Horne to lie up over doors or hang on stair eads.

The 17th and 18th century Dutch, Mr Horne says, used to encase even their living rooms in tiles, while the English stuck to fireplaces and niches. In the low-lying Netherlands, wall-to-wall tiles were probably as much a protection against damp as a design statement.

I went to view contemporary wall tiles by Ms Napp and Ms Evans. If you do the same, abandon all notion that a tile is something flat and symmetrical. The pair, university ceramics graduates in their twenties, cast colourful tiles from found objects: the double row of teeth from a bricklayer's comb chisel, a bathtub handle, the nipple-like interior cavity of a golf tee. The end-product is a wall-size jigsaw of coveting birds, fish, found objects and abstract forms that draws the eye hither and thither.

It can come as a surprise to find that a bathtub handle embedded in a tile panel is not metal but a perfect pottery cast. Ms Evans has a "box of bits", objects beached in Brighton, from which she casts — the patterned soles of plastic shoes, bones, a tin opener. The best bunting ground, she reveals, is the beach opposite Roedean School. I did not ask her to elaborate.

Besides a tiled wasteland with a basin that she cast herself, the tile-collage by her friend Ms Napp that I coveted most had books to hang as a picture and wavy edges characteris-

tic of her work. This composition has charmingly proportioned panels between which flit puffs, reminiscent of her childhood bird-watching in Scotland. There is a repeated symbol-like pattern of puffin beaks. The two human hands in the picture are linocuts on non-glazed porcelain, which she polishes with diamond pads to a bright, matt-white finish.

Ms Evans also imprints her clay. She uses rubber stamps. Her imprinted letter-pictures are popular as wedding presents. The trouble is, rubber stamps bounce. Her letter P bounced into oblivion shortly before she was commissioned to commemorate three weddings, one with a Pippa, the others with a Peter and a Philippa. She had to cut the leg off her R.

She also makes brightly coloured high-relief tiles of vegetables for the Elliott James range (£9), sold from the tile shop in South Woodford where Ms Napp works. They are more like sculptures than wall-tiles. A few people loathe them. I found them irresistible.

Ceramic tiles of hand-modelled, high-relief leaves serve as drawer handles in the all-tile scullery made by Kate Malone, founder of the Balls Pond Studio in Hackney, where Ms Napp was apprenticed. Cupboard doors, working surfaces, walls, shelves, are all tiled. Together with the rows of pottery jugs and mugs, the effect is colourful, gleaming, spectacular.

A German inventor called Wedi board that Ms Napp uses makes fixing man-size pre-fab-

"Puffin" tiles designed by Jonathan Horne, can be seen in fireplaces at Kelmor Manor, Morris's summer home in Oxfordshire. And at the Victoria and Albert Museum, Elsie style tiles attributed to Morris, or his daughter May, have been quietly consigned to a storeroom. Not only did these middle-eastern style tiles have nothing to do with Morris — they were imported from Holland. Those at Kelmor are copies of 16th century Iznik tiles. The Myers made several trips to Holland to pore over archives in tile factories and museums, noting export orders placed by Elsie and others. Conclusive proof that the tiles are not by Morris lies in the "in-glaze" high-firing process in which the pigments sink into the glaze underneath. Morris had only low-firing kilns more suitable for glass. Those Morris buris should have known.

William Morris Tiles, by Richard and Hilary Myers, £38 (inc. p&p) Richard Dennis, (01460-240044)

Jonathan Horne, 66c Kensington Church Street, London W8 4BY (0171-221-5658). Amanda Napp (0181-989 8274 or 0181-504 1152). Angela Evans (0171-613 3538).

tiles to walls easy. It is a lightweight, fibrous and polystyrene compound, which is painted, on which the tile-colour is painted. Prices for the panels range from £100 to £1,000, depending on size. A bathroom wall was recently priced at £2,500.

For comparable prices, you can buy collectible single tiles from Mr Horne, the country's leading dealer and publisher in early English tiles. A decorative 18th-century British glazed blue and white tile can cost as little as £20. A blue and white tile showing a bottle in a landscape surrounded by "hovels" — the original word for pottery workers' dwellings — is priced £500 in his London shop. For a typical brown-patterned medieval tile, you would need to pay a minimum £300-£400.

If you are after cheap space-fillers you should be able to persuade your local salvage yard to sell you Victorian fireplace tiles for a fivepence each, though you are unlikely to find enough in the same style to fill a wall. Auctioneers and dealers turn their noses up at such fare unless they form part of a scheme.

The values in general are not fully appreciated, judging by the number that are still chucked into builders' skips. Learn to identify valuable pre-1800 hand-made tiles by their rough backs, lack of symmetry and the effects of age. And don't think of ripping antique tiles from your fireplace or niche to sell, Mr Horne advises. Left in place, they will add more value to your house than they would in the sale room.

Jonathan Horne, 66c Kensington Church Street, London W8 4BY (0171-221-5658). Amanda Napp (0181-989 8274 or 0181-504 1152). Angela Evans (0171-613 3538).



AUCTIONS

You see some funny prices at auction — such as Phillips' ludicrously small pre-sale estimate of £200-£300 for what purports to be the earliest known portrait of Charles Dickens. Offered with the watercolour-over-pencil miniature (7.5in by 6in) by Mary Mannin is a 1948 copy of *The Dickensian* that proclaims "Positively the First Appearance".

In the portrait, Dickens is aged 15 and looks a right dandy — hair in short, clustering curls and wearing what *The Dickensian* speculates is his first suit — a close-bodied frock coat. A known portrait, and public collections both here and abroad will be falling over themselves to own. So why the silly estimate? The auctioneers say it is because the portraitist, Mrs Mannin, is not well known. Hmm. We are getting used to "sleepers on a plate" — lots temptingly made to look as though the auctioneers have not appreciated their true value — but this is ridiculous.

Auctioneers may find there's a price to pay for the silly estimates game. Usually, the estimate is a clue to the vendor's "reserve", the undisclosed price below which he will not sell. That price is traditionally just below the lower estimate. So all estimates, however silly, are a guide of sorts. Even the fact that a silly estimate is so silly heads off, rather than silencing, thousands, does have some influence on the maximum price bidders decide they will stick at.

Will the Dickens miniature sell for only half what it might have fetched had it been estimated £400-£600 instead of £200-£300? Find out on Tuesday (11am).

The Phillips sale is not an end-of-season clearance, despite the Dickens estimate, but this time of year after the big summer sales, when the dead stock is dragged to the block for the last time. The auctioneers' misfortune is the bargain hunter's opportunity. Christie's Soth's Kensington's sale of scientific instruments, Thursday (2pm), has some delightful curios, without estimate, some of which have found rejection hard to handle. No estimate indicates under £150 is expected. So who will bid for a brass Admiralty-pattern sextant lotted with a three-draw telescope? — an ideal gift for an old seafarer.

Sothby's antique arms and armour sale in Billingshurst, Sussex, on Monday (2pm), has the only gun the British Rail Pensioo Fuod invested in during its art-buying spree back in 1974. The 1718 English fowling piece by Rowland, bought from Sothby's for £5,940, will have to sell within its £7,000-£9,000 estimate in order to show a profit after inflation. The sale also has the earliest known example of Mexican gun-making — a splendid silver-inlaid pistol dated 1692. It is estimated £7,000-£9,000 — another silly estimate.

John Windsor

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Where they cultivate the spirit of adventure

Over the last 10 years gardening has grown up, as the flourishing of specialist plant sales demonstrates. By Kirsty Fergusson

A few years ago I went with a gardener friend to one of the April sales of Rare and Unusual Plants at Clapton Court, near Crewkerne, in Somerset. "That's so misleading," he muttered grimly, as we passed one of the posters advertising the event. "I bet we don't see anything rare. Or particularly unusual. There'll just be loads of *Lavatera* 'Barnsley' and Gold Lace primulas and *Hebe* 'Barnsley'." You'll see.

And I could see what he meant: when a new plant or variety comes into fashion you find it everywhere. Some gardens, like the wardrobe of a fashion victim, can be accurately dated by the presence of certain items. The brown-flowered *Cosmos* 'Chocolate' was the plant of 1990. Two years later it was *Corydalis fleucosa*. In 10 years' time, this will be the horticultural equivalent of flared trousers.

When my gardener friend and I met up in the Clapton tea room, I was holding a chunky specimen of the honey-scented *Euphorbia mellifera* and an expensive little *Corydalis*. "I could have given you one of those," he sighed. "You can get them anywhere now." It was a bit like being with Baudelaire on a bad day. Whatever would it take to cure such terrible ennui? We passed through lovely, enclosed gardens into the woodland walk. There we came upon the "oldest ash tree in England", its 500-year-old limbs dotted with black, sea-urchin-like growths. My companion's eyes lit up with pleasure at last as he gently removed one and dropped it into his pocket.

This memory was with me as I drew up a poster earlier this year for a sale of Rare and Unusual Plants at Clapton Court, as part of a fund-raising appeal for my son's school. The proposal was made more with optimism than certainty. Would anyone come? And if they did, would there be anything remotely rare or unusual for them to see? It was time to enlist the help of nurserywoman and fellow parent, Vanessa Lill.

The specialist nurseries we approached were initially cautious about the proposal. The April plant sales for which Clapton Court had become well known had ceased with a change of ownership, and it was necessary to establish what kind of sale we were talking about. Vanessa understood this. There are two types of sale: those organised by branches of the Hardy Plant Society or the NCPPG (National Council for the Protection of Plants and Gardens), designed to promote plant diversity. Sales of this type are populated by serious plant professionals. The other kind of sale is dominated by what these professionals refer to as "the yoghurt pot brigade".

A few years ago you might have found the two parties rubbing shoulders, but something of a rift has developed.

Serious plants command serious prices; a distinct edginess creeps in at the thought of proximity to potted up *cotoneaster* seedlings and geranium cuttings selling at 20p a shot. Vanessa and I, however, were serious about our sale: it was safe for any gardener to come.

There is a circuit of specialist plant sales from early spring onwards, which left only one possible Saturday in June. We discovered later that it clashed with an important Euro 96 football match. This and a mini-heartwave fuelled our anxieties. Plantsmen like cool, grey days for their sales; plants and punters wilt and would rather be at home when the sun is too fierce. But as the first vans and trailers were unloaded, the simple presence of the plants and their growers overcame any lingering doubts about the value of the exercise.

Gardening has grown up in the last decade, as the recent flourishing of specialist plant sales demonstrates. Serious gardening is no longer all about growing prize-winning dahlias or having a po-faced attitude to weeds. The emphasis is still on growing plants well. But the spirit of adventure, the willingness to experiment, and the sheer sense of the fun to be had in the garden is what makes serious gardening so exciting.

Penny and Mike Cox, who have gardened at Clapton for more than 10 years, remember what the early specialist sales were like. "They were an opportunity to buy what were then regarded as quite unusual plants," said Penny, "the sort you wouldn't have found in garden centres at that time. The NCPPG saw to it that a much wider range of plants than most people had ever realised were available was brought into cultivation".

Penny, a Meritensis addict, was giving keen attention to a Virginian cowslip she had spotted at one stall. Elsewhere, stallholders were talking about plants with their customers or with each other. The exchange of information was generous and genuine, and inevitably concluded in a sale.

Derry Watkins, a Connecticut-born specialist in tender perennials and organiser of several rare plant fairs herself, observed how well *Silene pristipetala* 'Snowflake' was selling. "It's a fantastic hanging basket plant - a sheet of white all through the summer." But will it ever dislodge the ubiquitous lobelia? It would be nice to think so.

Vanessa, too, was cheerful; her variegated grasses, shrubby salvias and euphorbias had been selling well. The bestseller, however, had been the bizarrely twisted corkscrew rush, *Juncus decipiens* 'Curly-Wurly'. Not rare, nor particularly unusual these days, but even Baudelaire would have liked that one.

Anna Pivord is on holiday.



A willingness to experiment: the Rare Plant Sale at Clapton Court

Photograph: Marc Hill/Arx

Rare plant sales this summer

Plant hunters are advised to go early to specialist sales; stall holders can bring only limited supplies and fashionable or particularly good-looking plants will sell out quickly. Most plants are intelligently labelled; read these labels carefully before asking for advice on cultivation. Do check hardiness, however, as many of the choicest perennials on offer may require bringing indoors for the winter or propagating to ensure survival into the following season. Biennials are becoming increasingly popular. Plants bought this season should have established a good, leafy base, from which flowering stems will develop next year. Although flowering

marks the beginning of the end of the biennial's life cycle, they seed themselves freely, ensuring continuity. The difficulty lies in predicting where they will next appear: circumspect weeding in the spring is essential.

The next specialist plant sale at Clapton Court is on Saturday 28 September at 11am, organised by the Somerset Hardy Plant Society. Admission £2.00. Derry Watkins' next Rare Plant Fair takes place on Sunday 8 September, 12-5pm, at the Royal Free Hospital Recreation Club, Fleet Road, London NW3.

Other specialist plant sales taking place later this summer include: 14 July (NCPPG), South Molton Pannier Market, Devon - from noon onwards; 3 August (NCPPG), Pollok Park, Glasgow, 11am-5pm; 18 August, Pashley Gardens Summer Plant Fair, Titchhurst, East Sussex 11-5pm; 24 August, The Savill Garden, Windsor Great Park, Windsor, 10am-5.30pm; 1 September (NCPPG), University of Leicester Botanic Gardens, Beaumont Hall, Stoughton Drive, Oadby, Leicester, from 11am; 8 September (NCPPG), Benningbrough Hall, Shipton-by-Beningbrough, North Yorkshire, from 11am.

How to make your garden hold water

By Tom Barber

It is no exaggeration to describe the watering can as indispensable. Simple, reliable and fully operational even under the present rash of draconian hose-pipe bans, it will deliver a precise volume of water precisely where you want it. There is little to choose between metal and plastic, though the former is better looking, heavier and more expensive. What really matters is balance and ease of filling. Some are awkward on both counts, so try them out before you buy. Look for one with a long spout, as this will help accurate watering.

Two gallons is the standard capacity, though a smaller one is handy in the greenhouse. Perforated rose ends are fine for seedlings but not much use when watering larger plants, so make sure they can be easily removed.

The obvious adjunct to a can is a butt, and in these straitened times no garden can afford to ignore the common sense of water storage. Go for the highest you can accommodate and save money and plastic waste by buying one that has had a previous life - but make sure your large recycled container hasn't contained any potentially damaging chemicals.

Water is heavy stuff and in the heat of summer the extra demand can be considerable. Irrigation can involve a great deal of time and effort, and the logical solution is a hosepipe. Hoses, unfortunately, seem to take perverse delight in tangles and kinks, leaking at the joints and flattening plants with a single wicked sweep across the border. The secret is to be methodical: have a regular order to your watering, route the hose carefully, perhaps with the help of low stakes at strategic corners, and always wind the hose on to a reel



TOOLSHED

or coil it up when you've finished. Flat-packing cassette hoses are an unalloyed nightmare. They save on storage space, but what's the point of storing something so fundamentally useless anyway?

Spend as much as you can afford, as the thicker-walled construction of "professional" hoses minimises kinking and prolongs life. Use good quality fittings, preferably screw threads and snap-ons, but I would not bother with fancy spray attachments. The best way to control flow is by simply folding the hose on itself with one hand a couple of feet from the end.

If you want to go further still, you're into the realm of automatic watering systems. A number of Specialist Irrigation firms will design and install large, complex systems, involving everything from permanent pipelines and pop-up sprinklers to sensors and computerised control panels.

Rather more realistic for most gardeners is the DIY plumbing of trickle and spray systems. These involve a length of supply piping attached to a tap, off which runs a series of narrow-bore feeder pipes, fitted at the end with dripping, spraying or misting heads to

supply individual plants, containers or small groups. Complete kits are available but you may do better buying separate components so you can construct your own customised lay-out.

These systems have been used for years in greenhouses, to which they are perfectly suited. However, in the open garden they are visually intrusive, relatively expensive and rather inflexible. Once set up to water patio containers, for example, rearrangement of the system becomes problematic. Far more useful in borders and the fruit and veg plot are leaking hoses. These can be connected to the tap via lengths of ordinary hose, and seep or sprinkle water along their whole length. This provides a gentle ooze of moisture along a narrow strip so there is minimal wastage, especially if the pipe is buried.

As the hose is flexible, it can be laid out however you wish. As with trickle systems, adding a computerised timer will make things more truly automatic, turning the supply on and off at preset intervals. This should never be an excuse for leaving things entirely unattended, though. Conditions are constantly changing and alterations to the regime will always be necessary.

Hosepipe and Garden Irrigation equipment is available from most garden centres. Systems are also available from Leaky Pipe Systems 01222 746-955; Perma Pipe 01222 671178; for stockists; Two Ways and Simon 01246 451677. Large retail water tanks are sold by Barn-Exchange 01222 215555.

Tom Barber presents 'The Garden' every 10 minutes at 5pm, 5.30pm

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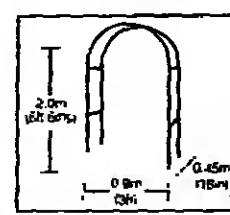
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Above, Colin Ellis with his herd in Wiltshire. Right, Jeffrey and Anita Lockett, founders of the Clonter Opera Farm

Photographs above and left: John Lawrence



Bison? In Britain?

That's diversification for you. Hamish Scott on the black sheep of the farming world

I don't think that what I'm doing could ever be described as sensible," remarks Colin Ellis, standing in a field surrounded by a herd of bison. "It's just that this is what I've always wanted." At Cirencester College, back in the Seventies, Mr Ellis took bets with fellow students that he would one day become a bison farmer. Now, at Bush Farm in south Wiltshire, his unlikely gamble seems to be paying off. Having established a small breeding herd eight years ago, he now owns more than 60 beasts, with eight new calves born so far this year.

Mr Ellis typifies a new breed of farmer whose activities are colourfully at odds with mainstream farming practice. Enthusiasts for unusual livestock or rare breeds, idealists and often self-taught amateurs, they are challenging the trend – so apparent since the war – for farming to become a subsidised, international industry devoted solely to the production of cheap food.

The sight of bison grazing in the Wiltshire countryside still remains a novelty and the majority of local farmers view the exotic herd with tolerant bemusement. In recent months, however, Mr Ellis has had good cause to be grateful for the fact that he is not committed to the rearing of more conventional beef cattle and as demand for "healthy" meat increases, he is quietly optimistic for the future. One enterprising local pub has recently put bison-burgers on its menu.

Bush Farm is now an off-beat attraction on the local tourist circuit, with a "bison gallery" where visitors can buy paintings, bison rugs and

even vast stuffed trophies for hanging on a sturdy wall.

Tourism can often be a profitable side-line for farmers with unusual enterprises. Last year, Catherine Mack welcomed 25,000 visitors to Norwood Farm, outside Norton St Philip in Somerset. The strange variety of flocks and herds that can be seen grazing in the open fields include many breeds, once common in the English countryside, that came close to extinction when farmers were encouraged to rear only standardised, high-yielding livestock. Portland sheep, Tamworth pigs and Shetland cattle might now be no more than historic footnotes but for the determined efforts of enthusiasts like Mrs Mack and other members of the Rare Breeds Survival Trust.

Despite its popularity with visitors, however, Norwood Farm is no theme park. Rare breeds, as Mrs Mack points out, have a future if we eat their meat – and the butcher's shop at Norwood is an important part of the enterprise. With all the livestock reared according to strict organic standards, sales have risen by more than 50 per cent since the crisis over BSE.

Despite her evident success, Mrs Mack has at times encountered suspicion and even hostility from more conventional farmers. "It's as though they see us as a threat," she says. "I've been told I am an incomer and that I don't know what I'm doing. But most innovation now is coming from people who are not of farming stock."

Mrs Mack's first sheep were acquired simply to keep down the grass in her garden; her interest in rare breeds developed as a hobby.

Now Norwood Farm is a model for her vision of how farming should be practised. Her almost missionary zeal for organic systems, healthy products and sustainability may antagonise some colleagues, but many visitors to Norwood Farm leave as converts to her cause.

Not every "hobby farmer" has ambitions to develop an enthusiasm into a commercially successful enterprise. At Down Farm, near Sixpenny Handley in Dorset, Martin Green is quite content to spot a flock of lapwings in his fields, or find a piece of Neolithic pottery. At a time when many farmers are receiving subsidies both for intensive cereal production and for putting land in set-aside, Mr Green has taken the unusual step of allowing his own farm to revert to nature. Voluntary set-aside and grants for habitat improvement schemes have allowed him to pursue his interests in archaeology and wildlife conservation.

Down Farm lies in an area of Cranborne Chase that is particularly rich in prehistoric sites. A section of the Dorset Cursus cuts across the farm and tumuli rise on the skyline. As the owner of this ancient landscape, Mr Green enjoys a privilege most amateur archaeologists can only dream of. A former chicken shed, well protected with security alarms, now houses the collection of arrowheads and axes, pottery and bones that he has gathered from his fields. Half a mile away, the soil has been stripped from an extensive area of ground, revealing the marks of pits and post holes in the chalk. "It appears to be a small henge monument with traces of a settlement beside it," Mr Green explains. "It's quite an exciting and

unusual find."

His most extraordinary discovery to date is an enormous shaft that he has been excavating slowly for the past four years. He has now reached nearly 30 metres and the present water table, but with no sign of a bottom yet in sight. Finds suggest it dates back to the Mesolithic age of hunter-gatherers, long before man had a need for wells. Mr Green, like other archaeologists who have seen the shaft, admits to being baffled by its origin and purpose.

In terms of wildlife conservation, Mr Green is equally proud of his achievements. Where some other farmers might see only an uncultivated wilderness, he points to a diverse range of natural habitats, rich in wild flowers, where buzzards and skylarks are breeding in abundance. Wood has sprouted from the spoil-heap of one recent excavation. Dye obtained from the plant's leaves was used as body-paint by Iron-Age warriors and the seeds may have lain dormant in the soil for the past 2,000 years.

With most small farmers in this country facing an uncertain future, unusual and experimental projects have a fresh appeal. Warning tales abound of fortunes lost in ostriches, angora goats and other speculative ventures, but the most conservative of dairy farmers has paid an equally high price for following established practice. In a farming landscape dominated by subsidised cash-crops and standard breeds of livestock, there is a need for some diversity. And the individual enthusiast, whether bison farmer, visionary, or even archaeologist, undoubtedly has an important contribution to make to the future of our countryside.



THE OPERA FARM

Twenty years ago a south Cheshire farmer called Jeffrey Lockett attended a cattle auction and was impressed by the theatrical aspect of the arena. It inspired him to hold a charity concert in one of his barns, a move endorsed by his mother, the mezzo-soprano and music teacher Betty Bannerman.

Enter several hundred bales of straw, which were stacked in tiers, attracted mice and played havoc with the acoustics. But never mind. Overnight Clonter Farm had become Clonter Opera Farm operating then, as now, on goodwill and a shoestring.

I know about the bales of straw because I was told about them. Repeatedly. By some of the people who had sat on them and by some of the people who wished they had. If there is one thing that matters to devotees of "The Glyndebourne of the North" it is being in at the beginning and therefore privy to the Tales of the Bales.

Something else that matters is looking the part. Things have come a long way since those hay days when the audience wore thermals and drank tea out of flasks. Although wellies are still de rigueur (at least to get from your transport to front of house), black ties abound. My partner, who enjoys dressing up like an Arctic turn, scoffed at the smattering of white jackets: "They look like band leaders". The band leader, who was also the hand, came in and sat down at the piano. His white jacket gleamed under the arc lights paid for, like the instrument, by sponsors.

Apart from a little help from North West Arts, the Foundation for Sports and the Arts and Cheshire County Council, the enterprise is self-funded, chiefly by box office takings. Fortunately the farm has a corps of loyal fans.

"The emphasis here is on training singers," says Anna de Courcy, the energetic administrator, explaining the absence of orchestra.

It is not Covent Garden but then it has never claimed to be. Clonter is a registered charity which twice a year takes a handful of rising stars from opera schools and conservatoires and gives them three weeks tuition culminating in a short season of full-dress performances.

Earlier in the day Ms de Courcy had shown me around: "This is the main barn, er, theatre." Clonter looks like the working farm that it still is, though the 120 friarians were not in evidence. (The opera is an indulgence, not an earner, says Jeffrey Lockett. "Eccentric diversification is fine so long as you have a steady milk cheque coming in.") The silage barn is now a dining room, the farm implements shed a rehearsal studio, the dairy a bookings office.

You are reminded of the site's agricultural precedents by the plaster cow's head lolling its tongue over the aptly-named stalls which these days are furnished not with straw but with 300 second-hand maroon-and-gold seats. It costs between £17 and £25 to sit here. "We used to sit on bales, you know," said a woman in Alice band and pearls hauling a bottle of wine out of a cool box during one of the two indoor picnic intervals. "It looked like a cross between Glyndebourne and a point-to-point."

Clonter Opera Farm, Swettenham Heath, Congleton, Cheshire CW12 2LR. Free mailing list (box office: 01260 224514)

Jenny McClean

The great ostrich saga continues, in Belgium

The great ostrich hunt is hotting up – but my chances of recovering either my money or the bird I thought I had bought still seem extremely poor.

Let me recapitulate. Back in April it was suddenly announced that the Ostrich Farming Corporation (OFC) had gone into receivership – had news for me and other punters who had put money into a venture that promised high financial returns. I myself had paid £3,000, plus £525 VAT for what the company described as an 18-month-old female, and I had signed a banker's order contributing £30 a month for the bird's maintenance. Like everyone else, I had been issued with a certificate bearing the number of a microchip allegedly inserted into the back of the creature's neck for identification.

The crash came as a shock to all concerned, but particularly to me because I had assumed that my bird was alive and well on a farm in Oxfordshire, where I had seen ostriches flourishing before I made my investment. For a day or so I hoped she might still be there – but no such luck: it soon transpired that early in 1995 all the OFC's birds had been transferred to farms in Belgium.

At a High Court hearing in June, Mr Justice Lightman dismissed the Corporation's sales brochures as "a comprehensive bunch of lies and half truths", and revealed that the organisation had siphoned off £7m of investors' money. Nevertheless, after two visits to Belgium, the Official Receiver has confirmed that 3,500 ostriches do exist there. So the main concern of us owners is to recover our birds, or at least safeguard them.

Disquieting rumours abound: that several hundred young ostriches died, as well as some adults; that after a while the OFC ceased to differentiate between male and female birds when



DUFF HART-DAVIS

allocating microchip numbers; that at the end the Corporation was selling numbers rather than ostriches. One certain fact which has emerged is that the birds were never insured – even though we were told categorically that insurance had been arranged, and that any ostrich lost would be replaced by one of identical value.

Leading the hunt for a solution is the recently formed Ostrich Owners' Protection Group. Already this has 1,600 members, but John Lee, the former police chief superintendent who is acting as the group's secretary and administrator, believes there are at least another 1,000 owners around.

The surviving ostriches are now in the care of Eddie Nachtergaele, a Belgian farmer. Some are at two establishments of his own: Zooparc Ams Safari and the E & A Ranch. Other are at four satellite stations. Tests have shown that some of them, at least, do carry microchips, either in their necks or in their rumps. When a special reader is pointed at the right spot, a nine-figure number comes up on an LCD screen.

For the time being, negotiations are hogged

down in Belgian court proceedings, because Mr Nachtergaele has taken out a formal lien over the birds. With maintenance payments cut off, and feeding costs amounting to £50,000 a month, he has threatened to start slaughtering some of the stock unless the present impasse can be resolved.

In its most recent newsletter to owners, the OOPG described the situation as "extremely disappointing", and warned that even if the identities of particular ostriches are established, legal issues will probably prevent the owners removing them "for months to come". All the same, Mr Lee, who has visited Zooparc twice, is impressed by the efficiency and cleanliness of the farm, and reports that he has discussed "the shell of an idea" with Mr Nachtergaele. This is that the owners should form a cooperative and exchange their rights to individual birds for shares in the new company, which would then carry on farming the birds in a professional fashion.

I dare say this is the only plan with a reasonable chance of success, and I myself have joined the owners' group. Yet it is galling to think that my birds – supposing she exists – is now three years old and worth £6,000. Moreover, this summer, for the first time, she should be laying four-pound eggs, worth more than £100 apiece. And if all goes well, her productive life will last at least 30 years.

I am haunted by the feeling that if I cued her number – 001 523 353 – into the right point on the Internet, I might suddenly get straight through to her, and send her coded instructions for escaping to England. In the meantime, I can only wish her to hang on in there until the Official Receiver and the owners' group have sorted out the mess – one might call it the gigantic omelette – that the fraudsters of the OFC created.

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Marriage is a managed retreat from ideas of pure independence and self-expression

"The casting was ready made," said one critic. "Verdi's perfect couple," read the headline over another paper's notice. The work under discussion was the Royal Opera House's *La Traviata*, a production which offered feature writers and reviewers an extra frisson besides Verdi's musical climaxes, because Angela Gheorghiu, who sang the role of Violetta, and Roberto Alagna, who took the part of Alfredo, her callow young lover, are married in real life. For several writers this clearly conferred on the performances an extra stamp of authenticity. "He sings radiantly," wrote one critic of Alagna, "finding, understandably enough, a natural bond with Gheorghiu as they express their mutual devotion." Well, you often find what you look for in art, so it's possible that a sentimental glow coloured his vision, a more intellectual version of the involuntary coo old ladies give when

they pass a wedding (though it's only fair to point out that his judgement was shared by others). It's also possible that he doesn't actually know what it is like to be married, opera reviewing not being a famously uxorious profession.

In which case he could be forgiven for not grasping that a real-life marriage might be a hindrance to the depiction of a fictional infatuation rather than a help. If this sounds glumly disenchanted, it isn't intended to (I am married and I like my kneecaps where they are). But the truth is that marriage and romance agreed to an amicable separation a long ago. They meet up from time to time, naturally – sometimes they even bump into each other unexpectedly, and let themselves get carried away. But they find it virtually impossible to keep house together, with its modest tasks of maintenance, the dull husbandry of everyday life. What a good marriage offers – emotional

THOMAS SUTCLIFFE



shelter, a durable, crafted love – generally has to be paid for in the currency of romantic passion – intoxication, obsession, breathlessness, the marvel that you should have met. Now, it might be that two busy performing artists – often working in dif-

ferent continents and meeting only when their schedules permit – can preserve the latter qualities in a marriage for longer than couples who sleep every night under the same roof (though the history of celebrity marriages actually suggests otherwise – that absence makes the heart grow wayward). But it may be a fallacy anyway that real love can inform a performed love, the elaborate dance of gesture and look by which passion is telegraphed to an audience. Going home with your co-star only adds another weight to the peculiar burden of feeling that actors must drag behind them, their professional requirement to experience the same emotion at the same moment, night after night.

When real relationships inform fictional ones it is likely to be much more accidental or contradictory than a marriage can afford. The smouldering connection between Humphrey Bogart

and Lauren Bacall in *To Have and Have Not* draws some of its force from the fact that the couple fell in love during the filming – it looks as if they can barely keep their hands off each other because, by and large, that was true at the time. And while affection helps in this respect, it isn't exactly indispensable – the feral, dangerous lovemaking of Oliver Reed and Glenda Jackson in Ken Russell's *Women in Love* gains something from the fact that the actors soon discovered that they were in the grip of a passionate and reciprocated repulsion. Loathing can look oddly like lust, if the context is right.

When marriage genuinely works for actors, on the other hand, the virtues that you see on screen are unlikely to be those of young love or infatuation. In the film of Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor's performances

are surely informed by the scars of real combat. For viewers at the time, aware that Taylor's marriages were somewhat fragile constructions, there was the titillating thrill of possibility; for later viewers those belated scenes can be taken as an on-screen rehearsal for a performance that was to take place in private. But bickering can also take more benign forms; the long partnership of Spencer Tracy and Katherine Hepburn delivers a good example of performances which acknowledge the truth of a long relationship – that it cements itself by what can appear rather dyspeptic to outsiders, that marriage is a managed retreat from ideas of pure independence or pure self-expression. Their mastery of companionable skirmishing – which implies some shared wounds and willing surrenders – is a far better model for what marriage delivers to a performance.

Hit me with your rhythm stick

East meets West in the music of Japanese percussionist Joji Hirota, who aims to take his audience higher. By Martin Gordon



One of the West's often-overlooked contributions to Japanese culture is the red pillar box. This, and other darkly glimmering nuggets of information, emerges during the course of Joji Hirota's dissertation on Japanese percussion and "world beat". The elfin Hirota, one of Japan's leading percussionists, lights up another menthol cigarette as he provides an absorbing perspective on cultural identity prior to his South Bank appearance on Tuesday.

Today a percussion player in the classical Japanese style, the heterodox Hirota began his musical journey by studying Western drumming, although not by choice. "When I first studied percussion in Kyoto, I had to learn Western style. People were not interested in Japanese percussion in Japan, and so it was impossible to find anyone to teach it." He toured the West in the early Seventies and found himself unable to answer the queries of would-be acolytes thirsting for honourable Japanese percussive knowledge. Upon returning to Japan, he found the cultural climate had changed – not much, but enough for him to find himself a drum master and sign up as a student.

When Japan first opened its doors to the outside world 150 years ago, the Japanese people embraced Western culture wholeheartedly. Eating habits, clothes, hairstyles, religious attitudes (and post boxes) changed to the extent that indigenous Japanese culture became deeply unfashionable amongst high society, and in turn this perception trickled downwards to the plebs. Western-style salons appeared, enabling Japanese dignitaries to meet their Western counterparts. Suitable music for dancing was essential (hopping to *biotch*? – perhaps not). Western classical music arrived. In short order, as Hirota says, "Japanese people came to believe strongly that they must learn and create Western-style classical music to get to be Number One. We studied and learnt Western music so much that Japanese music became completely out of fashion – no young people wanted to play it."

It wasn't until the Sixties, when composer Toru Takemitsu started blending Japanese instruments with Western orchestras, that the popular view began to change. Traditional Japanese drum groups formed in Europe and the US, and this Western attention sparked a revival of Japanese interest in their own culture. "Because, in the Seventies, Westerners recognised value in this music, it became more popular in Japan. *Kabuki*, *bunraku* puppet theatre, *noh* theatre, all became more popular as people became attracted back to them after 150 years of the West," Hirota says.

As Japanese music returns to favour at home, it becomes increasingly flavoured by outside influences, but Hirota, no purist, thinks that this flexibility is in the traditional nature of "folk" music. "Folk music always changes – a father sings a lullaby, then his daughter sings, then the granddaughter sings. Time is always changing, and music reflects what is going on – with the family, with relationships, with what's happening this week. Next week they may be in America!"

Hirota combined his drum studies in Japan with activities in the UK – he recorded solo projects and became musical director for the godfather of mime, Lindsay Kemp. The last Kemp/Hirota collaboration was *Onnagata* (named after the male character in *kabuki* theatre who plays the part of a woman), of which Hirota has fond memories. "Lindsay was fantastic. I still thank him for giving me the opportunity to express myself, he gave me so much." Another facilitator was Peter Gabriel – Hirota joined the travelling WOMAD circus of 100 musicians in 1990. "Peter helped me a lot with my music."

We are lucky to have a man like that in this country, showing the beauty of music from other countries, showing how people are important, how friendship is important. When you are travelling, you become very aware that these things come strongly from the world of music."

One spin-off from the WOMAD tour was Trisan, Hirota's subsequent partnership with Clannad's Pol Brennan, on tin whistle, and Chinese flautist Guo Yue. The trio made an eponymous album in 1993 which won the Tower Records Critics Award for Contemporary Instrumental music. The link between Japanese and Chinese culture is historical – between Japanese and Irish less so, but Hirota is not afraid of losing his musical identity. "I am Japanese – I can't change it. I can adapt an instrument, or play it in a different style, but I can't change myself. If music comes from your heart, you can't change it." To those who decry hybrid music as culturally impure, he says: "I don't need to keep this I'm-Japanese-you're-Irish-he's-something-else thing. I'm not afraid of mixtures. We could present things as they were a hundred years ago but a musician like me wants to carry on creating, creating every day. I'm thinking about the 21st century."

Appearing in the Rhythm Sticks festival of percussion at London's South Bank, Joji Hirota is performing with Englishman Peter Lockett. Lockett, well versed in the art of Indian percussion, studied in Madras and he and Hirota have performed together often, presenting a fierce drum-based fusion of prelapsarian "world beat" to capacity audiences. What does Hirota think about those who, like Lockett, become proficient in the art of other cultures? Just as the Berbers of Morocco incorporate MTV-style headbanging into their traditional dance routines, Hirota feels that there are no rules. "The identity of the performer is not important at all. It's happening all over the world – in Japan, we have the world's leading flamenco dancer, the leading violin player with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra is Japanese. It's just humanity – people sharing information."

And what does he feel about technology, the other great stumbling block for those uncomfortable with musical miscegenation? "Even if you use technology, it doesn't come from outer space, it comes from you. Some people love high-tech, some love only acoustic instruments, but technology is a new kind of challenge for a musician, and why not?" He believes that music has a real physical power – "I'm always trying to make my music have good energy and beauty. Good energy makes people happy – with it, you can see the colour of the music, the nature of the landscape, the colour of the stone. It should make people spiritually, and even physically, higher."

And what might the average levitating percussion-lover find at the Hirota/Lockett two-man show "From Taiko toTabla"? Peter Lockett supports Hirota with global percussion accessories (Indian, Latin-American, Irish, West African and Middle Eastern) while Hirota unleashes his armoury of *taiko* barrel drums, Western kit, singing bowls and bells and *shakuhachi* flute. If last year's show was any indicator, the dramatic climax featuring Hirota's troupe of Japanese drummers as well as the main protagonists will have the audience bouncing off the roof.

"Everybody in life asks the question 'why'," Hirota says. "Music is one way of answering that question – straight away you have an answer. We are friends, we are brothers."

From Taiko toTabla: the Best of the World is on Tues. 7.30pm at the Purser Room, RFL, London SE1. Bookings: 0171-960 4242

Photograph: Brian Jay

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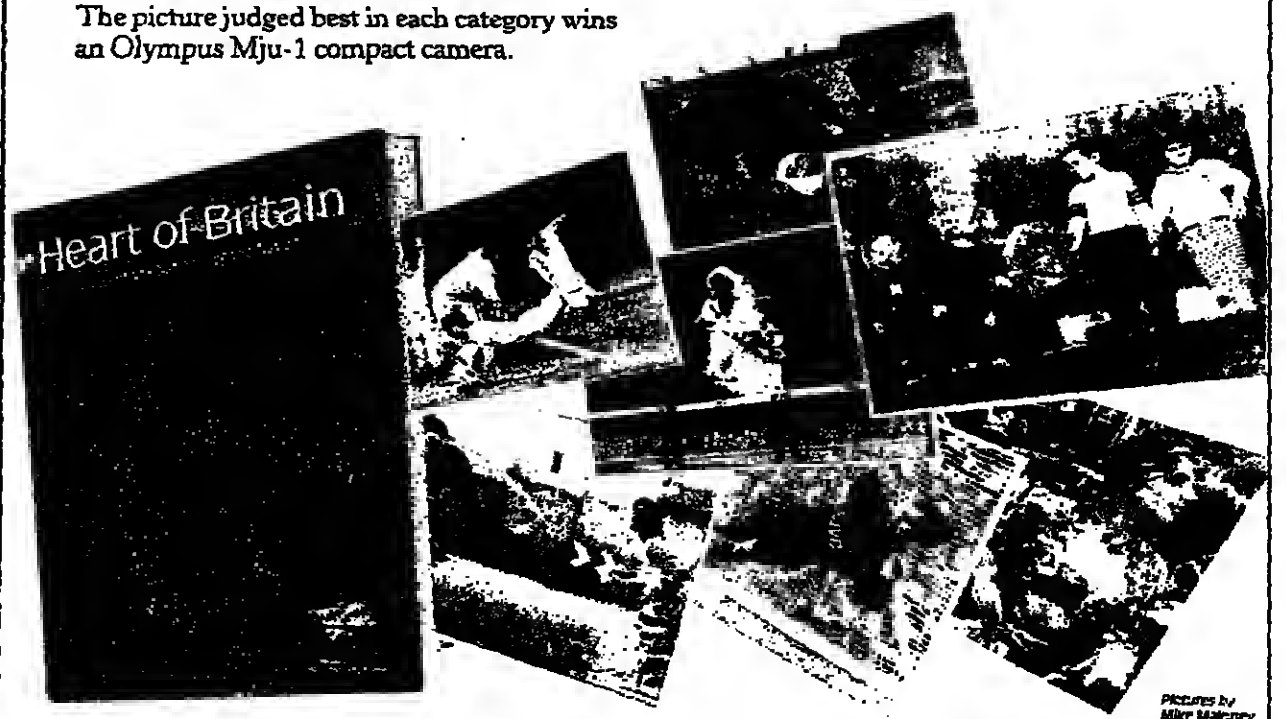
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arts

JAZZ

David Sanchez, The Rhythmic

The latest US tenor-sax sensation knocks them for six. By Phil Johnson

When Sanchez and band had finished their triumphant second set, after they had embraced each other and stood around shooting the breeze, members of the audience came up to congratulate them before leaving. Gracious to a fault, David accepted the praise modestly with a few words of thanks. The touching scene could have been topped only, one thought, by the manager then offering to drive the audience home in the band-bus, for there were only 35 of us there, some of whom may well have been waiters. It was, however, a privilege to be in such a minority when the band played as feelingly as this, and Sanchez, one of the latest American tenor-sax contenders, proved himself a genuine star.

If jazz were cricket and tenor saxophonists batsmen, the way the opening ball of the over would be played would be crucial in determining the game's development. James Carter – Sanchez's contemporary, playing for Warners while Dave bats for Sony – approached it with his bat held at head height, going for sixes from the off. Sanchez, by contrast, sized up the wicket and built his first solo with sensible strokes. When the first six-hit arrived it had been worked for and was therefore all the more effective.

Though he does tend towards repeated patterns, and he plays with a fairly neutral tone, Sanchez is wonderfully expressive. Less Latin jazz than funk-up bop of the type to be found on a mid-Sixties Joe Henderson album, his music fits effortlessly into the classic template of contemporary acoustic jazz. The drummer's cymbals ring, the rimshots snap, and the double-bass plods steadfastly around the beat like an old-fashioned policeman on point-duty. The pianist Eric Reed – who is something of a star in his own right – never pushes the pulse unnecessarily, and veers from sympathetic comping to double-time Cuban rumbas with an easy grace. Richie Flores, the percussionist, is so good that he could almost give his profession a bad name, for he uses a limited kit and knows when to lay out.

They only played one ballad, a Puerto Rican lament that sounded like "Misty", and it was so moving that you could almost sense the slender audience putting their heads together and smiling icily in rapt approval. In short, David Sanchez and band are great, and you can still get to see them in their final date tonight.

The Rhythmic, London N1 (0171-713 5859)

THEATRE John Gabriel Borkman, Lyttelton, London

Paul Scofield gives a compelling performance in Richard Eyre's production of Ibsen's symbolic story of power, idealism and artistic dedication. By Paul Taylor



Away with self-pity: Paul Scofield in the title role and Vanessa Redgrave as Ella, his wife's twin sister. Photograph: Stuart Morris

John Gabriel Borkman may have affinities with Robert Maxwell in his illicit use of investors' savings, but the hero of Ibsen's late symbolic drama is an altogether larger and more ambiguous figure than Cap'n Bob. He's at once a loveless, power-obsessed capitalist and a visionary idealist who hears the iron ore singing in the veins of the earth and dreams of creating an industrial kingdom of entrepreneurial philanthropy. He's also a self-projection by Ibsen, a way of questioning the cost of his own artistic dedication. Perfection of the life or of the work? Ibsen explores Yeats's quandary through a man who has perfected neither.

Paul Scofield is wonderfully compelling in this role in Richard Eyre's Lyttelton production. Exuding the air of a self-made man, he looks ever so faintly like an elderly teddy boy as he paces around the prison of his drawing room, sprightly attired in readiness to receive the deputation he believes will one day arrive and beg him to make a comeback. His booming voice, with its hints of his low origins, the wagging forefinger, the posing as if for an official portrait bespeak dogmatic delusion. Unable to acknowledge his despair, this is a man who, after 13 years of withdrawal from public life, can still fancy himself a Napoleon-in-waiting.

The arrival of his wife's twin sister, Ella, the woman whose love he betrayed and sold in pursuit of his career, launches a sequence of events that ends with his venturing out of doors and dying on the snowy mountainside. Ella is played by Vanessa Redgrave in a performance whose effectiveness is marred by a surfeit of distracting

mannerisms and over-done changes of rhythm. But, great actress that she is, there are moments when the aching desolation of this dying woman and the avenging solicitude of her approach towards Borkman come across with power and simplicity.

As Borkman's wife, Eileen Atkins brings some superb snide comedy to her competitive bouts with Ella and with her son's married mistress, who is played with just the right edge of confidence, worldly disdain by Felicity Dean. The other splendid cameo is Michael Bryant's Foldal, the old clerk whose delusions of being a poet make him Borkman's comic double. One of the best bits of the play is the extraordinary scherzo-like section of the last act when Foldal innocently rejoices in his daughter's escape to Europe even though the carriage conveying her has just run over his foot. This sudden lack of self-pity in a play that's awash with it is like a little chink of sunlight in enveloping gloom.

Eyre's production introduces some shrewd bits of naturalistic business, as when the accidental breaking of a vase comically breaks the ice in the sisters' first interview, or when the obsessiveness of the characters is brought home by showing how, even when alone, they rehearse their feuding encounters like mad people. From this circumstantial detail to the permafrost poetry and symbolism of the last act, the production makes a sure climb, with Scofield's performance ascending to an even higher level of greatness.

In rep at the Lyttelton Theatre, London SE1 (0171-928 2252)

OPERA

Param Vir, Almeida, London

Primal rhythms and stringless instruments. Nicholas Williams is impressed

Param Vir's double-bill, *Snatched by the Gods* and *Broken Strings*, first heard in Amsterdam in 1992, had its UK premiere at the Almeida Opera Festival on Thursday, the first collaboration between the Festival and the London Sinfonietta. The result was a memorable debut for both composer and ensemble. Arrayed around the performance space by instrumental grouping, the players brought Vir's score to life under conductor Markus Stenz. In clarity of sound, this music shows the imprint of Knussen, Carter and Maxwell Davies, but in its disposition of light and shade, as in its impeccable timing, Vir is his own man.

In isolation, the subjects had looked depressingly static: a Tagore ballad in *Snatched by the Gods*, a Buddhist legend in *Broken Strings*. The credit for making them move goes in part to Vir's librettists, William Radice and David Rudkin respectively, but chiefly to his own sense of uninterrupted musical narration.

Snatched by the Gods, set on board ship, is a parable about cruelty; but the action derives ultimately from the dangers of the river. As a cargo of pilgrims sail to their destination, the score maintains a flow of exciting water music, evocative but also charged with tension. Primal rhythms emerged from a plasma of sound that favoured extreme timbres of piccolo and contra-bassoon. Yet scenes were also tightly controlled, marked off by individual colour schemes and carefully dovetailed. Vir's writing for voices, though, though, showed a Brittenish respect for just declamation. Vocal ensembles, choreographed by Josette Bushell-Mingo, were strong, with each character a distinct strand in the web of destiny.

The musicianship of the treble Ben De'Ath as Rakkhal dominated *Snatched*. Richard Stuart as the old musician Gutli, was the hero of *Broken Strings*, which made theatre from the paradox of a stringless instrument making celestial music. To know ourselves, we must make more from less, until from nothing we begin again. That was the lesson for the spectator king – and spectators – in this play-within-a-play, acted out to the accompaniment of fish, elephant and peacock gods in exotic costume. To write these pieces, Vir explained, he had absorbed their moral in his own life. Sincerity can be a bogus element. But here, its qualities were evident to hear.

Further performances: tonight, 15, 17, 19 at 8pm. Booking: 0171-359 4404

TELEVISION

Takeover TV (C4)

Public access broadcasting? Channel 4's new strand comes over more like a showcase for would-be professionals than a chance to let the amateurs loose. By Jasper Rees

In the United States, the pilot of a public access television is its sheer, unadorned democracy. A channel solely dedicated to giving the viewer a voice is an ocean of talentlessness and tedium. The only way to consume it is in bite-size pieces, pre-cut and plattered by someone with the requisite editorial nous. This is what Channel 4, serving a minority audience much travelled down the highways and byways of irony, did a few years ago with *Made in the USA*. And mildly amusing it was too to be

able to slobber at American *bêtises* from a safely knowing distance.

Takeover TV is cosmetically the same venture, but tapping into the talents of domestic camcorder-owners. And there we have our first discrepancy. Because British viewers are more or less brought up on quality, it's much more difficult for them to make uncomplicatedly bad television. Good television is in our genes. In the contribution from the naked man who tries to fix an x-ray lens to his camera, of course, the entire entertainment is

appalling, amateurish, shoddy. But it's meant to be. The display of inability is an effect.

The other problem with *Takeover TV* is that it's a programme, not a channel, and only half an hour long: clearly a selection procedure, some form of quality control, is required to isolate the broadcastable material. In real public access television, the option of weeding out the incompetent, the marginal and the impossibly eccentric is anathema. So what we have instead is *You've Been Framed*,

the only difference being that the eotertainment is caught on film deliberately rather than by chance: *I've Framed Myself*. Which is a good working definition of a sketch. So *Takeover TV* is, to all intents and purposes, a sketch show pooling the work of talented unrecognised comedians.

Not that they're all that talented. Otherwise, they'd presumably be working in television already. They know the form: the idiom of public access is cheap'n'cheerfulness. Hence the "Doctor on the Run" sketch, in

which a Dalek giving chase gets stuck at the bottom of the stairs and says "Oh, bollocks", is self-consciously in black-and-white. Ditto the mock ad for Dinatooze, the prototype video game.

The general impulse is to make fun of kitsch: the girl on her bike out in the countryside, lip-synching a song called "Bicycle Adventure"; the man extolling the virtues of cat food. Treading that fine line between laughing at bad TV and simply becoming bad TV, some fall right off the edge.

The sioging Polish plum delivered 60 seconds of television the nation could happily have forgone.

The better stuff is all the product of genuine video artistry – the skinhead with shaver who lops eyes, nose and mouth into the sink, or the wonderful animation starring a potato who drives his car at fistic speed. Give these film-makers a budget and they could easily go through the more formal channels to get their work on the box. Which is missing the point of public access television entirely.

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THE WEEK IN REVIEW
David Benedict

STUART MORRIS LAURIE LEWIS

	THE PLAY MARTIN GUERRE	THE FILM THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME	THE OPERA LA TRAVIATA
overview	Cameron Mackintosh's blockbuster via Boublil and Schoenberg (who gave us <i>Les Mis</i> and <i>Miss Saigon</i>) about a 16th-century peasant who leaves his wife, returns after seven years... but is it really him? Decca Donnellan directs.	Victor Hugo, author of the smash-hit musical <i>Les Misérables</i> , goes for the double with the help of Walt Disney: the voices of Kevin Kline and Demi Moore and a score by Alan Menken and Stephen Schwartz.	Roberto Alagna and Angela Gheorghiu, the Bryan Forbes and Marlene Newman of opera, star in the revival of Richard Eyre's much-loved production of Verdi's classic tear-jerker of conspicuous consumption.
critical view	Paul Taylor praised Iain Glen in the lead but despaired of "an enormous emptiness at the heart of this product". "The great epic moments from <i>Les Mis</i> and <i>Miss Saigon</i> are totally missing," agreed the <i>Mail</i> . "Humorous portentiousness in both music and script... I left the theatre feeling not so much exhilarated as bludgeoned," explained the <i>Telegraph</i> . "Lugubrious, heavy-going... what is notable is its failure to convey passion," grumbled the <i>Guardian</i> . "Cheap musical thrills (but) lacks real narrative thrust," felt the <i>Standard</i> .	Adam Mars-Jones was disappointed. "Not a disaster, but a definite falling off from the studio's series of recent triumphs." "Nothing Disney has produced since <i>Fantasia</i> is as likely to give the kids nightmares... the most sophisticated Disney for some time," proclaimed the <i>Guardian</i> . "Another milestone for the studio with its dazzling technique and surprisingly adult content," announced <i>Time Out</i> . "Begins so promisingly. The aerial camera swoops... we feel a little sick, but it is nothing to the sickness to come," gulped the <i>FT</i> .	Edward Seckerson admired Gheorghiu's glorious talent but added "we wish her 'other half' shared it." "In all, Angela Gheorghiu's vehicle... you can't take your eyes off her... in a rich and singing, Alagna was never more aristocratic of the pair," praised the <i>Standard</i> . "She is so inside the role that she seems not to be acting at all... Alagna paints an engaging portrait of the hero," raved the <i>Guardian</i> . "Gheorghiu was superb. Alagna sings radiantly... an evening of exquisite singing and affecting drama," gushed the <i>Telegraph</i> .
on view	At the Prince Edward Theatre, London W1 (0171-447 5400).	At the Odeon Leicester Square (0171-930 3232) and at many a cinema near you.	The lovebirds are back on Mon and Thurs, with an alternative cast tonight Tues and Fri, at the ROH (0171-304 4000).
our view	Tremendous lighting by David Hershey, strong orchestrations, and Tap Dogs-style choreography can't disguise vacuous storytelling.	How much pop psychology from the mouths of gargoyles can you take?	Tickets are like gold dust. Happily, there will be live, big screen relays of the star-studded performances in Covent Garden's Piazza.

KEY: EXCELLENT, GOOD, OK, POOR, DEADLY

All you need to
know about
the books you
meant to read

by Gavin
Griffiths

CATCH-22 by Joseph Heller (1961)

Plot: World War II is in glorious swing. Yossarian, a bombardier stationed with the US Air Force on the island of Pianosa, has flown 48 raids and, by rights, should be posted home. Unfortunately, Colonel Cathcart keeps raising the number of missions required for each airman. The only escape is to be diagnosed crazy. But before he can be diagnosed, an airman must ask to be grounded: self-evidently, such a request reveals a high level of sanity. This, Doc Daneeka proudly explains, is catch 22. At the core of Heller's satire is the "soldier in white" in the hospital bandaged from head to toe with only a "ragged hole" for a mouth. Yossarian's extreme disorientation in the presence of this figure convinces him he must escape the mad farce of war. Finally, the colonels agree to release Yossarian from duty if he agrees to "like them", to become "one of the boys". Sickened by this proposition, Yossarian deserts to Sweden and preserves his integrity.

Theme: The enemy is anybody who's going to get you killed, no matter which side he's on. For Heller, remaining alive is a fundamental right: Yossarian is at war with both the Germans and the psychotics who run the Air Force. Catch 22 – the argument that defies reason – underlines the irrationality of war.

Style: Sentences lurch into lunacy as language becomes misleading. A hospitalised colonel has "a urologist for his urine, a psychologist for his psyche and a pathologist for his pathos".

Chief strengths: A grim subject is treated with compassionate hilarity. Apart from Yossarian, nobody escapes the author's scathing wit.

Chief weakness: Heller's satire works because he chooses to ignore what Hitler was about; this selectivity brings intensity but also limitation.

What they thought of it then: Sounding like one of Heller's officers the *New York Times* thought the book both a "dazzling performance" and "gasp[ing] for want of craft and sensibility". Eventually *Catch 22* became that rare phenomenon: the arty novel that is a smash hit.

What we think of it now: *Catch 22* remains a bible for disaffected youth, confused and depressed by "authority".

Responsible for: The *Oxford Dictionary* now defines catch-22 as "a dilemma or circumstance from which there is no escape because of mutually conflicting or dependent conditions".

Adventures in the cock-fighting chair

Are books a kind of moral penicillin? Do we live to read or read to live? DJ Taylor ponders a chronicle of textuality

A History of Reading
by Alberto Manguel
HarperCollins, £25

Some of the best moments in Victorian literature come when its novelists – either in the first person or in the guise of their characters – start rhapsodising over the books they read in childhood. No Victorian *bildungsroman* worth the name is devoid of the scene in which our hero, alone in the schoolroom after Dr Slasher has departed, or marauding through the family library while his parents are away, discovers his first book. Thackeray's novels are crammed with images of a small boy rigid with fear as he pores by candlelight over *Manfred*; or the *One-Handed Monk*; Dickens and David Copperfield are rarely closer than at the moment when David comes across Smollett and Fielding; while even a broken-down old hack like Gissing's Henry Ryecroft can suddenly snap out of his benign languor when you realise that it is Gissing himself conning over the bookseller's bargains in Paternoster Row.

Here and there come occasional correctives to this tide of elegy. H.G. Wells could never quite forgive himself for the adolescent energy wasted in copying out Carlyle's feeble last work, *The Early Kings of Norway*. In general, though, Thackeray, Dickens and Co. are the dazzling summit of a somewhat shaky edifice. A sub-scholastic atmosphere in which bookish types discourse amiably about books is as characteristic of late-Victorian literature as snuff. The title of Leslie Stephen's *Hours in a Library* encapsulates a great mass of second and third-rate trifling in which "the book" is taken down and exhibited to the reader in a tone that is occasionally holy, more often complacent, but nearly always faintly dispiriting. There is, after all, no bore like a book bore, and at first sight calling a book *A History of Reading* looks like an excuse for the worst kind of bygone dilettantism.

Fortunately, Alberto Manguel travels only a short distance along this path and, despite one or two antique flourishes ("There are books I read in armchairs, and there are books I read at desks; there are books I read in subways..." etc), the personal appearances are usually justified.

To learn that the teenage Manguel was frequently summoned to read aloud to a blind Buenos Aires neighbour may not be interesting in itself, but it becomes electrifying once you know that the listener is Borges. Sumptuously illustrated – with the illustrations set into the text – and elegantly got up, *A History of Reading* turns out to be a well-researched survey of a ritual to which Manguel, and most of his quoted fellow-readers, ascribe "a certain secret solemnity and importance".

As Babel and cuneiform tablets give way to Greek papyrus scribbles and Galen's idea of a "visual spirit" born in the brain which crossed the eye through the optic nerve and then flowed out into the air, some of this can become a little too solemn for comfort. Manguel's notions about this primal impulse – and to judge from his research the ability to read is a fundamental distinction between the primitive and non-primitive society – need constant authenticating garnishes, whether from St Jerome or modern literary the-



Holy writ: "The Young Cicero Reading", a fresco by Vincenzo Foppa, c. 1464, in the Wallace Collection, London

orists: by the time a certain Dr Martin C. Whittock is wheeled into view to suggest that "to comprehend a text we not only read it, in the nominal sense of the word, we construct a meaning for it", it is tempting to think of Nigel Molesworth gravely informing the under-matron that mumps were better than measles.

Manguel has a line, of course, throughout this parade of interesting facts and statistics (the 359,433 volumes, for example, registered with the US Library of Congress in 1995) and that line is the old humanist one about reading as a moral activity, the elemental legend that assimilating the contents of a printed page automatically makes you a better person. At the same time it is impossible not to share something of this high-mindedness, and to regret its passing. When Walt Whitman, in his capacity as editor of the *Huntington Long Islander*, circa 1845, proposes that "there is a curious kind of sympathy... that arises in the mind of a newspaper conductor with the public he serves... Daily communion creates a sort of brotherhood and sisterhood between the two publics; you are shocked and charmed by what even then must have seemed mildly naive – on the other side of the Atlantic the early-Victorian cult of abusive personal journalism was already boosting circulations, and let us not forget that in America generally this was the era of the *New York Rowdy Journal*.

Manguel is particularly good on the paraphernalia of reading, its cosy appurtenances, like the "rotary reading desk" designed by the Italian engineer Agostino Ramelli sometime in the sixteenth century, or the "cockfighting chair" custom-made for Georgian libraries, in which the reader sat astride, facing a desk fixed to the back of the chair, while leaning against the armrests.

Or there is the arresting case of Count Guglielmo Libri, the 19th century's most accomplished book thief. Armed with official credentials and dressed in a voluminous cloak, Libri stalked the public libraries of France for the best part of a decade. When he and his wife fled to England in 1848, in advance of criminal proceedings, they took 18 chests of bibliophilic plunder with them. Libri's technique, Manguel reveals, turned on an irresistible effrontery. On one occasion he produced for his friend Prosper Mérimée a copy of the *Tours Penitence*, a celebrated illuminated manuscript from the seventh century; Mérimée, who made a habit of visiting libraries, remarked that he has seen something very like this in Tours. Ah, the Count explained, what he had been shown was a French copy of an original acquired by Libri in Italy.

If a *History of Reading* has a weakness, it lies in the compression of so much material into so many elegant mini-chapters. Crisply invoking St Augustine and Derrida from one sentence to the

next, back-tracking six centuries and half a continent to forge a connection, Manguel sometimes comes over as a souped-up Marina Warner, hopping across the millennia to make links that are plausible but often not much more than that.

Running here and there through the book are the essentials of a very old debate, which might be summarised as "Live to read or read to live?" On the evidence available here, Manguel is a "live to read" man, but he does quote Kafka's sharp rebuke of the escapist justification of reading volunteered by a friend: "A book cannot take the place of the world... In life everything has its own meaning, and its own purposes for which there cannot be any permanent substitute." One of the problems that calcifies the contemporary stand-off between the average book-lover and the proponent of the bright technological future is the former's invariable descent into misty-eyed humanism, a sort of escapism by default that nearly always antagonises any non-bookish person. Somewhere, DH Lawrence suggests that books are the whole world, that everything reposes in them, and so on. Regarding the book as a kind of moral penicillin might have had some point in the 1920s, but it won't do now, and if we want the book to hold its own against the VCR and the Information Superhighway, one of the first things we should do is to treat it with a little less reverence.

Bringing out the Devil by the deep blue sea

A new literary magazine is making waves from Brighton. Will it suffer the fate of all the others? Christopher Hawtree reports

Ian Ginsburg is the hero of *Scamp*, one of two late-Forties novels by the pseudonymous Roland Camberton. Ginsburg is a louche habitué of the British Museum and, after hours, frequents Soho's cafes and bars before going home to ghost articles for a hard-pressed Fleet Street hack while rats scuttles beneath the bath. He also gives language lessons and one pupil, a middle-aged lady, is tempted to invest £300 to start his own literary magazine. Ginsburg predicts profits within six months – or, at the very least, glory. But the magazine never appears, just sackloads of contributions in reply to a classified ad in the *New Statesman*: "conts. invtd. for new lit-wg propg. internat. magzine. Poems, articles, stories". Despite that clipped manifesto, "from personages and private schools had come poems and sad, weary short stories... a man in Middeburgh submitted a tattered, yellow sheaf of handwritten manuscripts – boy scout stories." As Ginsburg surveys all this, he realises that it was easier to decide what he did not want than to imagine what he did want. "Many of them were good, quite as good as those which appeared in the 'young writers' miscellanies; but they were totally unnecessary."

That potential contributors far outnumber subscribers is wearily acknowledged by all editors of self-styled "little" magazines. It is only with the filip of war (*Penguin New Writing*) or a publisher's subvention (*Granta*) that they impinge on the public at all. This is not as humiliating as it appears: copies of *The Little Review* with pioneering extracts from *Ulysses* now command a hefty price.

Such hopes fuel those who, like Ginsburg, feel the need for a new magazine. As he discovered, it is difficult to get it right. T.S. Eliot's "message" in the first issue of the *London Magazine* in 1954 misguidedly asserted that it was a "duty" to take out a subscription, that a subscription "is not merely an act of financial support but a declaration of moral support". This magisterial attitude explains why his own magazine, the *Criterion*, was so dull. A successful magazine



Kicking up dust: Issue H of "The Printer's Devil" breezily combines politics and literature

is something to snack upon, enjoyed between weightier matters but by no means frivolous for all that. Ian Hamilton has even said that a magazine has a built-in lifespan, its own era – borne out by the one which he was editing in the late Seventies, the misguidedly glossy, Martian-haunted *New Review*, itself a successor to his *Review*.

A newish magazine that's very much of its time is *The Printer's Devil*, eight issues in and now hitting its stride. Although based in Brighton, it does not fall into the weary trap of the regions vs. the metropolis, but rather straddles them. It appears twice-yearly and is alert to Hamilton's strictures about longevity, as it works through the zephyr: the new issue, out this week, is numbered G. It's still some while until 2005 and the problem of what comes after Z.

It is distinctly off-beat, as quirky as the early issues of Craig Raine's *Quarto*. Apart from a lengthy interview, in conscious imitation of the *Paris Review*, it follows no pattern but, along with poems and stories, has ranged from a rehabilitation of Simon Raven (who laments the decline of a clas-

sical education) to a column by a former armed robber.

Its office is at the top of a narrow building off a thoroughfare where agents' boards plaintively offer knockdown rates until the century's end. Cardboard boxes dot the magazine's office, hemmed in by a convector heater and a filing cabinet, both of which make a greying Mac II appear bang up to the minute by comparison. On its screen is a draft episode of *The Bill*, the work of the baggy-trousered playwright Stephen Plaice, an expert on Brighton crime. Plaice controls the flow of faxes between four editors: Plaice himself, Fiachra Gibbons (on the staff of the *Guardian*) and two poets, Eva Saltzman (in London) and Sean O'Brien (now transplanted to Newcastle). The *Devil* toes no line, its only intention "to kick up dust," as Plaice puts it, "in an era when politics has become a dirty word". Gibbons also avoids using the phrase "literary magazine" as "that often makes for too thin a diet." Rather than eschew politics, the *Devil* welcomes articles that find no regular outlet in the press. "If anything, we've aimed for an 18th century

spirit," says Gibbons. "Smart, but consciously against any glitz. We're trawling alog, trying to churn up writers and ideas that don't get a look-in". Its political alignment appears to be of the Left, but Plaice feels "we are in for interesting times satirically – Blair's shifting policies and his underestimating of the public's willingness to try well-judged radical measures, such as tax increases. And as many figures on the Left become all po-faced in the hope of a Cabinet post, they offer more satirical scope than the Tories".

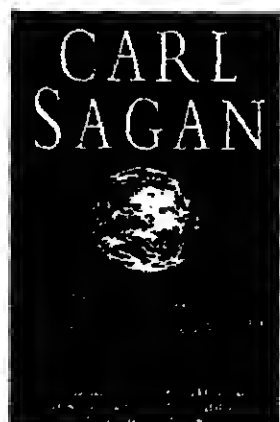
In the *Devil*'s pages you'll find a brisk account of Germany's literary precursors of the Holocaust and a reconsideration of that troubled spirit Alan Quin, who drowned himself off Brighton in 1973 after a brief life given to free-wheeling sexual experiment as well as to avant-garde fiction. It is becoming strong in new fiction, with such names to watch as Nancy Nii and Julie Marie Charalambides. Agents and publishers are following it. Boldly, Plaice says that, "We limit the number of poems to those we really want to print rather than feel obliged to do for solidarity's sake." It is in a similar dissenting spirit that issue H jumps into the future to print extracts from Peter Mandelson's *Diaries* (beginning with this October's victory) which chronicle what amounts to a marriage between Premier and spin-doctor.

It's a fantasy slightly more savoury than that unleashed by Julie Burchill, who in a long, off-the-wall interview explains her fatal fascination about the Secretary of State for Defence. "There's no one in the House of Commons that looks more like a pop star than Michael Portillo. For good or ill, he's marvellous. You'd shag him, wouldn't you? But then you'd have to make him cry. No you'd make him cry first and then you'd do it. You wouldn't care what he did when he was up your site..." And if the Defence Secretary should unamusedly bring weapons to hear on the *Printer's Devil*, *Scamp* reminds us that, with small magazines, there'll be another one along soon.

Announcement

The offices of Carcanet Press Ltd and of *PN Review* were destroyed in the Manchester bomb of 15 June and only a portion of the records have been recovered. The editors would be grateful if authors, contributors, subscribers and members of the mailing list could write in, providing

address, phone and fax numbers so that the operation can be fully restored as soon as possible.
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and
fascinating...
I wish

I had written
The Demon-Haunted World.
Please read this book'

RICHARD DAWKINS,
THE TIMES

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Competing for glory in the Carrollian Caucus-race

Peter Parker assesses two new contenders in the Lewis Carroll biography stakes

Lewis Carroll: A Biography by Michael Bakewell, Heinemann, £20

Lewis Carroll: A Portrait with Background

by Donald Thomas, John Murray, £25

There was no "One, two, three and away!" but they began running when they liked, and left off when they liked, so that it was not easy to know when the race was over. The world of Lewis Carroll biography sometimes seems like Wonderland's Caucus-race: here, hard on the heels of Morton Cohen's long-awaited, would-be-definitive biography come two more stout volumes which attempt to unravel the complex life and personality of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. Both, however, are published too late to take account of Caroline Leach's claim that a scrap of paper she discovered in Guildford Library explains Dodgson's break with the Liddells in June 1863 (he was thought to be courting Alice's elder sister, Ina).

Part of the reason that Carroll studies continue to flourish is that, like the *Alice* books themselves, Dodgson's life is open to an almost infinite variety of interpretations. The puzzle which first attracted biographers was how a shy, stammering mathematician don in holy orders should have written two of English literature's most bizarre and subversive children's books. A more depressing puzzle is how, having produced these books, Dodgson could become such a bore – priggish, sentimental and conservative even by the standards of the Victorian church. One solution, suggested by Dodgson's own careful demarcation between "the Reverend C.L. Dodgson", author of *Sylvias and the Snark*, and "Lewis Carroll", author of *The Hunting of the Snark*, is that he had two distinct personalities. Although Dodgson occasionally admitted to being Lewis Car-

roll when this was advantageous (as in the pursuit of "child-friends"), letters arriving at Christ Church addressed to his *alter ego* went unanswered. What happened when the prim and pious Dr Jekyll-Dodgson collaborated with the anarchic Mr Hyde-Carroll may be seen in the mess that is *Sylvia and Bruno*.

What these biographies make clear is that Dodgson and Carroll co-existed, simultaneously if uncomfortably, within one person, but that Dodgson eventually triumphed. His life might be presented as a classic Freudian struggle between the ego (Dodgson) and the id (Carroll), and there is much evidence to suggest that Dodgson himself was aware of the need to "modify" his more primitive, Carrollian instincts.

Was Dodgson's conscience troubled by the small girls he befriended and sometimes photographed, both in and out of their clothes? Thomas insists that Dodgson was a genuine innocent, not "a lonely prig tormented by secret sensuality nor a soul entrained and horrified by images of children as sexually desirable". Perhaps only someone genuinely innocent could write to the parent of a prospective photographic model: "I should like to know exactly the minimum of dress I may take her in, and I will strictly observe the limits. I hope that, at any rate, we may go as far as a pair of bathing drawers, though for my part I should much prefer doing without them". He added that he would also like to photograph the child's 13-year-old sister naked, but "feared that there was no use suggesting it". As Michael Bakewell comments: "There is something rather disturbing about the way Dodgson tried to press his demands



Objects of desire? The four Liddell children, Alice, Lorina, Harry and Edith, photographed by Lewis Carroll, 1859

further and further", and the children's mother not unnaturally took fright.

Even more disturbing is a photograph of Evelyn Hatch, which Bakewell reproduces without comment. Naked, her body turned towards the camera, the child lies on her side, her hands behind her head, and stares out at us in a pose clumsily reminiscent of Goya's *Moja*. Unlike Goya's adult model, however, she looks distinctly uneasy; the fact that she later recalled her friendship with Dodgson with pleasure does not

neutralise this disquieting image.

Thomas may well be right to insist that Dodgson's photographic eye was a great deal more innocent than our own, but both he and Bakewell acknowledge that Dodgson's pursuit of child models led him into dangerous territory, and eventually led him to abandon photography altogether. Dodgson was evidently assailed by doubts during the long Victorian nights, and in 1893 he published *Pillow Problems*, a volume of puzzles intended to

divert the insomniac from troubling thoughts, including (as he artlessly explained) "unholy thoughts, which torture with their hateful presence the fancy that would fain be pure".

As his early letters and the *Alice* books show, there was a time when Dodgson had no compunction about terrorising children. Alice's tumble down the rabbit hole and passage through the looking-glass lead her into genuinely frightening other worlds. But then, there were two Wonderlands.

Carroll's was an uncertain and irrational place populated by eccentrics and overseen by despotic monarchs; Dodgson's, alas, was a commonplace Victorian fairyland, where dear little children romped in innocent nudity. Carroll's vision is genuinely unsettling, Dodgson's merely creepy.

Bakewell has written a clear, straightforward life, which is eminently readable and frequently enlivened by a dry humour ("Only Christina Rossetti would have described the Dormouse as sparkling"). As its subtitle suggests, Thomas's more ambitious book places Dodgson in a social and historical context – sometimes alarmingly so (there's a substantial entry in the index for Kraft-Ebbing). It includes a great deal of fascinating marginalia, but suffers from repetition and an occasional loss of focus. Both books tend to use the same stories, though occasionally with a different emphasis. Alice Raikes's often repeated claim, for example, that a game with mirrors she played with Dodgson inspired *Through the Looking-Glass*, is accepted by Thomas, but dismissed by Bakewell as part of "the mythologising process" that has dogged Carroll biographies. The snobbish, social-climbing Liddells are not much liked by anyone, though neither biographer is as hard on the adult Alice as Morton Cohen was, and the central mystery of Dodgson's relations with this family remains. Leach's "evidence" about Ina is far from conclusive, bracketed as it is with another rumour, certainly untrue, that Dodgson was using Alice as a means of courting the children's unprepossessing governess.

The censoring and destruction of diaries and letters irresistibly suggests that the Dodgson family had something to hide. Given the exaggerated sense of propriety that ruled Dodgson's own later life, however, it is also possible that his heirs were simply being overcautious.

Ghostly scrapbook of departed lives

Harriet Paterson discovers a rare evocation of a vanished culture

Through some mysterious alchemy, WG Sebald has written these four narratives about melancholy, memory and death without being in the least dispiriting. His great quest to revivify the dead through tracing those left behind by a vanishing culture – that of Jewish life in Europe – is instead a redemptive act of love, preserving existences that appeared to be lost and grasping certain crystal-clear moments which were lived intensely in the past: "It truly seemed to me, and still does, as if the dead were coming back, or as if we were on the point of joining them." Approaching the end of this century, Sebald looks back over a hundred years of alienation and exile, concentrating on the lives of four Jewish emigrants. These are in a sense the forgotten victims: not the lamented Holocaust dead but the displaced survivors, children who were shipped to safety, for example, while friends or relatives perished. Their safe havens cannot shield them from the slower death of suppressed memory, nostalgia and regret, however. This is the first generation of a people ripped up by the roots, bewildered by loss and struggling to find a new orientation.

Schuld divides his book into four life stories linked by a shared moral and cultural background. While the specific detail of family and surroundings is unique to each, the protagonists' experiences as emigrants finally merge into a pattern which establishes them as universal figures. A fine network of emotional threads runs between their lives.

First of the exiles is Dr Henry Brewster, Sebald's landlord in Norfolk, who as Hersch Selwyn rode out of Lithuania on a cart with his family in 1899, to arrive eventually by ship at the port of London. There is Paul Beresky, Sebald's sensitive and free-thinking school-teacher, an

The Emigrants
by WG Sebald
Harvill, £14.99

"amazingly good whistler" as he recalls, who is forced out of Germany in 1935 because of his quarter-Jewish blood. Notwithstanding this, he returns to fight for Germany in the war; having survived, he finally lays his head on a railway track.

Ambros Adelwardt, Sebald's great-uncle, emigrates to America and becomes the companion of a rich young man; in retirement he retreats into a silent world of his own and commits himself to a mental asylum. Max Ferber, an artist whom the author meets while living in Manchester, is sent from Germany in 1939 by parents who intend to join him

but are instead murdered. Encountering the belching smokestacks of Manchester, "where all seemed one solid mass of utter blackness", Ferber is unexpectedly bewitched and stays for good: "I believe I felt I had found my destiny."

All of these grieving exiles have tried to conceal what has been left behind, only to find that this is an impossibility: "For years", one learns of Dr Selwyn, "the images of that exodus had been gone from his memory, but recently, he said, they had been returning once again." Sebald's purpose is to retrieve and document those images, that inescapable past, before it is obliterated altogether. As a result, the book is densely textured with detailed remnants – people and objects, cities and landscapes, fleeting moments trapped in the mind's eye: the schoolteacher gazing from a classroom window, sun glinting on his glasses; Ferber's mother opening

a door, her bare feet on the white scrubbed floorboards.

Not satisfied with verbal images, Sebald studs his text with photographs and diagrams, to strangely disquieting effect. For one thing, the pictures have no captions: they simply stand in the text at appropriate points with silent anonymity. And although some are straightforward family shots, many of them are obscure, even deliberately uninteresting: amateurish shots from the Forties, taken from so far away that key faces are indistinguishable.

There is a random quality to the content of these illustrations which becomes more unsettling the more one leafs through the book; in the Max Ferber narrative, for example, there is no portrait of the protagonist at all; instead there are offerings such as a photograph of the two plastic-tagged keys to the Jewish cemetery where his mother is buried. A

scrubby sketch of Sebald's classroom done by himself as a child, a boat ticket, a photograph of a Teasmaid in a Manchester bedsit, all conspire to give one the feeling that something unfathomable is going on in this ghostly scrapbook.

Through these mysteries weaves Sebald's elegant, civilised prose, beautifully rendered by Michael Hulse's translation. The effect is understated and discreet, devastating events dealt with in the briefest of strokes, but the overall mood of the book is poetic, almost dreamlike: "And in winter," said Ferber, "if a ship suddenly appeared out of the mist when one least expected it, passed by soundlessly, and vanished once more in the white air, then for me, every time, it was an utterly incomprehensible spectacle that moved me deeply." One might say the same about the workings of memory as described by Sebald in this rare evocation of the past and its inhabitants.



The Whitsun Weddings
read by Alan Bennett

With the launch of Faber-Penguin Audiobooks, the talking book comes of age. No one could mistake this exciting medium any longer for just a means of conveying abridged oral pap. It's hard to choose the best title in a plethora of goodies that includes Stephen Spender presenting his own favourites, William Golding's most famous titles and Wendy Cope in her own speak, but getting Alan Bennett to read Philip Larkin's *Whitsun Weddings* (Faber-Penguin, c. 1hr, £8.99) was a very happy thought.

Christina Hardymont



Who's reading whom

Valerie Grove's *'Dear Dodie', a life of Dodie Smith*, was published by Chatto in January

I was alerted to the unpronounceable T. Coraghessan Boyle by a cartoon in the *New Yorker* of a woman in a bookshop, demanding "Have you got the latest by T. Whatsface Boyle". I picked up *The Tortilla Curtain* and loved it. He mirrors the dread and horror of modern life in a manner reminiscent of Richard Ford's *Independence Day*, but in a much crisper way. If I read fiction it has to be something that gets the crackle of real life. This does the trick.

The Mrs Thatcher of ancient Egypt

Sue Gaisford is enthralled by an account of the "foremost of women"

Hatchepsut, the Female Pharaoh by Joyce Tyldesley, Viking, £22.50

From the air, you might imagine it had been built by Stalin or Cecil B. de Mille. Backed by a semi-circle of towering cliffs, it imposes itself on the barren, rocky desert – vast, pillared and porticoed. A huge stone ramp sweeps from the centre of its enormous, rectangular courtyard, right over the middle of the front colonnade towards the upper terraces: the people who throng its halls seem tiny, Lilliputian. It is almost incredible that such stately splendour has survived, and that it is not better known. For this building is no modern construction: it is Djoser-Djoseru, created more than 3000 years ago to be the mortuary temple of the Female Horus of Fine Gold, King of Upper and Lower Egypt Maatkare Khemet-Amen Hatchepsut, the one who is joined with Amen, the Foremost of Women. Hatchepsut, for short, was a Pharaoh of the 18th Dynasty. The daughter of King Tuthmosis I, she became Queen-Consort of Tuthmosis II, then King in her own right, before being succeeded by her stepson-nephew, Tuthmosis III.

Besides this lovely temple, her monuments include the tallest standing obelisk in Egypt, at the heart of the Karnak temple complex, on which a series of hieroglyphics stress her relationship with her royal, but human, sire and her divine father Amen. Originally



Hatchepsut: King, Queen, Pharaoh and God. Many statues of her were viciously destroyed

tipped with gold leaf, this cult-object was intended to represent the first beams of light to illumine the world.

At some stage after her death a serious attempt was made to deny her existence. Her image has been chiselled away from friezes, sometimes leaving Hatchepsut-shaped spaces; many statues of her were destroyed, often viciously, the eyes of the serene stone faces gouged out and fires lit upon the foreheads. Such a practice is sometimes known as *dammatio memoriae*: not only did it effectively rewrite history, but it condemned the

spirit of the deceased to "Second Death". As long as the image, or at least the name, survived, the spirit was thought to live on in the Field of Reeds: destroy all memory of the dead person and you destroy her spirit. Hatchepsut's name was written out of the King-Lists and she was virtually forgotten, until the art of reading hieroglyphics was rediscovered. But, as Joyce Tyldesley often reminds us, nothing in Egyptology can be taken for granted. The rest of her book can best be defined as enlightened speculation. This is not, at all, to condemn it. She

is happy to share her knowledge gently with those among us who know very little of the arcane customs of these ancient people. She writes very entertainingly, for example, about their sexuality. There were, it seems, few rules. Some workmen chiselled a rude little drawing of her at play with her daughter's tutor. He is naked save for a leather cap, or maybe a bad haircut: she has a disturbingly hermaphroditic body and a royal head-dress. Hatchepsut was often, officially, portrayed as a man. She almost certainly married her brother, but then many varieties of incest were perfectly acceptable, as a way of keeping the royal blood pure. Tutankhamen's young widow did write to Suppiluliuma, King of the Hittites, asking for a new husband outside the royal family of Egypt, but the prospective groom was murdered on his way to the wedding. It was more sensible to be like Rameses II, whose wives included his sister and three of his daughters.

As for the speculation, Tyldesley picks her way carefully through the defaced inscriptions, the commissioned and recycled coffins, the plundered and rearranged tombs and the lurid fantasies of previous historians. She concludes, very sensibly, that, as the outburst of iconoclasm can be firmly dated to the end of her successor's reign, Tuthmosis III was not filled with hatred of his aunt-

stepmother, but was concerned to restore the idea that only a man could be a proper Pharaoh.

This is a roundabout, parenthetical kind of book, but it is very well-written, full of jokes and illustrations and highly informative. It draws parallels with many another woman – Elizabeth I, Benazir Bhutto and Margaret Thatcher – who ruled where men have usually held sway. Although Hatchepsut's own mummy has never been discovered, Tyldesley offers the intriguing idea that, entombed alongside the royal wet-nurse, the body of a stout middle-aged lady with worn-down teeth and red-gold hair could have been the Queen herself. They have discovered her eye make-up kit, and a pair of her gold bracelets adorning the arm of a later royal concubine. It makes you want to get out to the Valley of the Kings yourself, and start digging.

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Will the real Mr Theroux please stand up?

Douglas Kennedy is moved by the ruthless honesty of a fictional self portrait

My Other Life by Paul Theroux, Hamish Hamilton, £16

There's a shocking rumour going around these days that Paul Theroux has transformed himself into something of a misanthrope. God knows how such a slight could have attached itself to his good name. After all, the prolific Mr Theroux is well known for his magnanimous *Wallaunshung*. Dip into any of his travel books (or his autobiographical fiction) and you will feel an immediate jolt of spiritual uplift as you discover his all-embracing humanity. Just consider, say, his benevolent thoughts on New Zealanders:

"Everyone's wearing old ill-fitting clothes and sensible shoes. They carried string bags... It was the indoor suburban culture of the seaside suburbs of 1950s England. Bechill-on-the-Pacific, with strangely coloured plates (souvenirs of Cheddar Gorge) on the mantelpiece and plump armchairs..." (*The Happy Isles of Oceania*).

Having once lived in London for 18 years, he also loathes most things English ("They wallpaper their ceilings"), just as he's also contemptuous of those dreaded journalists who interview him about his work: "But what remains with me is the sorry way they walk, and their plastic briefcases and their fatigue and their shoes—especially their shoes, so trampled and misshapen they have come to resemble a battered pair of human feet." Is it any wonder—given such an acrid temperament—that Theroux has consolidated his reputation as a peevish solipsist with anti-freeze sluicing through his veins, a writer who professes to hate the trappings of literary fame.

Of course, like another celebrated solipsist, Graham Greene, Theroux is also aware of the power of self-mythology. And therefore the image he has fashioned for himself—the fiction he has spun around his writerly persona—is of a wayfaring Greta Garbo with a meat locker where his heart used to be. But (as they say in glossy magazines) is this the real Paul Theroux? Is there a chasm between his fictional effigy and the man himself? Or does the act of writing so

blur these frontiers that the novelist eventually invents his own *doppelgänger*—a spectral duplicate of himself which is impossible to shake off. Does Paul Theroux know who Paul Theroux is any more?

This curious conundrum forms the foundation of Theroux's splendid new novel, *My Other Life*. Like his other quasi-autobiographical stroll down Memory Lane, *My Secret History*, this alleged fiction is, on one level, a defence of passive spectatorship—that need for detachment and a clandestine inner life without which a writer cannot properly function. But in his new book, Theroux poses the question: does this need for the clandestine other life render you incapable of separating the fictive and the factual? Do you become a character in your own narrative?

Throughout this cunning novel, Theroux invites us to speculate about the dividing line between the veracious and the invented. Upon meeting the Queen, did Theroux actually find himself subjected to a brief blast of royal psychotherapy (when, noting his post-divorce downcast state, Her Majesty counselled: "You will get nowhere if you simply moon around, feeling sorry for yourself")? Was there really an elderly German writer named Andreas Vorlauffer whose career perfectly mirrored Theroux's (and whose short story, *Champagne*, might just have been based upon the last night Vorlauffer/Theroux spent with his wife before they separated)?

And what are we to make of a writer who undergoes psychotherapy using an alias? Or who, using another assumed name, ends up in the cottage of a fully fledged psychopath (with an alleged penchant for murdering her lovers) who also happens to be a huge Paul Theroux fan?

But the novel's self-aggrandising brio—its *identity crisis gamesmanship*—is eventually stripped away as Theroux delves into the death of his marriage, his alarming self-pity, his destructive need to keep himself emotionally quarantined.

intersections"), but every page is packed with gems of humour and opinion ("witicism: a mean attempt at wit"). Even in truncated form, Johnson's masterpiece is still useful.

Now and Then

by William Corlett

(Abacus, £6.99)

Exploring his deceased father's effects, a publisher discovers a package of boyhood photographs which sends his mind hurtling back to a love affair at his rigidly orthodox public school. In chapters which oscillate over a 30-year gap, we discover that it was the one true passion in Christopher Metcalfe's life. The lover's reunion, when it comes, is a crushing and violent disappointment. Yet soon afterwards, in a Spanish wood, Chris's sexuality gains release "from its lifetime sentence". Not a word is misplaced in this subtle exploration of middle-class inhibition.

The Vanishing Princess

by Jenny Diski

(Phoenix, 5.99)

As prickly as the thicket of thorns that surround the vanishing princess in the collection's title story, Jenny Diski's fictions always hide a prize at their heart. No sleeping beauties, her heroines are always ready to take the carnal initiative, though never of a conventional kind. In *Housewife* an adulterous woman from Sidcup receives a pig's liver as a token of her lover's esteem, while in *Leaper* a novelist's trip to the local gym ends in unexpected sex and a tragedy on the London Underground. Less intense, though no less sensual, is *Bath Time*—the tale of a woman whose childhood memories of Detroit clouded baths set her on a life-long mission to design the perfect bathroom. Will appeal to white tile and chrome fetishists everywhere.

Johnson's Dictionary: A Modern Selection by E.L. McAdam and George Milne (Cassell, £9.99) This splendidly tangy selection of 5,000 definitions is the ideal companion to Boswell's *Life*. It contains all the old chestnuts ("network: anything reticulated, or decussated, with interstices between the



Paul Theroux: craving the comfort of strangers

Photograph: Stephanie Priemder/Katz

The self-portrait here is ruthless. He is a man who, having merged with his fictive self, did not attend properly to the very things that gave his life ballast. He finally shows us that he too bleeds.

Arrogance always masks insecurity and doubt. The detached observer always longs for engagement. The aloof sceptic secretly craves the com-

fort of strangers. Theroux understands these contradictory features of a certain character named Paul Theroux. And towards the end of this ever-intriguing and surprisingly moving novel, he also begins to understand a salient fact of life: we are all the author of our own fiction, but none of us knows the plot.

Voices from unvisited rooms

Helen Dunmore's novel is almost too perfect. By Melissa Benn

The Orange Prize may currently be the biggest award for fiction, in terms of both prize money and irritable column inches, yet there remains something curiously quiet about the award itself. Helen Dunmore, the inaugural winner, has hardly become the Rushdie or Ishiguro of our age, nor is she likely to do so. Her achievement remains quintessentially female: modest, low key, hidden even.

This may be something to do with Dunmore herself who is not flashy in person or literary style. Yet, like many women, her modesty acts as a useful cover for intensity of a different sort. *Talking to the Dead*, her new novel, takes the supposedly small scale, the domestic and fills it with unnamed threat. To describe it by its apparent subject matter is to conjure up images of a certain kind of "women's novel". Two sisters spend a portion of a hot summer together in a house near Brighton. Their past both binds and separates them. Beautiful Isabel has just had a baby. Her younger sister, Nina, the career woman from the city, comes to help after a difficult birth. So begins a summer of revelation and tragedy.

Dunmore's writing is both lyrical and menacing. Two sisters, yes, but this is not the territory of self-conscious feminist fiction, with a moralising in its tale, nor anything like the well explored narratives of love and competition between two sisters such as both Margaret Drabble and A.S. Byatt have produced. Relations between the sisters here are glanced upon rather than laboured: odd snapshots of conversation related, fragments of a childhood remembered with the familiarity and strangeness of a dream. We learn as much from what is not said, as from what is spoken aloud. Sparseness is an over-used description but Dunmore does know how to round out her story to fullness by hinting at dialogues in rooms we will never enter, dramas in a past that truly has become another country.

On another level, this is a thriller. Anthony, the newborn baby, evokes memories of another child, who lived and died in mysterious cir-

Talking to the Dead

by Helen Dunmore

Viking, £16

cumstances a generation ago. The uncovering of that mystery is one important strand in the book. Dunmore cleverly twists and turns the plot right up to the last page. But her real skill lies in suggesting that human relations have in themselves the quality of a thriller: there is something unsolved or at least unresolved in all our pasts: we are all deceivers with something to hide.

Yet even this professional tension-making would not rise much above the mundane were it not for the sensuous quality of the writing. If family is the overt subject of the book, its covert subject is summer and the exaggeration of the senses. Dunmore brilliantly evokes both the freedom and claustrophobia of that season: the threat and promise of extreme heat. By cutting us off from each other, almost trapping us, we are free to revel in self-absorption. "The heat builds its own silence. It cuts us off as surely as a flood. Walking through the field I feel like a dot in so much summer".

Dunmore writes wonderfully about food and sex, both appetites treated slowly and seriously, dwelt upon with a writerly pleasure: the "crazy fissures of sweetness" in a ripe purple fig; a cooled salmon parted from its skin and silver paper as easily as a healthy baby born on its due date. Dunmore is as concrete about sex: there is none of the vagueness of misplaced romanticism or irritating symbolism. Sexual desire is as elusive as a look, a light touch; it is also about orifices and the sweet and sour tang of sweat.

Talking to the Dead's only fault is a strange one: it's almost too perfect. It lacks ragged edges, rawness. If one misses a connection to the wider world, one has to remind oneself that this is a book about what happens when people seal themselves off from that wider world.

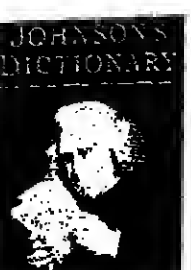
Paperbacks

Reviewed by Emma Hagestadt and Christopher Hirst

John Major by Penny Junor (Penguin, £7.99) It is evident that the author has a soft spot ("winning smile... humorous... courteous") for this deceptive fellow, whose rocket-fuelled ambition is cloaked by a perfectly genuine politeness. Aside from this winning combination, Major's greatest asset appears to be the excellent Norma. Junor's gift for the telling detail adds greatly to the interest of a peculiarly domestic political biography. But the wellspring of Major's extremism—like his ruinously costly denationalisations—remain unexplained.

Women by Naim Attallah (Quartet, £10) Chatty and profound, hatty and intelligent, this 1,000-page urawl is like a wonderful dinner party organised by a perceptive, quirky host. Guests range from the hugely engaging (Victoria Glendinning) to the complacently irritating (Anita Roddick). Since this book is a reprint of the 1987 edition, the notes on interviewees are now wildly inaccurate. Hindsight adds a terrible poignancy to Margaret Hemingway's comment: "The advantages of being a woman are a mile long. I can't think of a single disadvantage."

Johnson's Dictionary: A Modern Selection by E.L. McAdam and George Milne (Cassell, £9.99) This splendidly tangy selection of 5,000 definitions is the ideal companion to Boswell's *Life*. It contains all the old chestnuts ("network: anything reticulated, or decussated, with interstices between the



intersections"), but every page is packed with gems of humour and opinion ("witicism: a mean attempt at wit"). Even in truncated form, Johnson's masterpiece is still useful.

Now and Then

by William Corlett

(Abacus, £6.99)

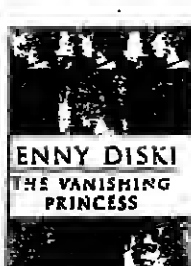
Exploring his deceased father's effects, a publisher discovers a package of boyhood photographs which sends his mind hurtling back to a love affair at his rigidly orthodox public school. In chapters which oscillate over a 30-year gap, we discover that it was the one true passion in Christopher Metcalfe's life. The lover's reunion, when it comes, is a crushing and violent disappointment. Yet soon afterwards, in a Spanish wood, Chris's sexuality gains release "from its lifetime sentence". Not a word is misplaced in this subtle exploration of middle-class inhibition.

The Vanishing Princess

by Jenny Diski

(Phoenix, 5.99)

As prickly as the thicket of thorns that surround the vanishing princess in the collection's title story, Jenny Diski's fictions always hide a prize at their heart. No sleeping beauties, her heroines are always ready to take the carnal initiative, though never of a conventional kind. In *Housewife* an adulterous woman from Sidcup receives a pig's liver as a token of her lover's esteem, while in *Leaper* a novelist's trip to the local gym ends in unexpected sex and a tragedy on the London Underground. Less intense, though no less sensual, is *Bath Time*—the tale of a woman whose childhood memories of Detroit clouded baths set her on a life-long mission to design the perfect bathroom. Will appeal to white tile and chrome fetishists everywhere.



Independence Day by Richard Ford (Harvill Press, 6.99) Richard Ford's 1995 Pulitzer prize-winning sequel to *The Sportswriter* is not an easy read. Five years on, Frank Bascombe is happily divorced and about to set off on a weekend with his son. Big on "leggy blondes" and male bonding, Ford's latest is disappointing schmalitz.

Baby Alarm!

by John Grace

(Vista, 4.99)

Having passed his 20s "in a bit of a blur in front of the TV", journalist John Grace was unprepared for the onset of 30-something blues. Becoming a father seemed like a good way of cheering himself up and making his friends jealous. His frank, light-hearted confessions of a first-time parent are less self-indulgent than most journalistic outpourings on the subject.

John Dollar

by Marianne Wiggins

(Flamingo, £5.99)

This year saw Marianne Wiggins's most recent novel, *Everless Eden*, nominated for the Orange Prize and the reissue of her 1989 novel, *John Dollar*. A strange and intoxicating read, *John Dollar* tells the story of Charlotte, a World War I widow sent to Burma to foster the "standards of the Empire in British Children", who ends up falling for a rugged ship's captain, and eventually finds herself shipwrecked on a desert island with a group of her young female charges. Told in beautifully lush dream-like passages, the novel's tropical sensuality is countered by a denouement as shocking and grisly as *Lord of the Flies*.



penguin moments

Book yourself in for a good read this summer.

A full stop at the end of Europe

From the Spanish frontier to the Land's End of continental Europe, Simon Calder maps out the Algarve



The Algarve coast: the sea here is several shivers cooler than the Mediterranean

Photograph: Laurie Lewis



SIMON CALDER

If you are the typical holidaymaker, then you have a serious drink problem. This alarming news is provided in a press release from First Choice, Britain's third-largest tour operator. The company is seeking to drum up business for its all-inclusive holidays, where you can over-indulge day and night. Its survey intends to show that all-inclusives are better value by revealing evidence of Rioja rip-offs and over-the-odds ouzo.

The problem, as far as I can detect from the press release, is that you and I are spending too much money on too little drink. The company says that the average adult on holiday in Spain spends at least £7.40 per day on the following: one glass of wine, a bottle of beer and a local spirit and mixer.

If First Choice operated to Norway or Sweden, I could understand its concern for our spending moose – Scandinavia has a well-deserved reputation for charging social drinkers anti-social prices. But I was surprised to learn we are being taken for such a ride by bartenders in Spain. After all, this is the first choice country of First Choice holidaymakers.

Lacking the wherewithal to undertake front-line research in Europe, I headed this week for Britain's answer to all-inclusive holidays: Butlin's in Bognor Regis. My £60 bought three nights in a comfortable chalet plus huge breakfasts and hearty suppers, but drinks were not included. So, for the purposes of comparison with foreign prices, I tackled the typical round as specified by First Choice at various Bognor bars.

A glass of non-lethal house wine, a bottle of Sol lager and a Moscow Mule (the fizzy vodka-based drink that is all the rage in Bognor this week) totals no more than £5 and leaves you feeling a tad queasy.

So the holidaymakers First Choice talked to are paying half as much again as the happy campers in Bognor – strange, given that for many the main attraction of southern European countries is cheap drinks. The solution is either to hook at Butlin's, or to shop around for a Spanish bar where a modest order of drinks costs less than £7.40; I can suggest a few. Just go easy on those Moscow Mules.

The Algarve defies comparison. Too many travellers regard the south coast of Portugal as a continuation of the Spanish costas. This is like treating Canada as an extension of the United States: tempting, understandable even, but thoroughly misleading. The Algarve has little in common with the Mediterranean shores. For a start, the sea is several shivers cooler. The people are divided from Spain by language, culture and history – and, in the 1990s, by visitor numbers.

Along the length of the coast this year, every local resident I meet mourns the shortage of tourists. A reticence about visiting the south of Portugal is partly explained by some spectacularly dismal weather this spring. But the climatic glitch has subsided, and summer visitors can look forward to sunshine tempered by the west-south-westerly breeze blowing in steadily from the Portuguese-speaking world: Madeira, the Azores and Brazil. Many Brazilians now work or holiday in the Algarve, adding a slice of New World influence to the Moorish remnants in the far south-east of Europe – the closest extreme to Gatwick.

The airport, Faro, destination for hundreds of charter flights in summer, now has Portugal's best airport. The baggage handling performance has improved by several hours on the days when all the luggage from half-a-dozen flights attempted to share the same carousel. The main hazard these days is the number of timeshare hustlers who apprehend visitors as they leave the customs hall.

The city, if the Algarve has a capital, then it is the dodderly old city of Faro – as neglected by the authorities as it is by tourists. This abandon explains its considerable charm; although the centre is dressed up, the bulk of Faro comprises a dilapidated collusion of houses, shored up by a few considerable churches. Independent travellers are advised to use Faro as a base: as well as some robustly cheap and cheerful places to stay, such as the Pension Madalena (£10 per person per night), it is the centre of the rail and road networks for the coast.

The road: take advantage of low-cost car rental and hack back and forth along the N125, the artery of the Algarve. Shun the new Via do Infante motorway in favour of the road

that links the disparate settlements between the Spanish border and the far west.

The train: better still, rely on the railway. The tracks and stations drifted into seed some decades ago, but somehow a roughly regular service still rattles along the coast. The full distance takes four hours and costs exactly that many pounds. When the railway runs out, at Lagos, local buses take over.

The sotavento: the leeward (sotavento being "gentle wind") stretch of coast east of Faro is overlooked by most tourists, so some fine beaches and unspoilt villages extend as far as Vila Real de Santo Antonio, on the Guadiana river. This marks the border with Spain; some disloyal visitors have ventured over to the Spanish frontier town of Ayamonte and found it a model of Andalusian grace, with a style lacking on the Algarve.

The barlavento: the windward shore is where everyone goes, and it has the mock-Moorish scars of timeshare developments and ill-considered hotels to prove it. Worst of the new resorts is probably Quarteira, but fortunately you can avoid the place by sticking well inland and supping with the locals in Loule.

An unambitious market town six miles inland. The resort: Albufeira has everything you might reasonably expect, from a wide, safe beach to a semblance of urban structure around which resort life unfurls – there is a genuine town square, though picturesque old gents husily gossiping have been superseded by timeshare vendors.

The solution: Lagos has all the answers. The continental railway network reaches its terminus at a neat, be-tiled station on the edge of this harbour town. A brief stroll reveals a settlement that wanders off in all directions, many of them upwards. Ancient walls impeded progress and resist change. Conservatism is represented in the prim town square, but the beaches that fringe Lagos are liberally blessed with soft sand and strong waves. Arriving is much easier than leaving – and not simply because of Portuguese Railways' schedules.

The full stop: Europe ends at Cape St Vincent. If you imagine it to be a scraggy and windswept rock notable mainly for its location rather than scenic virtue, you would be right. But as a piece of geographical punctuation, it is perfect.

Where every left turn reveals another wild beach

Matthew Hancock nearly misses the Estremaduran coast

In Sao Pedro de Muel I stopped to buy fresh rolls for a picnic lunch. This small, white-washed village is on the Atlantic half way up Portugal's western coast, and that morning a low mist cloaked most of it. Once armed with my picnic, I had planned to continue inland where the skies would, hopefully, be clearer.

Yet by the time I had finished shopping the mist had lifted sufficiently to reveal Sao Pedro's great stretches of sandy beach. I realised what I had almost missed and decided to stay.

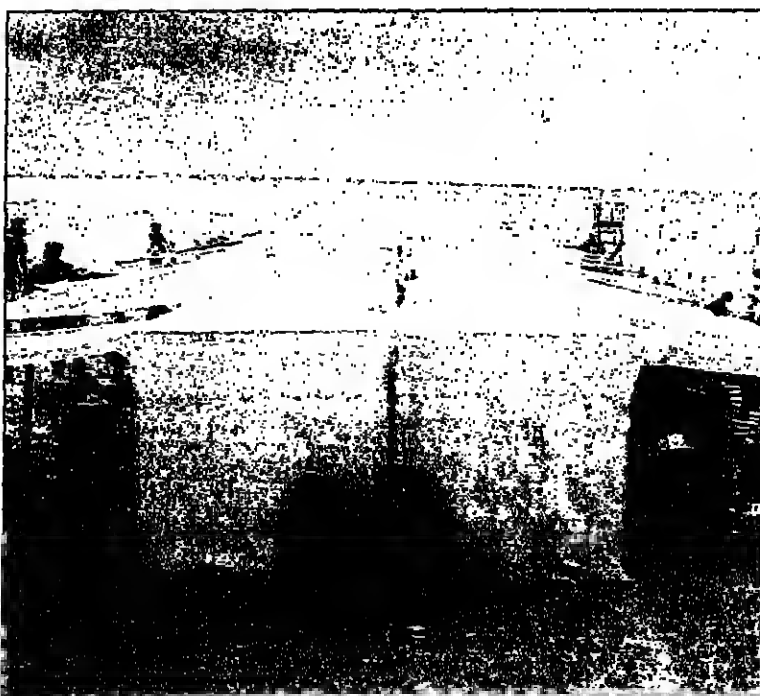
It would be easy to pass by the Estremadura region of Portugal. Between the "unspoilt" north and the "sunkissed" Algarve, it is a relatively small, relatively overlooked region just a few hours' drive north from Lisbon. Yet for some reason, apart from day-trips to its more obvious sites such as the abbeys of Alcobaca and Batalha, this area is rarely visited by foreigners.

The Estremaduran coast is almost one long stretch of beach. To the north, the sands are fringed by the Pinal de Leiria, a 700-year-old pine forest planted by King Dinis in a far-sighted attempt to protect rich agricultural land from the Atlantic winds. Drive down the ruler-straight road from Sao Pedro towards Pedrogao, and any left turning will reveal a wild beach – as long as you are not hypnotised by the dappled sunlight and pine fragrance first.

My only beach companions were fishermen who still use colourful, high-powered fishing boats to ride the often fierce Atlantic waves. Indeed one reason why many people are put off this region is because of the respect you must pay the sea when you go swimming.

Yet out to sea I went, on a queasy boat trip to the Ilhas Berlengas. These protected islands can be reached from the congested, sprawling port of Peniche. They are the only islands off the western coast of Portugal, and are as ruggedly beautiful as those off the Scottish highlands.

The boat tour offered the chance to snorkel or fish, but I was content to sit back and admire the incredible watery grotto, Furado Grande, big enough for the boat to pass right through, and to stroll along the bird-



Playground of the Lisboetas: the Estremaduran coast is almost one long expanse of sandy beach. Few foreigners, though, come to the area. Photo: Gerald Lewis

congested shores by the old fort of Sao Joao Batista.

Back on land, salvation was next on the agenda. Fatima is one of the holiest sites in the Catholic world, after three children saw a vision of the Virgin Mary here in 1917.

The town has done very well out of the visitation; apart from an endless series of car-parks, it has a mass of hotels and trinket stalls selling religious souvenirs. Yet it would be hard to find a place with a more relaxed atmosphere. Even without strong religious feelings, I found the candlelit procession to outdoor mass in the huge central square strangely moving, accompanied as it was by ethereal chants which filled the evening air.

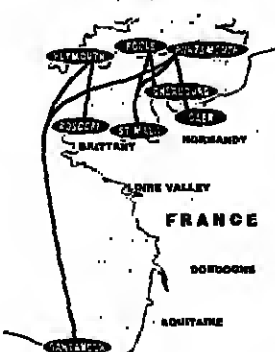
From Fatima it is easy to get to an incredible series of caves that have eaten into the surrounding limestone landscape. The most picturesque location is at Mira de Aire, deep in the Parque Natural das Serras de Aire. Overlooking rolling hills, these caves were known only by locals until 1947. They

were opened to the public in 1971.

The caves plunge 110 metres down and stretch 10 kilometres underground. Inside the warm cavern, the guide pointed out a natural underground well. "If you throw a coin in, you will be lucky in love," he explained. Nearby was another hole. "This is mother-in-law's well. It has a sheer 20 metre drop, so when you have been lucky in love, you can put your mother-in-law in it." Mother-in-law jokes, I reflected, seem to have become a sort of Esperanto.

The climax of the tour was past weirdly shaped stalagmites – aptly named "jellyfish", "Martian" and "organ" – to an underground river, its natural wonders somewhat spoilt by coloured lights and a machine-driven fountain display. A lift then whisked us back to the clear air above and the chance to cool off in an aquatic park, neatly hidden in the folds of the hills. And for the time being, at any rate, you can be pretty well assured that you'll have much of the place to yourself.

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travel

The loveliness of the long-distance footpath

The new Trans-Pennine Trail is opening up pockets of overlooked countryside. By David Morgan Rees

Who wants to walk from Southport to Istanbul? This month the new Trans-Pennine Trail (TPT) from the Humber to the Mersey officially becomes part of the E8 European long distance footpath. But this is not its real significance. What makes the Trail so worthwhile is its imaginative use of marginal landscapes. When great slabs of countryside are being eaten up by theme-parks and the like, it's a relief to see the opening of such a "green" way.

The trail totals 714 kms (1,190 miles) as it threads across the north, starting at Southport in Lancashire and finishing at Hornsea in East Yorkshire, with spurs to York, Sheffield and Chesterfield. Nearly 40 per cent of the route is along disused railways with the remainder a mix of designated rights of way or concessionary paths, including canal and riverbanks as well as minor roads and lanes.

Today much of the trail for walkers is complete, as is more than half the cycle route. Some awkward gaps remain, requiring detailed negotiations: for example a section on the old Liverpool Loop rail line. Also, where old bridges have been dismantled new lightweight replacements will have to be made.

Pam Ashton is trail officer and supervises the TPT's development. She played a key role in winning a £5.5m grant from the Millennium Fund and is helping to get matching cash from Europe, the Rural Development Commission, City Challenge and other influential bodies. Her office is in Barnsley.

Barnsley? The former capital of the South Yorkshire coalfield might seem a strange link with the TPT. But it's precisely because Barnsley sits in a spider's web of redundant colliery railway lines that the concept first arose.

The idea came from Barnsley Metropolitan Borough Council. In the mid-Eighties they were working with Sustrans, the Bristol-based path and cycle route consultancy, to decide how to deal with derelict land stretching well into the wild countryside of the Pennines. The area is riddled with railway lines once used to take coal to the north's power stations.

With the help of the Countryside Commission, Sustrans showed how Barnsley's railways could be turned into a network of footpaths and cycleways, passing close to the town while exploiting considerable slices of attractive "hidden" countryside nearby. But why stop there? Why not join with other local authorities to create a long-distance coast-to-coast route across northern England for walkers, cyclists and horse-riders, using canal tow-paths, new and existing footpaths and riverside paths as well as the old railway lines?

"Twelve million people live within 20 miles



The new Trans-Pennine Trail threads its way from Southport to Hornsea
Photograph: Newstream

of the trail," says Pam Ashton. "They can leave their cars behind and use public transport to join the trail at many access points. They can travel into and between towns on foot or by cycle or on horseback. They can use the trail for a casual ramble or they can be really energetic."

She is quick to point out that the trail is full of surprises, with sections on Merseyside and Tameside in Greater Manchester where - with imaginative landscaping and tree-planting - you could be following a country lane out of sight of housing, retail or factory development. It crosses many pockets of delightful marginal countryside which have until now been overlooked.

To test this for myself I decided to walk a five mile section - the Dove Valley Trail stretching

from Wombwell at the southern edge of Barnsley to Silkstone Common. One morning last spring, with warm, hazy sunshine melting a light frost, I joined at Worsborough Country Park and walked along the bed of the old railway as it climbed gently to the west. The hanks on either side were full of budding pussy willows and catkins, dotted here and there with young oaks, beech, silver birch and sycamore. In the mist a church tower near Wentworth Castle was visible above a heavily wooded slope.

I walked under several bridges built for minor roads or farm access. Apart from a few sightings of small housing estates and having to cross the M1, I could have been miles from anywhere, enjoying a pleasant walk through gentle countryside. The trail skirted a large

wood before it climbed to the first of two tunnels at the edge of Silkstone Common. Alternative routes have been provided to avoid these if walkers choose.

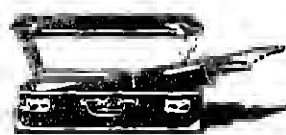
The people I met on the way included retired people strolling in the sunshine, women exercising dogs, solitary men walking purposefully with sticks and rucksacks, joggers and mud-spattered cyclists on mountain bikes.

The trail surface, though muddy in places, felt satisfyingly firm beneath the feet. Much of the trail is for all users but separate sections exist. Width criteria are a minimum of 1.5m for walkers, 2m for walkers and cyclists and 3m where walkers, cyclists and horse-riders use it together.

Opposition from local residents along the

trail has been minimal, as has litter and vandalism. Pam Ashton admits that one of the biggest challenges of her job is keeping all the 30 local authorities and others involved up to speed. "In most cases with local authorities, management responsibility for their section of the trail is tacked on to someone's job," she says. "The degree of enthusiasm often depends on whether or not that individual is a walker or cyclist."

By the time the TPT is complete about £20m will have been spent on the trail. It's an impressive act of faith. A study has estimated that 1.75 million people per year could use the trail, whether walking, cycling or riding over short or long distances. The figure includes 40,000 visitors from abroad. We shall see.



something to declare

Bargain of the week

Most Air Miles tickets "cost" roughly the actual mileage. But to fill seats in the low season between October and mid-December, the British Airways frequent flyer scheme (0990 511806) is heavily reducing mileage to the United States. Heathrow to Chicago is 4,500 miles, but the discount "price" in Air Miles is 1,125. Return trips are double.

A likely story

"Ski USA & Canada from £289"

This what Ski Inghams is promising this coming winter. What the company fails to mention is that this price does not include any skiing. For £289 you get flights (on specific off-peak dates) and a week's accommodation in Tremblant or Banff in Canada, or Stowe in the United States. To get on to the slopes you would then have to fork out another £200-250. A good deal, perhaps, for very slope-shy skiers.

Location hunter Mission Impossible

"Famous London Hostel" proclaims the board outside the Anchor pub, on the south bank of the Thames in Southwark. "Featuring ale halls used by Dr Johnson and Boswell during the 18th century." It can now add "Where Tom Cruise drank in *Mission Impossible*".

Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to track down the British locations used for the latest Tom Cruise movie. The unlikely safe house chosen by the undercover operatives is number 17, Liverpool Street - the rooms above the entrance to the Circle Line station. In a cinematic coincidence, this is just a few yards from the now-demolished Broad Street station, setting for Paul McCartney's disastrous mid-

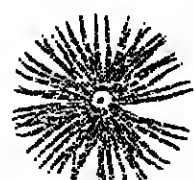
Eighties romp *Give My Regards to Broad Street* (itself demolished by film critics).

Tom Cruise steps across the street to the station concourse, where, miraculously, he meets the reincarnated Jon Voight by an even more miraculously empty phone kiosk. They drink coffee (95 pence for a cup of espresso) at Pont's restaurant, high above the platforms.

The mission starts to become impossible when Channel Tunnel trains are introduced to the plot. Forget Eurostar's distinctive yellow-nosed trains - the film makers opted for standard French TGVs, which as far as I know have never strayed across the Channel. But the artistic licence of shooting the sequence in

France becomes questionable when the "tunnel" sequence begins. A bridge somewhere in France purports to be the entrance to the Channel, and the tunnel itself contains two tracks. But at least the budget for the film came in at below £5 billion, the cost of the Channel Tunnel.

Tom Cruise celebrates his trouncing of a traitor at the Anchor, where the bar staff in the film are allowed a little product placement by wearing Anchor sweatshirts. Just in case you'd forgotten the name of that airline, a British Airways 747 is shown, outside and in. From the conversation between Tom Cruise and the stewardess, expect the sequel to be located on the Caribbean island of Aruba.



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THAT
SUMMER

Looking for a New England

In 1973 Peter Barker went to an American summer camp in search of a new life — and a girl

It was spring 1973. I was 21 and life, I felt, had been desperately unfair. After flunking my A levels, I'd scabbled a place at Polytechnic to study a subject I'd no interest in and graduated with a truly average degree. A few months of odd jobs and I'd reached the dead-end of ends. I was a loser, I concluded, kicking a Coke can along the gutter of life.

Sport came to the rescue. My judo instructor had been teaching on an American summer camp and recommended it. Camp Counsellor was what they called you. I didn't like children much and I'd never taught anything but I decided to give it a go. A couple of months later I was heading for America.

The plane was full of young counsellors-to-be. Early flirtations became in-flight tussles and quickly turned the inside of the plane into a kaleidoscope of early Seventies tie-die and cheesecloth. That was the other thing. Over the past year my sexual luck had been about as low as the rest of my fortunes. All the same I sniffed disdainfully at the antics around me. Why go to America and then get off with someone English? Anyway, Pete, my instructor, had told me that these summer camps were full of female counsellors. I had all summer. With no English accent I couldn't fail to score. As I watched England drift away under the wing of the aeroplane, I could almost hear the sear as my fortunes moved out of reverse gear.

Camp Hi-Rock was right on the border of New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts states. It was beautifully set around a lake in the middle of a forest miles from anywhere. At the camp's administration block I was introduced to Jimmy, Bernie, Dan and Doo.

It was only after an hour or two when I'd been introduced to Art, Mark, John, Dewey and many other very pleasant-looking young chaps that a horrible suspicion began to dawn on me. This camp was all-male.

That summer there was no escape and I just had to make the best of it. What Camp Counsellors do is teach various sports to children from about five to 14 and generally look after them the rest of the time. Problem number one was that there were no judo courses for me to

teach. The soccer class they gave me consisted of one young man whose great enthusiasm was not matched by his talent. In the end they gave me a crash course in (native American) canoeing, and I taught that mostly.

That's how I found out that confidence is everything. No matter what I demonstrated in the canoe, it went wrong but I learnt never to hat an eyelid. I even sank a canoe once when I was demonstrating capsize strategies.

As the summer ripened and I accepted my fate I began to enjoy myself. I was starting to scent something new and heady. I got my first-ever suntan. I found I could control the children in my charge without too much difficulty and then began to take real pleasure in their company. We went on overnight trips where we built fires, toasted marshmallows and slept under the stars.

And I found a girl. She was pretty and I met her on my one visit to our sister camp 20 miles away. She'd got fed up and was leaving camp that week. She invited me up to her parents' house. After two months without even seeing a woman other than the camp cook (who was big in the way that only American women can be big) I only just managed to stammer out a yes.

My fellow counsellors whooped out congratulations when we got back to camp. What I hadn't known, and they had, was she was the daughter of a famous newsreader. I'd falter oo my feet.

I spent a balmy weekend up at her parents' place in Connecticut. The evening I arrived we watched her father read the news on television and then I met him when he got home an hour or two later when he got home.

She and I took a walk and passed by a big, secluded house owned by friends of her family, the Newmans. The Paul Newmans. They were out so I never got to meet him. We ate some waffles (this was 1973 — I hadn't even heard of pizza, never mind waffles). I told her that when camp was over I was going to stick out my thumb and hitch till I dropped. The sun was setting gloriously over the ocean as we wandered along the beach. A warm wind blew, the breakers crashed. She tugged me to a halt, put

her arms on my shoulders, looked me in the eye and asked if she could come.

Well, what could I say? She was all brown skin and sun-bleached hair and she was mine for the asking. I held her gaze, pursed my lips, raised my eyebrows — and overdid it.

"Maybe," I said. She didn't ask twice and that was the end of that. So when camp ended I did what I said I was going to do. I took a ride with a pal to Boston, I stuck my thumb out and I went looking for America.

It was the summer of Deep Purple's "Smoke On The Water". It boomed out at me from car radios when I was riding, and truck-stops where I was dropped off. Early on, a girl picked me up from the roadside. She told me her parents were away and asked me if I wanted to go and stay with her for a while. I didn't hesitate. I had America at my feet, maybe for the only time in my life. Some things are just more important than women. I said I'd better keep going.

I cut my jeans off at the knee and rolled on. Up through New England and into Canada. I crossed the border with Roger, a hippy type in his minibus. The customs officer's fingers dived along a small shelf above Roger's head. Theo he waved us through. Two minutes later Roger pulled down from inches further along the road what looked like a half-toe or so of grass. I felt untouchable.

On I went. Down through Ohio and across Philadelphia, including one amazing 000-stop 800-mile ride in a yellow Beetle driven by a truck-driver on holiday from Arkansas. After four weeks on the road I steamed into Delaware. An Air Force Sergeant picked me up and propositioned me. I turned him down and he booted me out. I didn't care. There's always another lift. Finally I caught a Greyhound into Washington, and the journey home. My suitcase was so battered the airline wouldn't accept it till I got it taped up.

When I got back to the UK I knew life was going to be fine. I just knew it. And I was right. While I'd been away my application to be an English language assistant in a French school had come good. Six weeks later and I was off to the Auvergne. I never looked back.

Why are travel agents selling holidays for next summer now?



Continuing our monthly series, Jeremy Skidmore answers readers' travel queries

My local travel agent is selling holidays for next summer when many people haven't even been on holiday this year. Why?

Airtours started the ball rolling when it put next summer's holidays on sale from 2 July, some two months earlier than last year. It does seem crazy, but Airtours claims there is a significant number of people who have already booked for summer '96 holiday and want to book up for summer '97.

Also, Airtours sees it as a way of pinching market share from rivals. There are always some people who book as soon as brochures are out. The theory goes that if you have got all your holidays on sale, the chances are that you can mop up bookings that might have gone to other companies.

Some operators were prepared for an early launch and as soon as Airtours went on sale for summer '97 they immediately launched their brochures. But market leader Thomson said it would not go on sale until 1 August, and Unijet, another big operator, is not launching until 23 July.

I've seen adverts for something called AETA — the Association of European Travel Agents. Is this Brussels' replacement for ABTA?

No, it's nothing to do with Brussels, but rather a privately funded alternative association to ABTA, for travel agents. If an agent belongs to ABTA, it means that people who shop there have financial protection in the event of a company failure. AETA aims to do the same job but claims that it is cheaper for agents to be members of AETA than ABTA. AETA also offers financial protection, so legally if you buy your holiday from an operator who has that logo in the window, your money should be safe.

No one in the travel industry seems terribly bothered about the collapse of Excalibur Airways. But doesn't it mean lots of people are going to find their flights cancelled?

No one was particularly surprised because the writing has been on the wall for Excalibur for some time. Excalibur was acquired six months ago by tour operator Globespan. It planned to



transform Excalibur from an airline offering short flights to the Mediterranean to one offering longer flights to the US, South Africa and Australia. But Excalibur ran into problems when it didn't get the planes it wanted and had to lease others. The airline had built up a debt of £5m by the time it went into voluntary liquidation.

However, this hopefully will not lead to too many problems for people who were booked to fly with Excalibur. Globespan and Liberty World Travel, which were both selling packages based on Excalibur, have been busy putting clients on other flights. Most people should get their holidays. If they don't, they will get their money back because the companies offering packages must by law also offer financial protection to their customers.

Where can I find out about hot and cheap destinations for November?

Your local travel agent, if he or she is worth their salt. If you are on a tight budget try the Canaries, the most popular wintersun destination from the UK. You should be able to pick up a decent package for around £350. If you have a bit more to spend try Goa in India, or the Caribbean. Mainstream tour-operators are moving into areas previously the preserve of the independent traveller, and in November Airtours launches the first charter flights to Bali. That's November 1996.

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WORLD DEPARTURES

With school holidays approaching, flights to popular destinations worldwide are filling up fast. The threat of strike action by British Airways pilots, now averted, has had little impact on BA bookings. These remain heavy. But, says Jerry Bridge of discount specialists Bridge The World, the threat created late availability on other airlines.

*While a strike was on the cards, passengers

who were ticketed on BA turned to their agents to book a back-up flight on airlines such as Emirates and Alitalia. Now the strike is off, some long-haul seats are becoming available.

Tour operators do not often reveal the story behind special deals, but Voyages Jules Verne (0171-616 1000) gives clients the lowdown on a cut-price offer to the Seychelles. The company

explains that Air Seychelles recently introduced a new service from Manchester to the capital, Mahe, which has "diluted existing business rather than stimulating growth". So the airline is selling off seats cheap. Voyages Jules Verne has packaged these with hotels to offer a price of six nights for £750 between August and October, at the Hotel Mahe Beach; a fortnight at the Plantation Club is £1,350.

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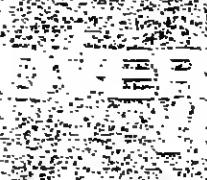
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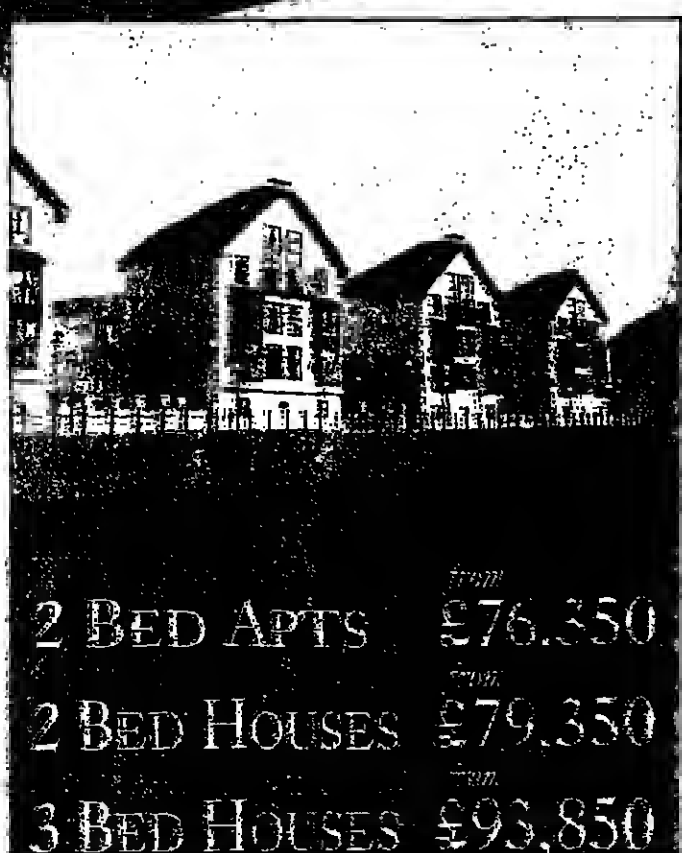
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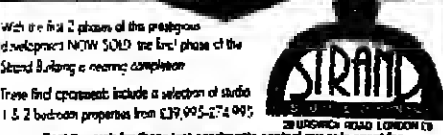
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THE INDEPENDENT



THE INDEPENDENT

Beaming with satisfaction

When the market collapsed, so did the love affair with barn conversions. Now they're back in vogue. By Penny Jackson

In the enormous kitchen your eye is immediately drawn to the dramatic floor tiles. But without pausing for comment, Emma Perring makes straight for the cupboard handles and burnished metal window catches: "Aren't they wonderful? I had to order them from France. Our builder thought I was mad to spend so much, but now he's telling everyone about them." The small detail of a converted barn can, it seems, matter as much as the grand scheme.

This is the first week that Ms Perring and her husband Christian have spent in their Sussex home, transformed from 18th-century grain barn to five-bedroom house in six months. They fell for it on first sight, and bonded completely after they discovered a short walk through fields led them to miles of unspoilt beach.

In the mid Eighties there was a rush for barn conversions when buyers snapped up run-down farm buildings and did them up. When the market collapsed, so did the love affair with barns. People felt safer with more traditional homes. But once again, as confidence returns, the barn conversion is back in vogue.

Even so – as Emma Perring is the first to recognise – it is an acquired taste. Every beam in her house has been retained. However awkward the position or pristine the wall, the original function of the building is evident from the wooden structures. One beam pops up in the middle of a bedroom; another in the kitchen.

Not that they had any choice. The barn is listed and planning consent came with stringent requirements. The roof had to be replaced with thatch; the chimney stack had to be a functional funnel rather than brick. "I wanted the windows – all handmade – painted white, but they had to be stained dark. I like them now though. We love the juxtaposition of the very old and the new," Ms Perring continues. "We wanted clean, straight lines – and to avoid being twee."

It is at the barn-like centre of their house, in the vast airy living room, that the modern and historic so clearly co-exist. Some 12ft windows, just a third of the room's height, sit in the old entrance where the barn doors serve as shutters; a new inglenook fireplace is embedded with an old beam; under-floor heating does away with distracting and inefficient radiators; the lighting is discreet but effective. Minimalism within flint and brick walls.



Emma Perring and her husband Christian in their converted 18th Century barn

Photograph: Andrew Hasson

The opportunity to create an interior is one of the prime reasons buyers are looking at barns, says John German of Cluttons. "You can expect to pick up an unconverted barn for around £50,000 to £100,000 and if it is listed you can claim the VAT back." The same agents also stress the importance of going to a reputable surveyor with a good understanding of old buildings, and if the barn has been converted, to check the reputation of the developer.

This was a major concern to Emma Perring, who paid £100,000 for their barn. She runs her own company, Perring Designs, in London, and

has had many a fraught time with builders. She drew up a shortlist and was at once impressed by the company she and Christian chose, John C Lilleywhite of Chichester.

"They laid out a detailed plan, with a proper building schedule. Each stage had a time-scale and, during the work, if they failed to reach a target we would get a written update and explanation. I trusted them to make decisions when we weren't around. It is vital to find someone who understands absolutely what you are trying to create," she says.

Cheapskate conversions were a regrettable feature of the Eighties and these are the properties that are difficult to sell even now. Pine doors in oak barns, ill-fitting windows, poor heating systems and insensitive design, have left scars on the barn conversion landscape.

But however good a builder, the temptation to be hands-on can be irresistible. When Emma Perring felt she not getting involved enough she took over two simple projects – in the end, the only ones to go wrong. "I made a complete mess of them. I got the wrong number of lights and now we are short of tiles for the porch. It's the only thing in the house unfinished."

Five desolate but remarkable Grade 1 listed warehouses along the waterfront will be turned into 100 apartments, with shops and restaurants on the ground floor. Architects will have to plan around the wooden beam and pillars inside and the elaborate exterior ironwork. The three remaining warehouses have already been earmarked for the Docklands museum.

Househunter

Bix, Oxfordshire



A brick-and-flint barn on the edge of the village of Bix, in Oxfordshire, is for sale in its raw state. The period barn, with a clay tiled roof, is not listed and comes with plans for conversion into a three-bedroom house. The existing barn will be the living and dining area with an open fireplace, and a new extension to the rear will include a large kitchen, two bedrooms and a bathroom with a main bedroom and bathroom en suite. The barn has a small garden with a raised lawn and parking area. It is close to a couple of cottages. Bix – in the foothills of the Chilterns and near National Trust land – is three miles from Henley-on-Thames. Offers in excess of £100,000 through Savills (01491 579990).

For what it's worth

At last, a life after dark for Canary Wharf, in London's Docklands, is on the horizon. Manhattan Loft Corporation in partnership with the newly formed West India Quay Ltd, has just been given the go-ahead to develop West India Quay. "Very small compared with Canary Wharf, but in terms of impact it will be enormous," says Harry Haodelman, chairman of Manhattan.

At the back there are plans for a multiplex cinema and car park and, alongside, a 30-storey tower in the shape of a sail. Heritage Afloat is working on ideas for a permanent use of historic boats.

How do you mark out your territory from someone else's?

Garden fences are a frequent source of neighbourhood rows. Claire Gervat offers a guide to avoiding the disputes

There's a thin line between love and hate, and sometimes it's the one that separates two people's gardens, marked by a fence. When this falls down or needs repairing you might suddenly find yourself swept into a round of oedding squabbles with your neighbour.

Which of you owns the fence – and is responsible for maintaining it – should be specified in the deeds of your house. If it is not mentioned, responsibility is usually shared. If the deed plans are not clear, you can ask HM Land Registry to do a site inspection and arbitrate between the two sides – for which they make no charge – and thereby avoid a protracted and expensive visit to the High Court.

Once ownership has been settled, you or your

neighbour can start replacing or repairing the existing fence. There are no legal restrictions on anything under 2m high (1m next to a highway, which could include side and rear boundaries); above that, you need planning permission. The local authority will notify the other neighbours who would be affected, and ask for any objections. If an over-tall fence is put up without planning permission, the local authority can order it to be taken down to the legal height.

There might be restrictions over the height of the garden fence, but the same cannot be said for its style (except in a conservation area). If your neighbour puts up an ugly fence under the maximum height – perhaps a chain-link one that means they can see right into your back garden

– the only thing you can do is put up another fence on your side of the boundary, or plant extravagantly in front of it. Another possibility would be to offer to contribute towards the cost of a better looking fence; as in many disputes, common sense and conciliation can save a lot of trouble later.

Fencing is one of those household items that usually turns out to cost more than you thought when you first looked at the prices. One six-foot wide panel may cost £20, say, but you will need 10 for a 60ft length, plus posts and fixing materials. Luckily, fixing a fence is a fairly straightforward job if you have some DIY experience, and reputable suppliers will give you full instructions with your fence panels. The messiest part

is digging holes for the posts and concreting them in place; an alternative is to buy special metal stakes which you hammer deep into the ground and which hold the posts securely in place.

Paying someone else to put up your fence can be a costly business. For an "average" suburban semi, you could pay out upwards of £500 for your share of the boundaries. The best way to find a reputable contractor is by personal recommendation, but failing that you could try contacting the Guild of Master Craftsmen for a list of members in your area, or ask your fencing supplier.

As with every job you employ someone to do for you, the more exact you can be about what you want (preferably in writing), the more

likely you are to be satisfied with the result. Make sure you agree the price and the length of time the job will take. You could also consider drawing up a contract for the work; *Which?* July 1991 proposed a sample contract for small building jobs. That way, if something goes wrong, you are more likely to be able to get it put right or claim compensation.

And if this seems like a complicated process just to mark out your territory from someone else's, just be grateful you're not a cat.

Consumers' Association 0171-830 6000; The Guild of Master Craftsmen 01273 478449; HM Land Registry – consult your telephone directory for local offices

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3. For missing tokens or an entry form, please send separate SAE's to: The Independent/Ferrari Token Request or Entry Form, PO Box 92, Welwyn Garden City, Hertfordshire AL7 1BT. Only 4 tokens are available per application. Requests must be received by first post 19 July 1996.

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tri

money

Who needs the hassle of worrying about the state of the nation in Pakistan? There are simpler and safer ways to earn a return on your money

With six months of the year now elapsed, it seems a good time to stop and take stock of what has happened in the markets this year. Like all columnists, it behooves me to claim that all my predictions so far have come true – but to a surprising extent, given my views about the perils of forecasting, that does appear to be the case.

A year ago, for example, I predicted that the one certainty for 1996 was that house prices would start to rise strongly – a prediction that is certainly being borne out. I was also confident that the Japanese stock market would bounce back – and so it has, rising 50 per cent in the past 12 months.

At the beginning of this year, I expected Wall Street to continue stronger than most people expected – despite the market being clearly overvalued and heading for a substantial correction. (Is that a contradiction? No. There is no rule that markets need to behave in the short term as rational valuation measures imply. All the evidence is that they do the reverse. Wall Street was up 11 per cent at the halfway stage, regardless of what might happen now.) I have also been mostly downbeat

about the UK stock market for some months, seeing no real upside in a market that is running out of takeover steam, but running into pre-election nerves. My view remains that for the moment there is better value in gilts than in shares. Recent events seem to bear this out. Having started out the year in strong form, the stock market has moved nowhere but sideways for the last four months.

There is one area where I have to admit to an error in judgement, and that concerns emerging markets. Three years ago, this was every professional investor's favourite sector. We heard a lot about the case for investing in countries in long-neglected parts of the world – the obscure of the country the better.

A good number of investors piled in, lured mainly by three plausible arguments: (1) that the end of Communism had transformed the economic prospects of many backward countries; (2) that the long-term growth potential of many emerging market economies, such as China or India, outweighed the obvious short-term disadvantages, such as corruption, economic illiteracy and so on; and (3) that there were clear investment advantages in diversifying into



JONATHAN DAVIS
INVESTMENTS

stock markets which moved independently of the main markets in New York and London.

Then came the bond market wobble of early 1994, followed by the Mexican devaluation crisis at the end of 1994. Since then, emerging markets have been largely out of favour. The IFC emerging market index, for example, fell by 14 per cent in 1994 and by a further 18 per cent in 1995.

This year, however, the emerging market bandwagon appears to be back on track. At new year, most pundits were expecting a strong performance. I was sceptical, mainly on the

grounds that I had no idea which emerging markets would do well and which would not. In the event, nearly all of them have gone up. The IFC composite index is up by over 15 per cent this year, led by big gains in Russia, Hungary, Venezuela (all up over 100 per cent) and Turkey.

As Alison Eadie writes on page 24, the expert view is that private investors are now being encouraged to put their toes back in the water. Many emerging markets are now selling on undemanding ratings by historical standards, though, like all the major stock markets, many will be taking their lead from what happens to Wall Street and to American interest rates in the next few months.

But I still have my doubts about the whole phenomenon. It is true that the long-term demographic and economic arguments for investing in emerging markets are powerful ones. Asia is going to grow much faster than Europe or the US for the foreseeable future. By the early part of the next century, on present trends, Asia will be a bigger economic zone than all the OECD countries together.

An emerging market fund still seems, therefore, a sensible way of diversifying a large share portfolio, or

hedging a long-term investment scheme, like a pension fund. But while the returns can be spectacular, they are also very volatile. In the longer term, the countries whose markets do best are those with the best ordered economies. According to Micropal, for example, the best returns, adjusted for the risk involved, over the last seven years have come from Chile and the Philippines, which seems fair enough. But in the shorter term, picking the winners is a bit like trying to guess the winning National Lottery numbers.

Which of us has perfect foresight? The Venezuelan stock market, one of this year's biggest winners, has been a disaster for the last four years. Did you spot its recovery potential? My point in January was that the definition of an emerging market is now so wide as to be virtually meaningless. Keeping track of them all is far too onerous, even for professionals.

So nobody should kid themselves that emerging markets are one-way tickets to riches. Only if you have money that can be safely put aside for relatively long periods, and if you are prepared to live with an up and down ride, should you consider venturing into them. The risks are much greater

than they appear on the surface, and unless you have a strong reason for believing a particular country is going to do well, investing through a well capitalised and reputable diversified fund – a Templeton, Foreign & Colonial, and so on – remains the only sensible route. (Templeton's has been the second best performing emerging market fund over the past seven years, beating many of the specialist single-country funds).

Emerging market pundits are likely to tell you that the Pakistani market, down 34 per cent last year, is about to rebound. It certainly doesn't sound as if it could get much worse. "In the face of a virtual collapse of law and order in Karachi," declares the latest annual report of one of the better known emerging market funds, "two years of agricultural recession, religious strife, institutional corruption and continued mismanagement, reflected in an underlying inflation rate of around 30 per cent per annum, the surprise is that the Pakistani economy isn't in even worse shape".

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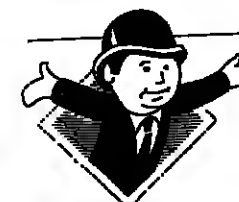
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LOOSE CHANGE

The Securities & Investments Board is looking for volunteers with personal experience of cancelling unit trust and PEP contracts to help it decide whether the cooling-off period, introduced in 1988 when there were few other safeguards, is still useful. It is considering whether cooling-off should be extended to open-ended investment companies (OEICs), the new hybrid investment funds the financial services industry will start selling throughout the EU some time next year (0171-638-1240). Questionnaires are also being sent out to ask investors to put a figure on the value of the cooling-off period.

Norwich & Peterborough is offering a guaranteed fixed rate of 7.6 per cent gross a year or 7.35 per cent payable monthly on its five-year bond with a minimum investment of £10,000.

Leeds & Holbeck has increased its interest rates on its large instant-access postal accounts. Sums from £10,000 to £25,000 earn 5.8 per cent, rising to 6 per cent up to £50,000 and 6.1 per cent above that. New rates are guaranteed until September.

Sarasini Funds Management (Guernsey) has launched Equisar, a new global equity fund designed to focus on four separate themes linked to world trends rather than regions. It identifies the rise of the Asian consumer, the rising demand for energy in emerging countries, the renaissance of industrial Europe and the world of information technologies.

Flemings Offshore has launched Hydra, a new bank deposit offering guaranteed capital and an income linked to the performance of the UK, US, Hong Kong and Tokyo stock markets. Income is calculated every 90 days and once added cannot be lost regardless of subsequent movements in the indices. Minimum investment is £100,000 and minimum notice 90 days.

Yorkshire Building Soci-

ety Guernsey is launching an escalator bond paying 6.5 per cent in year one escalating to 10.5 per cent in year five. Interest is paid gross and can be withdrawn after a year. Minimum investment is £10,000.

Scottish Widows is launching shortly a new Safety Plus PEP which allows a maximum fall of only 5 per cent a year.

Glasgow-based Murray Johnstone has relaunched its Monthly Income Selector Plan, which offers a range of annual income from 1 per cent to 9 per cent, with the right to defer payments and accumulate capital. Minimum investments are £10,000.

Midland Bank and Abbey National have made their cash dispenser networks available to each other's customers. Midland and Halifax Building Society will follow suit shortly.

Chelsea Building Society has launched a new discount mortgage offering 1.1 per cent off the standard variable rate, currently 6.99 per cent. The discount continues until January 2000 and there are no early redemption penalties. Call 0800-616356 for details.

Premier Fund Managers has compiled a guide to shareholder perks, available for £2.50. Call 0800-212577 to order.

General Accident Direct is offering its motor policyholders a £40 discount on a buildings and contents policy. Call 0800-121004.

Motorcyclists are less likely than motorists to be involved in an accident, but they are more likely to sustain injuries and need immediate support at the scene, according to Dean Cox, managing director of Legal Recovery Group, which has launched a new Motorcycle Protection Plan.

Available through insurance brokers for around £1 a month, it provides replacement motorcycle hire, new protective clothing, ambulance and medical expenses and overnight accommodation, as well as up to £50,000 of legal expenses, a rescue and roadside repair service and a network of repairers.

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For the seriously rich: a relationship with the bank

Clients with liquid assets of a million or so want more than a leather chequebook holder. Liam Robb looks at the world of private banking



High-net-worth individuals in St Tropez: The target of banks like Coutts and of the high street clearers as well

The high street banks have traditionally left a more personal banking service aimed at very wealthy clients – "relationship banking", as it is usually termed – to the smaller, privately owned banks. Coutts & Co, bankers to the Queen, are perhaps the most famous.

However, the clearing banks are now playing catch-up and Barclays, which last Monday opened its own private banking division, is the latest of the high street banks eager to tap into the large and lucrative market of HNWLs – high-net-worth individuals.

A report by Datamonitor – which counts HNWLs as those with liquid assets of £250,000 or more – reveals that not only are the rich getting richer but their numbers are increasing: 1.6 million by the end of 1994, who between them owned assets approaching £200bn. The increase is partly due to the fact that, as a population, we are ageing and partly a result of the growing entrepreneurial class spawned by the Thatcherite economic policies of the 1980s.

The report concluded that even those individuals at the bottom of the high-net-worth scale have financial needs that differ noticeably from the bulk of the retail market. Very simply, HNWLs – accustomed to flying first class and being shown the best tables in the best restaurants – also expect that little bit extra from their banks.

They are also willing to pay handsomely for good service, and Coutts only recently signalled a return to its roots by abandoning its attempts to move down-market and concentrating instead on its core of HNWLs.

Lloyds was the first of the high street banks to open a separate private banking arm back in 1989. David Maguire, head of marketing, explains the rationale behind the move. "Many of the retail banking outlets are simply not specialised enough to give detailed planning advice to very wealthy clients. Virtually all the clearing banks are tied

to their own life companies, for example, and the branch network is geared towards packaged products, which in many cases aren't suitable. Many of our wealthy clients require a much broader range of services – derivatives dealing, for example, or currency accounts."

Most of the traditional private banks – and all of the private banking arms of the clearing banks – are eager to stress that what they are offering is definitely not merely "red carpet" retail banking – leather chequebook holders and regular drinks with the manager.

"We are not interested in attracting the sort of customer whose main reason for banking with us is to get hold of an unusual charge card which they can wave about ostentatiously at supermarket check-outs," said a director of one of the older private banks.

It is a sentiment shared by most of the industry, for the real money to be made in private banking comes not from running current accounts for wealthy clients, but through management of the clients' total assets. Barclays calls it the "asset base", citing what it hopes will be typical scenario of a client who might have a trust fund in Jersey, a cash portfolio in Switzerland and an equity portfolio, all managed out of the plush offices of Barclays Private Banking in London.

Barclays says there is no entry threshold for its private banking service but, eager to avoid confusion with its Premier Service – already in operation for its wealthier high street clients – lets drop the fact that their average private banking client has over £1m under management. This, then, is a service for the seriously rich.

Such high entry limits are unusual however – certainly with the older private banks. Anthony Townsend, a director of Rea Brothers, founded in 1917, explained that nowadays the majority of people with large disposable incomes have made their money rather than inherited it.

"Our fee structure is not aimed

at those who just want a cheque book but we do recognise that not everyone starts off rich and what we're really looking for is the prospect of a long-term relationship," he says.

"We would happily look at a portfolio of £50,000 if the client had a growing business and we thought that client could make best use of all of our services."

Such services might include advice on asset or cash management or help from the corporate finance division.

The Private Bank Company is one of the newer independent private banks. Established in 1989 by the Greek Latsis family, its start-up capital was the highest of any UK bank – £100m. In addition to the usual services any retail client would expect, the bank provides treasury, foreign exchange and interest rate management services. Property management and inheritance planning are also in demand and, again, the corporate advisory division provides an important service for those clients who run their own businesses.

"Close relationships are the key to any financial arrangements – whether you're banking in the high street or with a private bank," says Gerrard Gardner, executive director of the bank. "The difference is that private banks like ourselves are prepared to spend money resourcing that relationship."

"Wealthy people do not expect to phone their bank with an inquiry only to be asked what their account number is by some anonymous teller at the other end who proceeds to pass the call around the office."

Rea Brothers' Mr Townsend summed up the philosophy behind being a private banker: "It is rather like being a good private doctor," he said. "If you don't know the patients' overall health then you are unlikely to prescribe the right medicine." For those fortunate enough to count themselves HNWLs, there is no shortage of doctors queuing up to prescribe it.

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money

Alternatives for a man with a fat pension

A day in the life of financial adviser Michael Royde

Paul came to see me recently. He is a client of some six or seven years' standing. He was quite a wealthy man until he lost much of his money on the Lloyd's insurance market.

Fortunately, his wife is running a very successful business and is helping him financially. However, he is due to retire within a couple of years and when he came to see me he was wondering what his options were.

Paul is in a final salary pension scheme, but because of his wife's success he was not necessarily interested in obtaining the maximum pension but in making maximum use of all his assets.

I suggested that we look at an income withdrawal plan and compare it with his final salary benefits, which are based on the number of years of service and depending on his scheme's rules provide a pension of up to two-thirds of his final salary.

In normal circumstances his widow would also receive a reduced benefit if he should pre-decease her, the benefit often being two-thirds or half his own pension.

With final salary schemes, however, there will be no benefit to children when the pensioner dies (excluding benefits to children under 18, which is not a common state of affairs for those at normal retirement ages).

Switching to an income withdrawal plan involves converting the final salary scheme into a capital sum, called a transfer value, and transferring it to a personal pension, which should provide the equivalent of the final salary pension and the widow's benefits.

However, I found that it was possible to more than match his final salary benefits by investing the lump sum in low-risk corporate bonds, without using up any of the capital in the personal pension.

After going down the income withdrawal route, there are two possible scenarios: the first depends on whether Paul's health is such that he is likely to die before he reaches the age of 75 and the second if he is more likely to live beyond 75.

In the event of his death before 75, his widow would have the choice of receiving either 65 per cent of the fund value as a lump sum or alternatively using the lump sum to purchase a single life annuity - that is a fixed income for the rest of her life.

If I were asked today, I could provide a higher net yield from a

lump sum equal to 65 per cent of the capital, guaranteed for life, compared with the net return from a single life annuity. An additional advantage of this approach is that a proportion of the capital will be preserved and will accrue to the children, without any loss of income to the pensioner.

The second option is in the event of Paul's death after the age of 75. The current rules require that at the age of 75 an annuity must be purchased. By investing the capital until then in corporate bonds or permanent interest-bearing shares (PIBs), the annuity to be purchased at age 75 can be protected, because annuity rates and interest rates move together in the inverse to the capital value of the bond, with the purchasing power remaining roughly constant.

There is one major exception: annuity rates rise with age. If the client reaches 75 and if his wife has pre-deceased him, the capital will buy a substantially larger annuity than at 70 or 65. As the principal requirement in Paul's case was to try and make up the capital he has lost for the children, he could purchase an annuity with a five or ten-year guarantee of payment at 75 and still have a reasonable possibility of having some additional capital to leave to the children.

There has been much comment that people should not transfer from final salary schemes to personal pensions, but Paul's circumstances suggest that blanket advice of this nature is clearly not always good advice. Everyone who is coming up to retirement should consider all the options before making a choice.

For example, someone in ill-health would be better opting for a personal pension with a level annual payment rather than remaining in a final salary scheme, which since 1990 has had to provide an indexed pension.

The indexed pension will start off less than the equivalent level pension, and it takes around eight years for an indexed pension to catch up with a level pension, assuming the same annuity purchase price is available. It takes a further four years for the indexed pension to make up for the previous eight years and break even, which is not much use if you are likely to die before the 12 years are up.

Michael Royde is an independent financial adviser. He can be contacted on 0171 792 3700.

What are emerging markets and should I risk my money in them?

In the first of a series, Alison Eadie examines the arguments for investing in the developing world

The fizz has returned to emerging markets. After two years of underperformance against developed markets they are roaring away again. The Russian stock market has doubled in value in dollar terms from the start of this year. Other stars include Brazil, up 31 per cent, Venezuela, 29 per cent, India, 31 per cent, the Philippines, 23 per cent, Hungary, 88 per cent and Poland, 57 per cent.

Despite the bounce, experts insist there is plenty of value still to be had across the globe. The slump in stock markets last year was largely a correction to the froth of the previous two years. The rise in US interest rates in early 1994 and the Mexican debt crisis of January 1995 stopped the party, but economic growth, which provides the rationale for investing in such volatile markets, marched on as before and should continue to do so. The International Monetary Fund has forecast emerging countries will have annual growth more than double that of developed countries over the next three years.

So is now a good time to pile in? The UK market is at historically high levels and a general election is looming. But are emerging markets only for high-net-worth, adventurous investors? The experts say no.

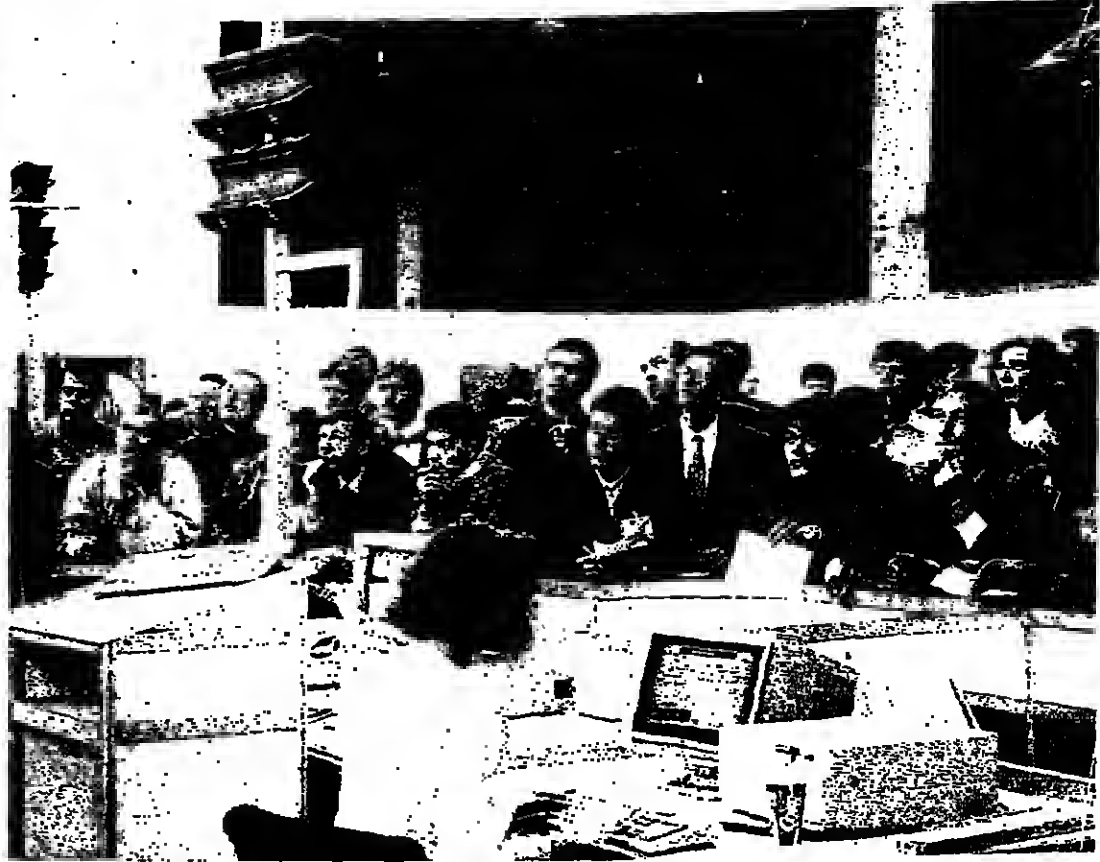
A strong stomach is essential, as these markets can be roller coasters, and so are long time horizons. Money should be tucked away for a minimum of five years, preferably 10 or 15. Over time analysts expect emerging markets to grow at a compound 15 per cent a year compared with 10 per cent for developed markets. Recently they have managed 19 per cent compound growth, but this is expected to slow.

Developing economies grow faster because they start from a lower technological base and gain huge strides from improved life expectancy and literacy. They represent some 10 per cent of the world's stock markets by capitalisation, so 10 per cent is often suggested as a reasonable allocation of an individual's assets. But this is no magic number.

There is also a large and growing choice of markets. Defined by the World Bank as countries with low to middle income per head, some 85 per cent of the world's population lives in emerging countries, which include most of Asia, all of Africa, Latin America, Eastern Europe and parts of Southern Europe and the Middle East. There are more than 100 emerging countries, although fewer than half are open to foreign investment.

Templeton Emerging Markets Investment Trust (TEMIT) invested in just six countries when it launched in 1989. It now researches more than 40 countries and invests in 25. As economies grow richer they cease to match the World Bank definition. Hong Kong and Singapore have moved on, although they still feature in many emerging markets portfolios. Taiwan, South Korea, Malaysia and Thailand may exit next. Others are waiting in the wings to take their place. Stock markets open to foreign investors are promised in Vietnam, Cambodia and Myanmar (Burma).

However, the name of the game is no longer spotting the new market and getting in first, according to Jan Kingzett, a director of Schroder Investment Management. "The game is now to find a good manager who can squeeze performance out of the stocks," he says. He points out that emerging markets have become an accepted part of portfolios and are sub-



Moscow's futures exchange: The Russian market has doubled in value since the start of the year. Photograph: PowerStock

ject to the same investment disciplines and performance criteria as developed markets.

Managers should be chosen for their track record and funds - global, regional or single country - according to the investor's appetite for risk. The more diversified the fund the less risk. Single country funds can offer spectacular returns but are only for the brave.

Investment strategies vary between fund managers. Templeton has an impressive record achieved through a bottom-up or stock-picking approach. TEMIT does not try to beat an index or invest according to regional or country allocations, but seeks cheap shares wherever they can be found.

Foreign & Colonial Emerging Markets Investment Trust, by contrast, adopts a top-down approach. Its benchmark is the Global Composite Index from which it deviates - over or under-weights countries - according to the findings of its research. Having fixed a country allocation it then adopts a stock-picking approach. Amah Banerji, chief investment officer at F&C Emerging Markets, explains: "There is much to be said for the bottom-up method. But you could have bought the best stocks in Mexico and still lost heavily. You need a country view."

Research from UBS backs him up. It concludes, after analysing 11 years of data, that "the choice of country is the most important tactical allocation decision for a global or regional emerging markets fund. Sector and stock picks are and should be subsidiary."

Tracker funds, which match the performance of

stock market indices rather than trying to beat them, offer an alternative. However, as emerging markets are rapidly moving targets, this approach has inherent contradictions. John Legat, of LGT Asset Management, points out: "The bigger economies with bigger stock markets are the largest constituents of emerging markets indices. But they are the more developed countries and we are supposed to be investing in developing countries, so it becomes a bit of a nonsense."

A variation on a tracker theme is offered by City of London's Emerging Markets Country Investment Trust. It invests in closed-end funds, which sell at an average 20 per cent discount to their respective stock market indices. Some 75 per cent of its funds are trackers. Barry Olliff, the fund manager, says 75 per cent of the outperformance achieved by the trust is due to buying cheaply and 25 per cent to asset allocation. He says the Country Trust is low risk relative to other emerging markets funds because of its diversification. It holds around 3,600 stocks through investing in 60 funds.

Whatever the investment philosophy, a good manager is supposed to squeeze more out of emerging markets over time than a manager of UK equities. According to Micropal, the funds analyst, TEMIT has turned £100 into £312 over the five years to June, but £100 in Gartmore Emerging Markets until trust over the same period would have grown to just £135, beaten handsomely by the lower-risk UK stock market.

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Fixed rates					
Scarborough BS 0800 380547	0.20 for 1 year	85	0.75%	—	1st 5 yrs: 7.04% of sum repaid
West Bromwich BS 0121 525 7070	6.55 to 1/11/99	85	£295	£300 cash rebate	1st 5 yrs: 6% of advance
First Mortgage BS 0800 080088	7.40 to 1/8/01	90	£275	—	To 1/8/02: 5% of advance
Variable rates					
Hinckley & Rugby BS 0800 774499	0.00 for 9 months	70	£250	Free valuation	1st 5 yrs: dis. rec'd & 3 m int.
Greenwich BS 0181 858 8212	4.19 for 3 years	95	—	—	1st 5 yrs: discount reclaimed
Bradford & Bingley BS 0800 252983	5.54 for 5 years	85	—	6 mths free ASL	1st 5 yrs: 6 mths int.
First time buyers fixed rates					
Bristol & West BS 0800 608088	0.95 to 30/6/97	90	£275	—	To 30/6/01: 8/6 mths interest
Lambeth BS 0800 225221	4.19 to 1/9/98	95	£295	0.5% of adv rebated	1st 5 yrs: 6 mths int. & rebat. rec'd
Northern Rock BS 0800 581500	7.49 to 1/8/01	95	£295	—	1st 5 yrs: 5% of sum repaid
First time buyers variable rates					
Principality BS 01222 344188	1.00 to 1/7/97	90	—	—	To 30/6/01: discount rec'd
Greenwich BS 0181 858 8212	3.39 for 2 years	95	—	—	1st 5 yrs: discount rec'd
Hatfield BS 0800 101110	5.43 to 30/6/01	90	—	£300 & free val.	To 30/6/03: 1-4% of advance

Telephone	APR	Fixed monthly payments (£3,000 over 3 years)
Unsecured		
Direct Line 0141 248 9966	13.90E	With insurance £112.86 Without insurance £101.33
Alliance & Leicester 0116 262 6262	14.80	£114.93 £102.36
Midland Bank 0800 180180	14.90	£115.82 £102.49
Secured (second charge)		
Clydesdale Bank 0800 240024	7.50	Neg £3K - £15K Term 6 mths to 25 years
Royal Bank of Scotland 0131 523 7023	8.70	70% £2.5K - £100K 3 years to retirement
Barclays Bank 0800 000929	9.3/9.6 wef 1.8.96	80% £10K - 75K 5 to 25 years

Telephone	Account	Authorised % pm	APR	Unauthorised % pm	APR
OVERDRAFTS					
Woolwich BS 0800 400990	Current	0.76	9.5	2.18	29.5
Alliance & Leicester 0500 959595	Alliance	0.76	9.5	2.20	29.8
Abbey National 0500 200500	Current	0.94	11.9	2.18	29.5

Telephone	Card	Min %	Rate %	APR	Annual period	Int. free
CREDIT CARDS						
Standard						
Robert Fleming/S&P 0800 829024	MasterCard/Visa	—	0.8958	11.20	nil	0 days
NatWest Bank 0800 200400	Access	—	0.95N	12.00N	nil N	56 days
Robert Fleming/S&P 0800 829024	MasterCard/Visa	—	1.00	14.00	£12	56 days
Gold cards						
Co-operative Bank 0345 212212	Visa	£20,000	0.4792	10.32	£120	46 days
Royal Bank of Scotland 01702 362890	Visa	£20,000	1.05N	14.50N	£35	46 days
NatWest Bank 0800 200400	Visa	£20,000	1.14	15.90	£35	56 days

Telephone	Payment by direct debit % pm	APR	Payment by other methods % pm	APR
STORE CARDS				
John Lewis in store	—	—	1.39	18.00
Marks and Spencer 01244 681681	1.87	24.80	1.97	26.30
Sears in store	1.94	25.90	2.20	29.80

APR: Annualised percentage rate. B-C Buildings and Contents insurance LTV loan to value. NSU: Accident, sickness and unemployment. F: Available to comprehensive motor insurance policyholders aged over 22 years. N: Introductory rate for a limited period.

All rates subject to change without notice.

Source: MONEYFACTS 01692 500677

11 July 1996

Best savings rates

Telephone number	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
INSTANT ACCESS					
Partman BS 01202 282444	Instant Access	Instant	£100	4.80	Year
Sun Banking Corp 01438 744505	Liquidity	Instant	£25,000	5.25	Year
Skipton BS 01755 100511	High Street	Instant	£30,000	5.50	Year
Direct Line 0181 567 1121	Instant Savings	Instant	£50,000	5.75	Year
INSTANT ACCESS POSTAL ACCOUNTS					
Yorkshire BS 0800 378836	First Class Access	Postal	£1,000	4.90	Year
Alliance & Leicester BS 0645 645660	Instant Direct	Postal	£5,000	5.40	Year
Bristol & West BS 0800 901109	Instant Access Postal	Postal	£10,000	5.85	Year
Northern Rock BS 0500 505000	Great North Postal	Postal	£25,000	6.50 A	Year
NOTICE ACCOUNTS & BONDS					
Coventry BS 0345 865522	Postal 50	50 day P	£2,000	5.45	Year
Coventry BS 0345 865522	Postal 50	50 day P	£10,000	6.10	Year
First National BS 0800 558844	90 Day Notice	90 day P	£10,000	6.20	Year
Scarborough BS 0800 590578	Scarborough 100	100 day	£1,000	6.50	Year

Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
CHEQUE ACCOUNTS					
Kleinwort Benson 01202 502404	HICA	Instant	£2,500	5.00	Month
Hatfield BS 01422 333333	Assed Reserve	Instant	£10,000	4.30	Quarter
Chelsea BS 0800 717515	Classic Postal	Instant	£10,000	4.75	Year
Chelsea BS 0800 717515	Classic Postal	Instant	£25,000	5.00	Year
FIXED RATE BONDS					
Bristol & West BS 0800 202121	Year Plus Fixed Bond	5/11/97	£5,000	6.50F	Maturity
Universal BS 0800 281495	Fixed Rate Bond	2 year	£5,000	7.00F	Year
Northern Rock BS 0500 505000	Postal Deposit Bond	30/6/99	£2,500	7.50F	Year
Barclays BS 0800 123094	High Income Bond	1/10/2001	£50,000	7.75F	Year

Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
FIRST TESSAS					
Sun Banking Corp 01438 744505	5 years	£8,575	7.50F	Year	
NatWest Bank 0800 200400	5 years	£5,000	7.45F	Year	
Britannia International 0845 720721	5 years	£1,000	7.25	Year	
Principality BS 01222 344188	5 years	£500	7.00	Year	
FOLLOW-ON TESSAS					
Sun Banking Corp 01438 744505	5 years	£9,000	7.50F	Year	
Northern Rock BS 0500 505000	5 years	£3,000	7.50	Year	
NatWest Bank 0800 200400	5 years	£5,000	7.45F	Year	
Birmingham Midshires 0845 720721	5 years	£1,000	7.25	Year	

Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
GUARANTEED INCOME BONDS (GIBs)					
Financial Assurance 0181 380 3388	1 year	£5,000	4.80FN	Year	
Pinnacle Assurance 0181 207 9007	2 years	£3,000	5.55FN	Year	
Pinnacle Assurance 0181 207 9007	3 years	£3,000	5.90FN	Year	
Pinnacle Assurance 0181 270 8007	4 years	£3,000	6.40FN	Year	
Pinnacle Assurance 0181 207 9007	5 years	£3,000	6.55FN	Year	

Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
OFFSHORE ACCOUNTS (GIBs)					
Northern Rock, Guern 01481 714600	Offshore Instant	Instant	£10,000	6.30	Year
Northern Rock, Guern 01481 714600	Offshore Instant	Instant	£50,000	6.60	Year
Britannia International 01624 628512	2 Year Bond	31/7/98	£5,000	7.00F	Year
Skipton, Guern 01481 727374	3 Year Bond	31/5/99	£10,000	7.40F	Year

Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
NATIONAL SAVINGS ACCOUNTS					
Investment Accounts					
Income Bonds					
Capital Bond					
First Option Bonds					
Pensioners' Guaranteed Income Bond					
NS Certificates (tax-free)					
Children's Bond					

P: paid only. F: fixed rate. N: net rate. A: All withdrawals subject to 30 day loss of interest. All rates are shown gross and are subject to change without notice.

Source: MONEYFACTS 01692 500677

11 July 1996

FEAR OF FINANCE
Clifford German

The financial services industry is striving to make pension plans simple, cheap and attractive to the millions still in work and those who follow them on to the treadmill. But recent events have conspired to cloud the issue instead of clarifying it.

Two weeks ago the Labour Party published a blueprint for future pensions which back-tracked on earlier proposals to make it compulsory for everyone in work to contribute to a pension plan, but put little in its place. It did, however, make the deeply damaging allegation that pension plans swallow up to 25 per cent of contributions in charges and administration.

Individual spokesmen for the pensions industry say privately that 25 per cent is a worst-case scenario and measures start-up and management costs of a poorly performing fund over a long period. Others compare it to the margin between mortgage rates and the rate paid to savers. Some stress the value of advice which goes with a pension plan. But if it is a lie the industry needs to nail it quickly, before it undermines public confidence in personal pensions still further.

It has been seized on by Philip Warland, the director-general of Autif, the unit trust providers' association, to support his claim that unit trusts are the best vehicle for pension plans. Pension plans and unit trusts are different animals of course.

Both incur significant charges. But the Government promotes pension plans through tax relief on contributions, reducing the net cost of a £1 contribution to 76p for a standard rate taxpayer and just 60p for a top-rate taxpayer. Money invested in unit trusts and investment trusts inside a personal equity plan has already been taxed in full and only the resulting

income and gains are tax-free.

Autif would like the Treasury to sanction a new kind of investment vehicle which limits tax relief on contributions to the standard rate but promises to tax the income at the same rate. This might provide an attractive option for the millions who presently have little or no pensions in prospect, but there is a real risk of creating further complexity where the crying need is for simplicity.

The insurance industry working party led by the Prudential also reported this week, recommending the removal of limits on the annual amount individuals can contribute to their pension funds, and allowing them to contribute out of unearned income. Under current rules tax relief is limited to 15 per cent of earnings for occupational pensions, and 17.5 per cent for personal pensions, rising with age after 35 to 40 per cent after the age of 60, but to qualify for tax all contributions must come out of earned income, which effectively disqualifies non-working spouses.

This reform has the merit of growing smoothly out of existing provisions, but such changes could allow millions of people to claim increased tax relief on contributions and cost the Treasury billions a year. The Treasury insists that reforms should be fiscally neutral, which means one person's gain must be balanced by another's loss.

The Pru's report recommends creating single pots to hold the invested funds of each individual, including personal and state pensions. In effect, this means the privatisation of state pensions, which will appeal to Tory right-wingers and perhaps to the insurance industry's fund managers but can only raise the hackles of anyone who does not trust the state to honour its obligations.

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MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
Television by Gerard Gilbert 7.30pm <i>Prime Minister</i> 8pm C4. This week's fantasy PM is eco-campaigner George Monbiot, who holds the record as Britain's most-wanted environmental activist (8080). Film: <i>Howards End</i> (James Ivory 1992 UK) 8.30pm C4 (above). Merchant Ivory came to CM Foster with what is practically their repository company. Anthony Hopkins, Emma Thompson and Helena Bonham Carter (1125757). Panorama 9.30pm BBC1. How athletes aim to beat the drugs-testers in Atlanta (982592).	True Stories: Crime of the Wolf 9pm C4. How a Russian ruler on death row charmed his female prosecutor into helping him escape the firing squad (16072622). Law Women 9.30pm BBC1. The last of the portraits of women working in the law meets the Deputy Governor of Maidstone Prison. Her most famous inmate? Reggie Kray (940149). Film: <i>Turtle Beach</i> (Stephen Wallace 1992 Aust) 11.25pm C4. Journalist Greta Scacchi (above) gets wrapped up in Vietnamese boat people and turtle metaphors (956852).	Ellen 9pm C4. Return of the goody single girl Ellen DeGeneres (above) and her sitcom (8475). Inside Story 9.30pm BBC1. As Michael Howard considers an anti-stalker law for the UK, how the LA police have created the world's first squad to catch stalkers. One of the women here has been stalked for the past 19 years (216982). 2 Dancer: Enter Achilles 9.40pm BBC2. The highlight of the BBC2 season is Lloyd Newson's witty and exhilarating piece for DVS, about men imprisoned by male stereotyping (502291).	Secret History: Konkordis 9pm C4. The elite and the Anglo-French battle to build the supersonic airliner - and what really happened at the 1973 Paris air show (2609). The Greatest Show on Earth 10pm BBC1. The team who made <i>The House</i> - behind the scenes as Atlanta stages the Olympics (above). Film: <i>Whitehall and I</i> (Bruce Robinson 1995 UK) 10pm C4. The 'Camelwell Carol' and other scenes as Richard E. Grant and Paul McGann (above) go down and far out to 1960s beatland (3322).	First Night 7.30pm BBC2. This season's first night is Hayden's with a brainy interlude all about the 1960s (above). Film: <i>Whitehall and I</i> (Bruce Robinson 1995 UK) 10pm C4. The 'Camelwell Carol' and other scenes as Richard E. Grant and Paul McGann (above) go down and far out to 1960s beatland (3322).
Radio by Robert Hanks Radio 1 Roadshow 11.30am R1. Now you know that summer is really here. Lisa 'interesting' Anson and the Roadshow bus start their statey progress around the nation at Bangor in Northern Ireland, with music from Mark Morrison.	Discoveries from a Muddy Field 11.55am R3. Tucked away in a concert interval, a small piece of big science: the physicist Frank Close talks to the three men who have between them run the Jodrell Bank radio-telescope for the last 50 years.	The National Interest 8.05pm R4. Jonathan Dimbleby tries to persuade MPs from opposing parties to agree common solutions to problems. Nice idea, but isn't having left-wing Tony George Walden and right-wing Labourite Frank Field cheating?	Going Back 7.20pm R4. Last of the series from the environmental campaigner George Monbiot (returning to Brazil, where seven years ago he befriended feathered while researching a land conflict, and finding that the feathers aren't noticeably smoother.	The Last Night of the Proms 7.30pm R3. Hayden's season off to a rousing start, with Andrew Davis conducting the BBC SO in the final of the Proms at Oxford and Haydn's <i>Swan Lake</i> (above).

Sunday television and radio

BBC1	BBC2	ITV/London	Channel 4	ITV/Regions
7.45 <i>Open University</i> (9242375). 8.10 <i>Playdays</i> (4308675). 8.30 <i>Breakfast with Frost</i> (38424). 9.30 <i>The Good Book Guide</i> (9547172). 9.45 <i>First Light</i> (858066). 10.15 <i>See Hear!</i> (873375). 10.45 <i>The Miracle</i> (3193153). 12.00 <i>Countryfile</i> (70066). 12.30 <i>News: ThinkTank</i> (15820). 1.30 <i>EastEnders</i> (3211462). 2.50 <i>Pride and the Passion</i> (Stanley Kramer 1957) In 1810 Spain, a British naval officer and army expert reluctantly helps Spanish guerrillas in their struggle against Napoleon. Not normally the sort of setting where you'd find Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra and Sophia Loren, but here they all are (73844356). 5.00 <i>Sister Wendy's Story of Painting</i> . The art loving nun travels to Florence, birthplace of the Renaissance, and comes up with a novel theory as to why the <i>Mona Lisa</i> is smiling (S) (65111). 5.30 <i>Tom and Jerry</i> (210153). 5.45 <i>News, Weather</i> (239288). 6.05 <i>Regional News</i> (670172). 6.10 <i>Songs of Praise</i> . Kris Akabusi joins 2,000 Christians at the Johnson Ferry Baptist Church in Atlanta. Music from the Martin Luther King Choir and the 1996 Olympic Band (S) (276172). 6.45 <i>Antiques Roadshow</i> . Hugh Scully looks back to <i>Stomper</i> in 1991 (R) (S) (976820). 7.30 <i>No Bananas</i> . In the concluding episode, both families take the Blitz (S) (663004). 8.20 <i>Birds of a Feather</i> (R) (S) (859207). 8.50 <i>News, Weather</i> (399095). 9.05 <i>Overboard</i> (Gary Marshall 1987 US). Brave stabs at resurrecting the 1930s-style screwball comedy, and starring real life husband and wife Kurt Russell and Goldie Hawn. She is the rich bitch owner of a luxury yacht who gives carpenter Russell a hard time. He gets his chance for revenge when she falls overboard and gets amnesia - stepping in and pretending they are married. Edward Herrmann and Katherine Helmond give able support (90029375). 10.50 <i>Olympic Diaries</i> . Seven of Britain's Olympians video their preparations (S) (1494240). 11.55 <i>April One</i> (Murray Close 1993 Can). Low budget suspense thriller about the relationship which develops between an ex-con and the female hostage he takes. Based on real events in Ottawa in 1986 and starring - if that is the right word - Stephen Chellman and Janet Sears (24462). 1.20 <i>The Sky at Night</i> . The latest news from Jupiter and Saturn (S) (2765979). 1.40 <i>Weather</i> (5830554). To 1.45am. REGIONS. Wales: 12.00pm <i>Homeland</i> . Scot: 12.00pm <i>Landward</i> .	6.15 <i>Open University: Maths: Inverse Geometry</i> (6022714). 6.40 <i>Mathematical Models</i> (8562191). 7.05 <i>Developing World: The Cutting Edge of Progress</i> (4738998). 7.30 <i>The Cornflake Story</i> (9245462). 7.55 <i>Peter Brueghel and Popular Culture</i> (5068801). 8.20 <i>Brain and Behaviour: Seasonal Affective Disorder</i> (6358563). 8.45 <i>Children, Science and Common Sense</i> (6948998). 9.10 <i>Children's BBC: Rupert</i> . 9.15 <i>The Littlest Pet Shop</i> . 9.35 <i>X-Men</i> . 10.00 <i>Fully Booked</i> . The sassy guest list includes Emma Dale's Lisa Riley, soapie turned popster Sean Maguire performing his new single, and on location with the cast of <i>Hollyoaks</i> (15627). 12.00 <i>Regional Programmes</i> (78603). 12.30 <i>Sunday Groundstand</i> . Introduced by Steve Rider from Silverstone. 12.40 <i>Touring Cars: coverage of the RAC Touring Car Championship from Silverstone</i> . 1.10 <i>British Grand Prix: live coverage from Silverstone</i> (race start at 2.00pm; see the <i>Big Race</i> , p28). With commentators Murray Walker, Jonathan Palmer and Tony Jardine. 4.00 <i>Racing: live coverage of the Irish Oaks from the Curragh</i> . 4.10 <i>Cricket: one day cricket action from the AXA Equity and Law Sunday League</i> . 6.25 <i>News Round-Up</i> (S) (3374337). 6.45 <i>Wildlife on Two</i> . David Attenborough narrates the tale of itay, a baby baboon, (R) (S) (659882). 7.15 <i>British Grand Prix: Highlights of the British Grand Prix from Silverstone</i> (S) (112795). 7.55 <i>Arena: See Preview</i> , p28 (S) (3975379). 11.25 <i>2 Dance: Dances for the Camera, Horseplay</i> , choreographed and directed for camera by Alison Murray (288266). 11.30 <i>Last Friday Night's Amelkice</i> . (Semi-) topical satire from Armando Iannucci, Peter Baynam and David Schneider. Shown on Friday (93004). 12.00 <i>Far North</i> (Sam Shepard 1988 US). The current season of American independent films, <i>Mavericks</i> , has so far been excellent. It takes a dip here with Sam Shepard's directorial debut, a lumpy drama about a Minnesota farming family who must take stock of their relationships when the father is hospitalized. Starring Jessica Lange, Charles Durning and Tess Harper (Followed by <i>Weatherwise</i>) (29736). To 1.30am. 2.00 <i>The Learning Curve: Summer Nights: Fun with Kids</i> (Eisenstein 1984/86). 4.00 <i>Language: Get by in Italian</i> (247825). 4.55 <i>Box Mat</i> (55768009). 5.00 <i>Business and Work: Italy Means Business</i> (77115). 5.30 <i>The Essential History of Europe</i> (62196). To 6.00am. REGIONS. Wales: 12.00pm <i>Welsh Lobby</i> . Scot: 12.00pm <i>Scottish Lobby</i> . Nil: 12.00pm <i>Going, Going, Go</i> .	6.00 <i>GMTV</i> (94578). 8.00 <i>Disney Adventures</i> (5725172). 9.25 <i>Tales from the Cryptkeeper</i> (6774646). 9.50 <i>James Bond</i> (S) (3639443). 10.15 <i>Link</i> (S) (5608612). 10.30 <i>Morning Worship</i> (S) (82612). 11.30 <i>The Rock That Rolled Away</i> (2889085). 11.50 <i>Many Questions</i> (1656066). 12.30 <i>Citytalk</i> (9555820). 12.55 <i>London Today</i> (62042559). 1.00 <i>News & Weather</i> (76357849). 1.10 <i>The Agenda</i> (5066066). 2.00 <i>Capital Holidays</i> (7627). 2.30 <i>U.K. Sean Connery's ageing Robin Hood returns to England after 20 years away at the Crusades, and discovers that Maid Marian (Kerry Hepburn) has since become a nun</i> (71772). 4.30 <i>The Nick</i> . Nick shows Barry the LSD smugglers' hideout (S) (8207). 5.00 <i>Upstairs, Downstairs</i> . The arrival of a handsome young German aristocrat shakes up the Bellamy household (R) (8694). 6.00 <i>London Tonight</i> (705207). 6.25 <i>News & Weather</i> (681288). 6.35 <i>Dr Quinn, Medicine Woman</i> (S) (431172). 7.30 <i>Faith in the Future</i> . <i>Zzzzzom</i> (R) (795). 8.00 <i>Wycliffe</i> . Our Cornish copper investigates when a fishing boat goes down and the local community starts leaving itself apart (S) (8443). 9.00 <i>The Knock</i> . Nick shows Barry the LSD smugglers' hideout (S) (8207). 10.00 <i>News and Weather</i> (920375). 10.15 <i>The Three Tenors</i> at Wembley. José Carreras, Plácido Domingo and Luciano Pavarotti perform favourites from 'Nessun Dorma' to <i>West Side Story</i> . See Preview, p28 (S) (400998). 12.10 <i>Nightmare at Bitter Creek</i> (Tim Burstall 1987 US). Four women backpackers unwittingly stumble upon a neo-Nazi hideout in the Sierra mountains, and are soon being hunted by a pack of armed extremists. Lindsay Wagner and Tom Skerritt are amongst those who consented to star in this (134844). 1.55 <i>The Chart Show</i> (R) (S) (4075370). 2.55 <i>Dreams of Gold: The Mel Fisher Story</i> (James Goldstone 1986 US). Adventure based on the true story of Mel Fisher's search off the Florida Keys for the wreck of a sunken 17th-century Spanish galleon. Starring Cliff Robertson and Loretta Swit (7244573). 4.25 <i>Night Shift</i> (R) (S) (30338405). 4.35 <i>Flux</i> (R) (S) (1060221). 5.30 <i>News</i> (82950). To 6.00am.	6.40 <i>The Great Maratha</i> (9564559). 7.05 <i>Madeline</i> (R) (S) (8705375). 7.35 <i>The Real Life Adventures of Professor Thompson</i> (S) (827066). 8.05 <i>Dropy, Master Detective</i> (S) (1403612). 8.25 <i>Two Stupid Dogs</i> (S) (5108220). 8.50 <i>Cadillacs and Dinosaurs</i> (6318761). 9.20 <i>Saved by the Bell</i> (R) (6773917). 9.45 <i>Sister Sister</i> (R) (47004). 10.15 <i>Happy Days</i> (R) (5556269). 10.40 <i>Mission Impossible</i> (1492849). 11.40 <i>The Waltons</i> . John-boy falls under the influence of a famous writer (R) (2270172). 12.40 <i>Desertion Gobi</i> (Robert Wise 1953 US). A group of meteorologists in the Mongolian Desert of World War Two team up with Mongol tribesmen against the Japanese. Richard Widmark leads the way (77004608). 2.20 <i>Sophie</i> . Animation about a cat (38549207). 2.25 <i>The Way Ahead</i> (Carol Reed 1944 UK). Inspirational World War Two propaganda has officers David Niven and William Hartnell whipping a bunch of raw recruits into the 'people's army' to take on Rommel in North Africa (39750022). 4.30 <i>Love and Marriage</i> . Ongoing repeat series about various soon-to-be-marrieds. Joanna Lumley lends her diction (R) (S) (608). 5.00 <i>The Last Days of Pompeii</i> . An early 1960s John Betjeman visits the Victorian seaside town of Clevedon. Then <i>News and Weather</i> (8796627). 5.15 <i>Hollyoaks</i> (R) (S) (440207). 6.05 <i>Babylon 5</i> (S) (482646). 7.00 <i>Tour de France</i> from Besse to Tulle (9085). 7.30 <i>The Legend of Painted Rock</i> . The story of the Carizo Plain in south California, which is said to be cursed with failure until it is occupied by its rightful owners, the Chumash Indians (S) (337). 8.00 <i>Encounters: Bugs</i> . One of the four remaining virgin old forests, on the eastern slopes of the Andes in Ecuador. See Preview, p28 (6085). 9.00 <i>The Piano</i> (Jane Campion 1993 NZ). See <i>The Big Picture</i> , p28 (S) (8073511). 11.15 <i>Silvery Monday</i> (Mike Figgis 1988 UK). A fairly impressive film noir set, set, unusually, in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where Sean Bean is catching grief from femme fatale Melanie Griffith and dodgy developer Tommy Lee Jones. Sting plays a local jazz club owner (784004). 12.55 <i>Just for Laughs</i> (7913467). 1.30 <i>A Great Wall</i> (Peter Wang 1985 US). A first generation Chinese-American family get a culture shock when they take a trip to the old country (992776). To 3.20am.	As London except: 2.00pm <i>World of Wonder</i> (6183056). 2.25 <i>Cartoon</i> (9681066). 2.45 <i>Island Soldiers</i> (7657377). 3.45 <i>Megadonors</i> (562356). 3.50 <i>News</i> (650004). 3.55 <i>Cartoon</i> (901560). 4.15 <i>Return of the Pink Panther</i> (44511). 5.15 <i>RobotCop</i> (374795). 12.10am <i>News</i> (650004). 12.15am <i>News</i> (650004). 12.20am <i>News</i> (650004). 12.25am <i>News</i> (650004). 12.30am <i>News</i> (650004). 12.35am <i>News</i> (650004). 12.40am <i>News</i> (650004). 12.45am <i>News</i> (650004). 12.50am <i>News</i> (650004). 12.55am <i>News</i> (650004). 1.00am <i>News</i> (650004). 1.05am <i>News</i> (650004). 1.10am <i>News</i> (650004). 1.15am <i>News</i> (650004). 1.20am <i>News</i> (650004). 1.25am <i>News</i> (650004). 1.30am <i>News</i> (650004). 1.35am <i>News</i> (650004). 1.40am <i>News</i> (650004). 1.45am <i>News</i> (650004). 1.50am <i>News</i> (650004). 1.55am <i>News</i> (650004). 2.00am <i>News</i> (650004). 2.05am <i>News</i> 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Finally, you don't need me to spell out the pleasures of watching *The Three Tenors* at Wembley (Sun TV) in the comfort of your own armchair - dry, £200 to the richer and with a view of José Carreras, Plácido Domingo and Luciano Pavarotti unobscured by umbrellas. "O Sole Mio".

Damon Hill (above) has a 25-point lead in the drivers' championship, and looks set to cruise to the title. But he must be careful in this weekend's British Grand Prix to avoid the mistakes of last year, when his fixation on his fierce rival the German driver Michael Schumacher, led their cars to lock wheels and spin out of the race. British driver Johnny Herbert was then able to benefit, and clocked up his first Grand Prix victory in 17 starts. In the hubbub of Silverstone, Hill must aim to have the clearest head at the track.

ITV/Regions

- ANGLO**
As London except: 12:30pm Movies, Games & Videos (350548), 1.05 Anglo News (712389435), 1.10 Film: The Crucial Event (79182690), 2.55 Ayrsoft (9243557), 5.05 Anglo News (88349349), 5.15 Cartoons (8936348), 1.25am Pyms Patrol (9389269), 3.40am Film: Desert Nights (8577627), 5.00-5.30am Summer of Sailing (624244).
- TYPE TUESDAYMORNING**
As London except: 12:30pm Movies, Games & Videos (350548), 1.05 Regional News (72728453), 1.10 The Crucial Event (72146619), 2.05 Film: The Raggle Taggle Band (769077), 5.05 Regional News (88349346), 5.15 Type: Cartoon Time (8936348), 5.15am: Scramble (8882936), 5.20 Yorks Patrol (8950757), 1.40am Clock (9385495), 4.35-5.30am Cue the Music (1000849).
- CENTRAL**
As London except: 12:30pm Movies, Games & Videos (350548), 1.05 Central News (72728453), 1.10 Fishing (85099394), 2.00 Film: Carry on Regardless (841752), 3.40 Sound Bites (1320226), 5.05 Central News (88349346), 5.15am: Cartoons (8936348), 4.55am Jobfinder (92234066), 5.00-5.30am Asian Eye (1385882).
- HTV**
As London except: 12:30pm West: No Naked Flames (735058), Wales: Time (25058), 1.05 Regional News (72728453), 1.10 Fishing (85099394), 2.00 Film: Carry on Regardless (841752), 3.40 Sound Bites (1320226), 5.05 Regional News (88349346), 5.15 Film: Student Exchange (476077), 5.05 Regional News (7773329), 5.15 Wales: Let's Go (8936348), 1.25am Pyms Patrol (9389269), 3.40am Film: Desert Nights (8577627), 5.00-5.30am Summer of Sailing (624244).
- MERIDIAN**
As London except: 12:30pm Movies, Games & Videos (350548), 1.05 Meridian News (72728453), 1.10 Fishing (85099394), 1.40 International Touring Cars (92011654), 2.10 Stuntmasters (7566112), 2.50 Ayrsoft (9411936), 5.05 Meridian News (88349346), 5.15 Cartoons (8936348), 1.25am Pyms Patrol (9389269), 3.40am Film: Desert Nights (8577627), 5.00-5.30am Presscreen (624244).
- WESTCOUNTRY**
As London except: 12:30pm Movies, Games & Videos (350548), 1.05 Westcountry News (72728453), 1.10 Film: Battle (79718416), 2.45 Cartoon (4709752), 2.50 Seaquest OSV (8411936), 5.05 Westcountry News (7773329), 1.25am Pyms Patrol (9389269), 3.40am Film: Desert Nights (8577627), 5.00-5.30am Summer of Sailing (624244).
- SAC**
As CA except: 6.55am The Magic School Bus (6879699), 10.30 Mountain Bike Tour of Britain (44077), 11.00 Film: I Want You (84221429), 1.00 Film: A Little Prince (8224940), 2.00 5.05 Brookside (1860740), 3.00 Holyrocks (3557), 7.00 Newyddyn Nos Sarchwm (462936), 7.15 Sief Fach: Treloar (847951), 8.00 Eynon (93058), 8.30 Tour De France (4665), 9.00 Fed Llyd (8488), 10.40 Fed (6597), 11.00 Film: The House of Cards (132054), 1.00 Film: The House of Cards (6671288), 2.35-3.40am Full Frontal (19784).

**Poverty is
when you can't
afford 50p**

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- 27.151 Asia 1.00 Super League
 71.1727/71.10.55 World Rugby
 71.17687/71.10.00 European 1981
 71.17687/71.09.30 Super League
 71.552684/71.00 Boxing 15/05/81
 10.00 Cdn (149877) 11.30 World
 10.00 Cdn 1.00 1.00-3.00 Super
 League (R3264)
TV SPOTS 2
 7.00m Soccer AM 14/284/95.1
 10.30 Onbel (552393) 7.30 Golf
 USA (551077) 9.30 Scorpio Golf
 USA (468077) 12.00 1.00-2.00 Euro
 Soccer Golf (537499)
- TV SPOTS**
 7.00m Soccer AM 191/451 8.00 Moti-
 cators 12/12/91 9.00 Formula 1
 9.35/6690 9.45 Formula 1 (264569)
 11.00 Formula 1 (9735446) 11.00
 Formula 1 (9735446) 11.00 Cyclic
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 15.00 Cyclic 16.19/15971 14.55 Ten-
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 16.00 Formula 1 Services (56560)
 8.00 Body Building (52110) 9.00
 Cyclic (500393) 9.50 Sportsman-
 59/3040 10.00 Formula 1 (58961)
 10.00 Formula 1 (58961)
 10.00 Athletics (55172)
- TV SPOTS**
 6.00am Revelations 6.30 Looking for
 Love 7.00 Spanish Archer 7.30
 Mind & Body 8.00 Why Fries 8.30
 Mind & Body 9.00 Fate & Fortune 9.30
 Mind & Body 10.00 Why Fries 10.30
 Mind & Body 11.00 Spanish Mind
 12.00 Spanish Mind 12.00 Spanish
 Archer 12.00 Why Fries 12.30 Canary
 Islands 1.00 Fate & Fortune 2.00
 The Fashion Show 2.30 Mind &
 Body 3.00 Cheaper Pick 3.30 Pin
 Money 4.00 Eric's Monster Sport
 Show 5.30 Looking for Love 6.00
 Mind & Body 6.30 Eric's Mon-
 ster Sport Show 7.00 Pin Money
 7.30 Eric's Results 7.30 Pin Money
 8.00 Revelations 8.00 Why Fries 8.30
 Spanish Archer 9.00 Lumbard
 Valley 9.03 Fate & Fortune 9.30
 Mind & Body 10.00 Topples Amer-
 ican 10.03 Eric's Results 10.03
 Mind & Body 11.00 Tuffest Days 11.03
 Fate & Fortune 11.30 The Sex Show
 12.00 Lumbard Valley 12.03
 Topples 12.30 Eric's Results
 1.00 Pin Money 1.00 Tuffest Days

poorest parts of the world. Never to have eaten a decent meal, never to have drunk clean water and never to have had proper medical care.

Yet for 50¢ a day you can help provide clean water, health care, education and agricultural skills – the things that could improve life not just for one child, but for a whole community.

Please sponsor a child today.


☐ Yes, I would like to sponsor a child and enclose my first contribution.
☐ \$15 (monthly) ☐ \$160 (yearly)

☐ I can't sponsor a child now, but enclose a gift of:
☐ \$25 ☐ \$50 ☐ \$100 ☐ \$ _____

☐ Please send me further details about sponsoring a child, or call: 0460 616172.
 Make cheques/PUS payable to ACTIONAID and send to ACTIONAID, FREEPOST
 South Shields, Tyne and Wear, NE33 7JN.

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____
 STATE _____
 ZIP _____
 PHONE _____
 E-MAIL _____
 PASTOR _____
 CHURCH _____
 COUNCIL _____
 DISTRICT _____
 REGION _____
 COUNTRY _____

ACTIONAID
 We're saving lives. One group at a time.



ACTIONAID
 The Action Aid Group

Freak murders beg local, panic-free response

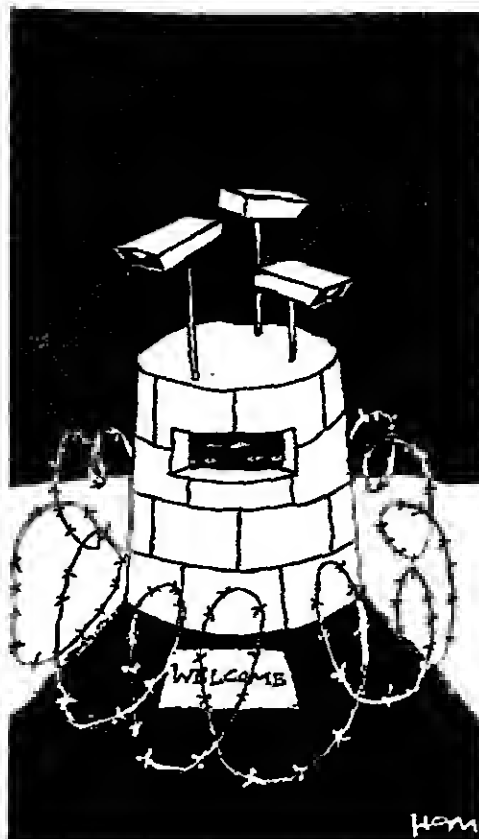
It has been a week of murderously bad news for the children of England. In a green Kentish lane a mother, her children and the family pet are set upon. Such was the ferocity of the attack the police label the killer "deranged". A collective nerve jerks, horrified at the crime but also at its location, in Eden, on a summer's day. The symbolism is almost painful, this rural assault on innocence, the pitiless extinction of one child's life, the destruction of her mother and the savage injury done her sister as they walked through the Garden of Eden.

In the urban West Midlands a man with a machete invades a primary school picnic. Again, powerful symbols of lost innocence abound - teddy bears piled in a corner where terrified children abandoned them as they fled. Police in riot gear storm a grubby block of flats and arrest a man found hiding in a cupboard. On Merseyside a child's body is discovered and a perpetrator sought amid evil echoes of the Bulger case, a child murdered by children.

These crimes are all mad. But beyond that, they have nothing in common. Their coming together in a short space of days is mere coincidence. They support no great construct about man's fall and the moral failings of our age. Yet inevitably we bracket them mentally, trying to make

sense of terrible events by analogies and common threads. It suddenly feels a more dangerous society. We pull our children closer, literally and metaphorically, worry about their physical security, look anxiously round at fellow adults - so normal-looking, but...

The rational mind cries caution and proportion. There will not be a similar week again. Children are just not murdered or attacked by strangers at this rate. This is a blip in a curve that is generally flat and may even be in long-term decline (decade-on-decade measures of child homicide suggest this). So for the umpteenth time we sensibly say, calm down, look at the figures. A sea of violence is not about to engulf the nation. Even in the much more violent United States crime rates can go down as well - and the rate at which criminals are caught and incarcerated may not have much to do with it either. Britain is and remains a safe society, for most adults, for most children. The common dangers of violence in childhood have to do not with adult intruders but with parents and relatives; and instances of abuse by them are mercifully rare. For most children, danger lurks in the most banal places: on the kerf, mounted on a bike, on the streets, and it comes from that most benign of adult tools, the motor car. No car, no Alton Tow-



ers; no car, less death and injury to children.

The rational mind has to ask, too, about weapons and fences and spending on community care. Unfashionable and complicated though such spending may be, it connects with crime and public safety. As for weapons, the attack in Wolverhampton seemed to support all those who have argued that access to lethal weapons increases the risk of harm. The Dunblane inquiry ended this week with a powerful submission by counsel for the victims' families, asserting the legal ownership of guns was a causal factor in the Hamilton rampage.

There are worrying signs that inquiry chairman Lord Cullen may not grasp the force of that point. One of the best memorials to the Dunblane victims would be change in policy - a straight ban on the private ownership of handguns, say. If there is a trade-off, it is between the private pleasure of a small group of people who enjoy handling and firing weapons (albeit in gun clubs and the like) and the public interest in severely restricting access to weapons of destruction. Put like that, as it should be, there is no contest.

School security is a less straightforward matter. Earlier this week our Transport Correspondent argued strongly as an urban parent that the best must not be the enemy

of the good. Even if, it was argued, schools could be made safe from assault, the cost of their defences would not just be huge as a sum of money and displaced resources but deeply damaging to schoolchildren. This is, however, an argument in which generalisation should be eschewed. There are locations, not all of them in the heart of the city, where school heads, governors and teachers may for very good reasons wish for some kind of line or barrier between the school and its surrounds, whether fence, security cameras or better policing. Money is required but in the form of a fund, organised locally or nationally, to which individual schools can lay claim on the basis of their own assessments.

Our correspondence columns have shown how strongly some parents feel about the maintenance for their children of an open atmosphere at school, how vital to avoid any sense of imprisonment. All the more reason for the debate to be held school by school and to avoid some crude security formula imposed by the Department for Education and Employment or the Scottish or Welsh Offices.

We began with murder and morality; we end with bureaucracy and small, local defences. But isn't that how, in a society which is mature and slow to panic, it absolutely has to be?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Ulster's big problem: England's failure to comprehend the two traditions

Sir: I am dismayed by your coverage of the present situation in Northern Ireland, and by the woefully inadequate understanding shown by most of the (English) correspondents to this letters page. Sadly this is typical of the mainland press in general, who continue to perpetuate the myth that Ulster Unionists can be summed up by the phrases "dark-suited", "dour", "uncompromising", "Presbyterian", "Orange", whereas Irish nationalists may be summed up using phrases like "happy-go-lucky", "oppressed", "Catholic guilt", "Green".

The failure, or unwillingness, to distinguish within any of these groups ensures that moderate and intelligent Unionists stay out of the debate. As a Unionist and a one-time resident of Portadown, I am quite prepared to see a compromise settlement with the moderate nationalist community and with the Irish Republic. In addition, I fully agree that the Orange Order marches are at best foolish, and at worst provocative. However, even within the ranks of the Orange Order you must distinguish between those beset and behaved by businessmen observing their, admittedly confrontational, Masonic rituals, and those young hooligans with Orange sashes over their Rangers FC shirts.

This inability to distinguish between factions within a sectarian community extends to nationalists, where it is conveniently forgotten that one third of those same residents of the Carvaghy Road voted for Sinn Féin-IRA in the recent elections, and have done so



Portadown this week: nationalist rioters stoning a police armoured vehicle

Photograph: AP

over 26 years of a campaign of bombing and murder by that group. Maybe Unionists will have to swallow the bitter pill and admit that one of the cherished maxims of the nationalist community is correct: the problem with Ireland is the English. Dr DAVID McALPINE Nottingham

Sir: It is astonishing that the UK government has allowed the climb-down at Drumcree. It was the Chief constable who determined that the

route was unsuitable and the same man that used force of arms to ensure its passage. What conclusions can we draw? That violence and disorder are the way to be heard? If so why are Sinn Féin excluded from the talks while Mr Trimble and Mr Paisley brazenly marshal their forces? Worse still, a weak UK government is now nakedly exposed.

There is no peace process if the UK government doesn't have the will to face down the Unionist and

Orange marchers. I am driven to the conclusion that there is no UK role in Northern Ireland. I do not pay taxes to escort Orangemen with paratroops. It is time to go. If the UK is not part of a solution we should leave and allow Irish men and women to determine their own fate. CHRIS JONES Liverpool

Sir: Andrew Marr's article "Ulster's blind underdogs" (10 July) prompts a comparison between the

histories of Ireland and what is now the Czech Republic.

The ancestors of the Sudeten German minority had settled there several centuries ago. So long as the Czech kingdom remained part of the Austrian Empire, the Sudetens, with their linguistic and cultural links with the ruling power, enjoyed a privileged position and high status, and tended to despise their Czech neighbours. Privileges included a near-monopoly of government jobs.

After 1919, in the new Czechoslovakia, the Sudetens felt sorely aggrieved - not because they were in any realistic way down-trodden, but because it is always very painful to lose ancient privileges. Hitler cleverly exploited these grievances to serve his expansionist aims. The mass expulsion of the Sudetens in 1945 was terribly unfair to the younger generation, who were not responsible for the deeds of their elders.

There may be a moral here for Unionist politicians who, against their better judgement, concede too much to extreme populist pressures. ALAN COCK Southampton, Hampshire

Sir: The abhorrent actions of the loyalists, whose *raison d'être* is for Northern Ireland to remain part of the UK, seem likely to make most mainland citizens want them to be part of another country. Funny: I had always thought that that was the aim of the IRA's campaign.

Dr PETER WALTERS Basingstoke, Hampshire

LETTER from THE EDITOR

It is interesting that so many people wanted to see Nelson Mandela for themselves, to physically stand on the same ground, sucking in the same air as the Man, to be in his immediate presence. They were determined to stand for hours in Brixton. Or they were going to Trafalgar Square for a moment of history. It wasn't simply the lure of a famous face; it was a noble expression of that phenomenon identified by Carlyle more than 150 years ago: hero-worship.

We use "hero" loosely now. It has become a casual tag for skilled footballers and loud comedians. The idea of political heroes, people determined to shape the world, ready to die or spend decades in prison for a cause, has become anachronistic. The tyrannies that forced ordinary people to become heroic are dead or in retreat. Those few left and internationally recognised - Havel and Solzhenitsyn spring to mind alongside Mandela - are people whose heroism emerged in battles now over. There are, no doubt, Chinese Solzhenitsyns to emerge, and perhaps environmentalists Haves. But across most of the world, these are gentler, tepid times.

Thank God. Some mourn the loss of the age of greatness: Fukuyama's once-modish book *The End of History* was gloomy about the dullness of a world stripped of tragedy and heroism. But the fact is, all sane people would readily swap political heroes for the disappearance of the events that made them. It is easy to say Mandela is a hero. It is harder, but equally true, to say that if the world has no need for Mandelas in the future, and heroes die out, that would be a wonderful thing.

Just one of those things: 10 days or so ago, I saw a report of the Commons debate on the Broadcasting Bill, which included the following words from Gerald Kaufman, Labour's former Shadow Foreign Secretary: "The *Independent* is becoming a remarkably interesting and vibrant newspaper that deserves much support." What a nice man; what

a thoroughly decent egg! On the same day, I had just approved the sending of a reporter and photographer to Malta to follow MPs who were off on a jolly "freebie" for which there seemed little or no justification. And then it turned out that... yes, Gerald was on the Maltese trip. Inwardly I cringed. But it would have been wrong to tip him off. He suffered the full treatment: polite but persistent questions from our excellent Steve Boggan, whom he later accused of "a tendency to lurk". (It's a great skill, lurking, Gerald, for which Mr Boggan is held in high regard.) Mark, a politician I admire, now informs us that he

Mr Kaufman accused Steve Boggan of having 'a tendency to lurk' - a great skill, for which Mr Boggan is held in high regard

wishes to withdraw his previous praise. I leave readers to judge whether his pre-Maltese or post-Maltese views are sounder. But at least no one can say we curvy favour our friends.

And one of the great problems of journalism is the relationship with contacts - once you like them, you are likely to go soft on them. But if you don't like any of them, you become a rather sad creature. Sometimes the difference between being open and being naive is slight. I discovered this early on, when I was a young business reporter on the *Scotsman* and met a cheery businessman who lived on Skye. He had developed a way to make sailing boats out of paper, he explained. Caught up by his enthusiasm, designs and cuttings, I wrote a piece about him. Paper boats, indeed... he turned out to be a fraud who skipped the country, with the law in pursuit. After that, when I seemed to be getting a touch cocky, my colleagues would begin, very quietly, to whistle "The Skye Boat Song".

Andrew Marr

QUOTE UNQUOTE

Guns are made to kill people. They should no longer be allowed in a civilised society - John Crozier, whose daughter Emma died in the Dunblane massacre

For better or for worse, the fact is that there is not yet a European people, and perhaps there never can be - Lord Howe

Britain is not only out of step with Europe, it is out of step with its own history - Lord Gilmore

I am appalled that an ageing tenor, for singing half-a-dozen out-of-context arias, can earn in one evening the equivalent lifetime earnings of five of my colleagues - Barrie North, opera musician

Humanists have never agreed on a moral code. If you ask 10 humanists what they think about adultery you will get 10 different answers - the Earl of Longford

It is strong, it is dependable, it lasts for a very long time. It is a Mandela tree - Neville Labovitch, chairman of the Prince of Wales's Royal Parks Trust. *Appeared on the plane the president planted in London*

Tony Blair's approach to constitutional reform is that of the thieving magpie. He will pick up any bright, shiny idea and add it to his collection - David Willetts, Conservative MP

If you are a Conservative brought up in Rotherham you are always in rebellion - William Hague, Welsh Secretary

When I was at 50,000ft, I sometimes used to wonder what was keeping me up there. I decided it was my monthly salary cheque - retired Concorde pilot

MMC ruling on gas pipelines

Sir: You state ("Let the MMC settle the gas pipeline battle", 10 July) that, "as far as the regulator is concerned the point about depreciation is non-negotiable: either TransCo accepts this downgrading of the amount of depreciation it is allowed to take out of charges or the whole thing goes to the MMC". TransCo's position on allowing full CCA depreciation is that determined by the MMC in 1993 and that applied by Ofgas in setting the TransCo formula which applies between 1994 and 1997. It appears that Ofgas is certain it can persuade the MMC that the MMC's decision in 1993 not to apply what it called an "arbitrary adjustment" to depreciation is wrong.

It appears also that "the regulator's view is that these [new efficiency targets] are perfectly reasonable and there's not a snowball in Hades' chance of the MMC being persuaded otherwise".

What is the point of the MMC if its decisions can be set aside or determined in advance so easily?

As to the need to see the Coopers & Lybrand and WS Atkins reports respectively on operating costs and capital expenditure, you paraphrase Ms Sportswood as saying, "Let's publish and be damned". We are delighted to read that she has made this positive decision in favour of transparency and, for our own part, eagerly await copies of the reports.

PHILIP ROGERSON

Deputy Chairman British Gas London WC2

Reign from Spain

Sir: The Emperor Hadrian was Spanish, not Italian (leading article, 10 July). The Romans were not particular what "nationality" their emperors were. A lesson for us today?

MICHAEL GAINSFORD Burbage, Leicestershire

The fear that forces cyclists on to the pavement

Sir: Colin Wheeler's complaint about people cycling on the pavement (Letters, 12 July) brings up an issue the Government must consider if its cycling strategy is to be a success. I ride my bicycle to work every day, on the road. Car drivers regularly behave as if the rules of the road do not apply if the other vehicle is a bicycle. They overtake where it is illegal (and dangerous) to do so, they don't observe priority at junctions, they don't bother using their indicators. Quite a few do not even extend the simple courtesy of dipping their headlights for my benefit. It doesn't help that many cyclists choose to ignore the rules as well.

People ride on the pavement

because of fear. The Government will have little chance of success in its cycling plans unless it can restore a culture where bicycles are seen by all road users to have the same rights and responsibilities as cars. BJ CRAVEN Menstrie, Clackmannanshire

Sir: Colin Wheeler (Letters, 12 July) is rightly concerned about the increasing use of pavements by cyclists. The Pedestrians Association also deplores this practice, and have issued a joint statement with the Cyclists Touring Club, stating that the cyclist's place is on the carriageway, and that pavements are for pedestrians.

Walking as a means of transport is

declining rapidly (down by 20 per cent since 1976) and local authority engineers see empty pavements, and are increasingly condoning or even encouraging cyclists to make use of them, instead of making proper provision for them on the road where they should be - and would prefer to be if it were safer.

Reducing traffic speeds in towns would make the roads safer for cyclists. Many pedestrians also drive cars. They should remember when they do so that their desire for speed has the effect of pushing cyclists on to pavements, and threatening those on foot.

ROSAMUND WEATHERALL Pedestrians Policy Group London NW1

Labour plan for GPs would hit patients

Sir: Three times recently Labour Party health spokespersons have stated they would abolish the GP fundholding scheme within 12 months of coming to power. I believe that this is a cost-cutting exercise, with little regard for the quality of care our patients receive.

The Audit Commission report on fundholding stated that fundholding GPs have developed better relationships with consultants. It also said that fundholders contract for quality of care and not finance or numbers and, most importantly for our patients, that fundholders provide a patient-sensitive health service which health authorities do not.

The long waiting lists of the 1980s seem to have been forgotten and improvements to local services ignored. The fact that 51 per cent of GPs have voluntarily become fundholders and that 97 per cent of them believe that fundholding has benefited their patients is dismissed.

The commission's report was

selectively and inaccurately leaked to create the impression that fundholding has been a failure. It did not reach that conclusion. All fundholding GPs had, the report said, produced benefits for patients with some making considerable improvements in the services provided.

The opposition of the Labour Party to the NHS reforms is puzzling to those in closest contact with patients. I believe this to be a cruel cost-cutting exercise which will justify on grounds of equality but which will harm patient care, reduce flexibility, innovation and the pressure for higher standards. If quality is not to be decreased in the name of equality in education (Mr Blair), surely it is even more important that this be true for our health.

Dr RHIDIAN MORRIS

Chairman National Association of Fundholding Practices London W1

Concerned to be positive about age

Sir: Your article "When you're over the hill, you pick up speed" (4 July), suggests that "charities like Age Concern have done as much harm as good". This is unfair. While Age Concern is the largest single voluntary network in the UK providing direct services in older people, presenting and promoting positive images of, and opportunities for, older people - everyone of 50 and above - is a key part of our work.

Age Concern's Age Resource initiative works specifically with "younger old" people, encouraging their active participation in their local communities; our "foster grandparent" scheme TransAgeAction directly involves older volunteers as confidants and advisers to children in care. Ageing Well is a nationwide health promotion programme run by older health mentors.

SALLY GREENGROSS

Director General Age Concern England London SW1

Let Europe defend Cuba against US

Sir: It was very sad to read (11 July) of the continued US persecution of Cuba. For Jesse Helms to base his sponsorship of the appalling Helms-Burton Bill on the grounds of the US having rescued Cuba from tyranny is to defy history. When the US evicted Spain, it imposed its own brand of colonial tyranny, and at the time of Castro's revolution that included turning Havana into a private playground for prostitution, gambling and the mafia, while allowing the country to be bled dry.

Cuba to-day may be extremely poor, but is still a proudly egalitarian society. When I chanced to meet the Minister of Tourism on a recent visit, he was climbing behind the wheel of his ancient ministerial Lada. He spoke of the desperate need for hard currency, driving the country's present tourist development. It is a wonderful country to visit, and its people open and friendly and extraordinarily well educated considering their inability to travel.

Is it not time that London and Brussels took up the cudgels on behalf of this poor island and opened the doors for European aid and trade? The US current stance can only unite the Cuban people under a Communist banner and inhibit democracy. European defiance of the Helms-Burton Bill will help Cuba towards the genuine freedom and independence which are all its people desire.

Dr D S WRIGHT

Gosport, Hampshire

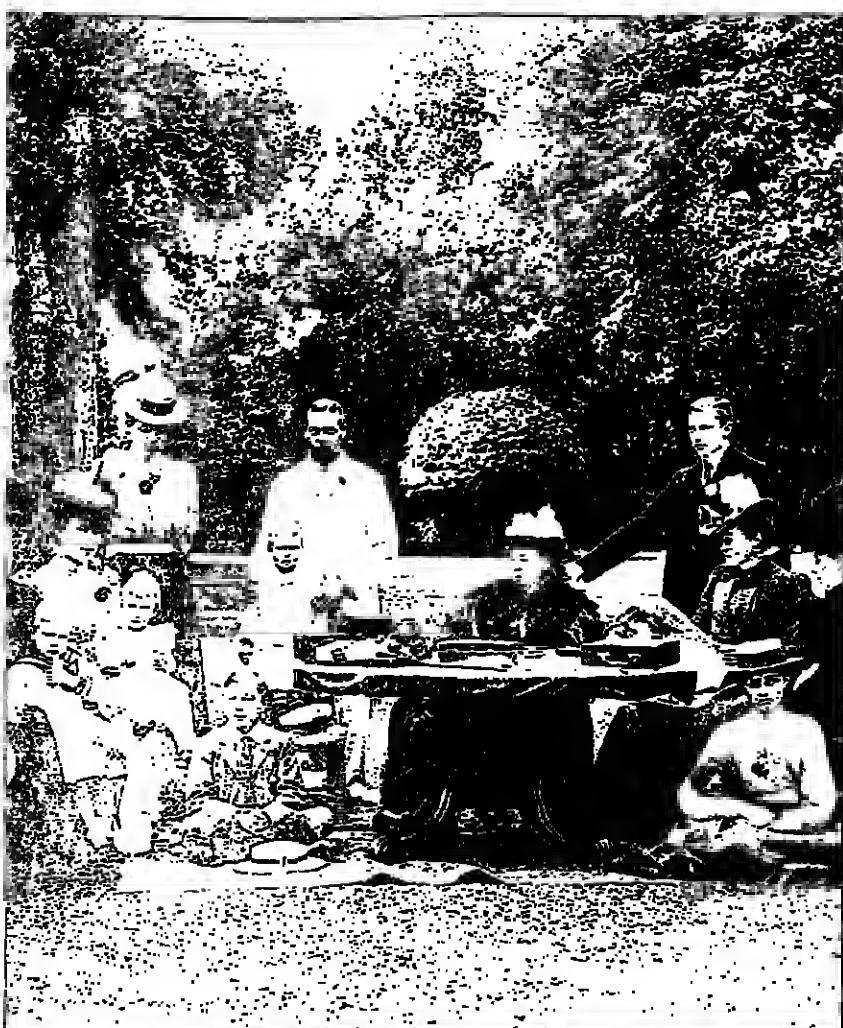
Ban junk calls

Sir: Looking at the Government's proposals on stalking ("Tough new measures pledged...", 10 July) it seems probable that the putative legislation could be used against that odious modern pest, the junk phone call. I sincerely hope this to be the case.

SIMON GARDNER

EMail: simon.gardner@hack.powernet.co.uk

the saturday story



Monarchs and myths: Queen Victoria brought a cosy nook of domesticity, Edward went for romance over duty, and Charles and Diana (with newborn William) were destined to part

Photographs: Picture Post/Keystone/Kent Gavan

Going, going, gone ...

The divorce of Charles and Diana marks the end of a fairy tale we have been telling ourselves for a century. Sara Maitland welcomes the shattering of the myth of the family

Remember the kiss? High up there on the historic balcony of Buckingham Palace, the fairytale princess kissed her frog prince and love and joy abounded.

What we were supposed to be seeing was the representation of contemporary love: the Royal family come of age, moving into the modern world, forgetting all those business-like contracts and dowries and foreign policy and sensible financial mutual interest – and “falling in love” and getting romantic, just like us.

What I now believe we saw was a mortal wound administered to a body of mythology that we love even more than we love the monarchy. Or, rather, we love the monarchy mainly because it is our central embodiment of the myth we live best of all – the myth of the absolute moral, emotional, social, sexual, practical necessity and wonderfulness of the romantic, late-20th century form of the nuclear family. The Divorce is just the inevitable completion of the process that started with that kiss.

It has always been the job of the monarch to mirror the aspirations of his or her subjects, and to embody them, I do not mean to suggest conscious planning,

or careful conspiracies; but, at the subliminal level, good monarchs are good at this. Elizabeth I was the Virgin Queen, Gloriana, the lover, bride of an emergent nationalist sensibility – she flirted with her parliaments, seduced her tax payers, was careful to avoid marriage to a foreigner and – well into raddled old age – surrounded herself with ardent and beautiful youths who were the symbol of the new virility of the small northern nation that would take on the might of old Catholic Europe and win. It worked.

The Hanoverians, however, had no ideas at all. They were not British, nor lovable, nor intelligent, nor industrious. They were flagrantly decadent and extremely expensive. When the young Queen Victoria came to the throne, in the context of a major social upheaval – the Industrial Revolution – the monarchy in Britain was at a very low ebb. However, she and her husband, Prince Albert, generated a brand new mythology. At the heart of the kingdom, and later of the empire, there was a cosy nook of domesticity.

The Queen was mother (mother to her and our future) in the shape of nine promising infants: she was mother of the nation, a “Queen of Hearts”. Using a remarkably astute mixture of bourgeois and biblical imagery, the “family” became a key term for unity in diversity, within the three kingdoms and soon within a world-wide, multi-cultural empire. It was a brilliant propaganda move and perfectly suited to the needs of its moment.

As “out there” gets industrialised and de-romanticised, the home with the mother serving the father and the children becomes a symbol of everything we have lost: “Home is where the heart is.” If the monarchy can represent that, then the monarch is where our national identity finds warmth and succour. It is not altogether surprising that despite wanting political influence and power for herself, Victoria had no time for this “mad, wicked folly of women’s rights”.

Unfortunately, this sort of myth does require some actuality. It worked well for Victoria and Albert, who obviously liked each other, and produced lots of children. In fact, however, there was never much substance to it: the royal family continued to cavort sexually; Mrs Keppel, Wallis Simpson, Camilla Parker-Bowles...

Moreover, as the 19th century progressed, women, who had been obliged to endure their

myth of childhood, and therefore of the monarch as the good parent, was actually not based on any lived experience.

Nonetheless, the myth did work well, if repressively. Duty and love became inextricably entangled. The monarchy’s duty to the subjects and the mother’s to her child came to be seen as parallel. It was a col-

If we want romance, we have to accept marital breakdown as part of the picture

more difficult marriages because of prejudicial laws and economic non-viability, began to establish a new independence. As direct discrimination began to be reduced, it had to be replaced with something else to bind them into the family, and the “needs of the children” seemed a plausible alternative. In fact, however, the Royals never paid much personal attention to their children – packing them off to the care of servants, nannies, governesses and, eventually, boarding school. The

lective myth, functioning – as monarchy necessarily does – in the interests of a class-based conservatism.

But it was necessarily a fragile edifice, because of course the Royal family could not really have a romantic hase. Romanticism was seen, certainly by Victoria herself and most of her class, as distinctly *déclassé* and vulgar. It was a social arrangement of mutual self-interest and, as such, it worked. Queen Alexandra inviting Mrs Keppel, Edward

VII’s mistress, to visit him on his final illness, is an example of everyone’s awareness of what was going on. It gained her sympathy, but in these more romantic times, it would have been a hopeless approach for the present Princess of Wales to emulate.

The first major crack in the mirror came fairly soon. In 1936, Edward VIII, newly declared King, fell in love with and wanted to marry Wallis Simpson, an American divorcee. Both Church and Court were appalled – divorce was deeply scandalous and profoundly immoral. The monarch could not love an immoral and scandalous woman, Edward, however, preferred romance to duty, and eventually, he abdicated.

The implications of his decision, in relation to the myth of royalty, were enormous. If the monarchy was the image of the family, then he damaged that icon twice over. He was not only marrying a divorced woman, he was also and simultaneously divorcing the “family” that was the nation and proclaiming a new sort of family, based not on

contract and productivity, but on romance and consumption – on what you could spend together rather than what you make and contribute together. If the monarch could act like this, so could anyone.

As a culture, we did. Between 1936 and 1981, romance became the principal, if not the only basis for marriage. Divorce became socially “normal”. Families grew smaller, and spending, rather than producing and reproducing, became their chief social function. Of course we were all happy when the Prince of Wales and his virgin bride kissed on the balcony – we wanted and needed them to be “in love”. But if we want romance, we have to accept marital breakdown as part of the package – because romantic love is necessarily more volatile and short-lived than self-interest.

I have no doubt at all that this divorce will damage the monarchy and, frankly, I do not care. But I am interested in how much it might damage the more central myth – the myth of the

nuclear family. The family is more or less dead on its feet. It is not the living experience of most of the people in this country. It is failing to do any of the things that are claimed for it: it is not protecting children, it is not securing women’s safety and dignity, it is not succouring the elderly and vulnerable and it is not “containing” sexuality. Even adult males, who may actually be getting something out of it (domestic service and access to the delights of paternity), are increasingly voting with their feet.

Yet we are so enmeshed in the myth that we are conspicuously failing to bring any investment or imagination to bear on what we need to do, or work towards. Instead, at last the Royal family have caught up with the rest of us: that mythic mirror is shattered. Will it set us free?

There is real distress among a wide variety of people about this divorce: perhaps we do not like having our myths so directly challenged. If the Prince and Princess of Wales, a middle-aged upper-class couple with no serious money or job or housing or fertility problems, cannot make “the family” work for them, then the writing is on the wall. And about time, too.

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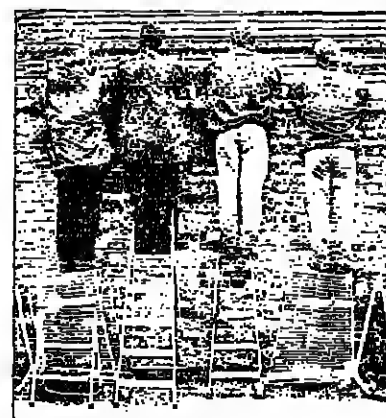
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Jo Brand's week

This week a zoo banned some visitors with learning difficulties because they were frightened that the visitors in question would upset the animals because of all the noise they were making. Oh dear, even the zoo seem to be heading back to the Victorian era, along with everything else. If we are looking for noisy groups, I suggest that children probably beat those with learning difficulties into a cocked hat as far as decibels go and there would be a tremendous uproar if that group was barred at the gate. I suspect the noise excuse was a bit of a smokescreen for good old-fashioned prejudice. Having worked with adults with learning difficulties myself 15 years ago, the major problems we, as staff, encountered when we were out were other peoples' prejudices. I thought things had changed ... obviously not.

Paul Gascoigne seems destined to spend his life lashing out at photographers who dog him determinedly as he tries to claw back some privacy for himself. He's been doing a bit of a Fred Flintstone on his honeymoon and threatening some poor five-foot-four little weedy snapper with a couple of rooks. I don't condone the behaviour but I totally understand it. These incorrigible creatures will do anything to get a picture regardless of how unwelcome their presence might be. The reason ... big bucks of course. The more intimate the picture they get, the more it pays, meaning that maximum distress to the subject will bring the greatest rewards. I have nothing like the hassle Gazza does and I find these guys (yes, they always are) boorish, obnoxious to emotion and thick-skinned, which may mean it doesn't hurt quite so much if you drop a rock on their heads.

Nice to see some cashing-in going on in the world of china, with the forthcoming royal divorce mugs. This could lead to a whole new line including royal affairs, royal faux pas and royal illnesses perhaps. Maybe a fish knife set to commemorate the Queen Mum's fishbone trauma. A spokesperson for the specialist china company said: "We didn't feel comfortable about doing it at first but it could do us some lovely business." Back to the paparazzi again.



Paparazzi: a lot of bearish behaviour

I often wonder whether any of these supposed religious miracles that pop up from time to time all over the world are anything other than the result of wishful thinking. I have never been to see one and until I do will continue to be sceptical, remaining very firmly in the Doubting Thomas group of non-believers. It seems a Rev in a small town in Australia has seen an image of the Virgin Mary on his church wall. He informed the congregation, who backed him to the hilt providing they "squinted and thought good thoughts". One wonders whether, for a change, one of these miracles could happen without the help of a Rev sort of egghead. Everyone in the



vicinity is flocking into the church. Maybe it's time for a few mugs to commemorate it, or a few mugs to admit they can't actually see anything.

There are some things in life that I am absolutely positive I will never do and one of them is the Pamplona bull run, in which a selection of athletic, over-confident or just plain stupid herbivores think they can outrun several tons of charging anguish. I've always thought it was a pity they didn't make the run compulsory for matadors and the like just to give the poor creatures a chance to get their own back. However, the organisers have seen fit, this year, to give the entrants some sound advice in a glossy brochure about how not to get skewered on the end of a horn. The brochure includes such gems as "Do not run towards the

hulls," sound advice maybe, but indicative perhaps of the underactive grey matter they are dealing with. This is perhaps best demonstrated by the fact that two women carrying young babies had to be hauled away from the start of the race last year. It is quite difficult to imagine what people like this might be thinking of and maybe a brochure with sound advice isn't enough ... perhaps a hundred hokes with loud tailors shouting "Go Home!" might be the ticket.

Another person who will never get into the starting blocks at Pamplona is a Mr Eshbranko, an American weighing in at 40 stone, having just knocked off 30 more in hospital in Brooklyn. He achieved this weight loss in two months, something weightwatchers desperados can only dream of. Poor old Mr Eshbranko was being semi-demolished to get him out, on a trailer normally used to transport small whales. This is indeed the stuff that schoolboy bnmour is made of and certainly some imagery that the delightful Mr G Bushell may well use in the future to describe my scales-frightening mass. Perhaps one thing to remember is that inside that huge monster of a man is a humiliated human being.



Pamplona: a lot of bullish behaviour

هكذا من الاصل

the commentators

Camels in the Cotswolds

Anthony Scrivener QC, leading lawyer, on the perils of a townie in the country

"May I have a word with you?" said the gardener. "Alone". I quickly followed him to a secluded clearing in the rhododendron bushes. He dropped his voice and glanced around him. "There is something nasty in the woodshed. I thought you ought to know." He nodded his head several times and I found myself doing the same. I asked him profusely and I made my way back to the house. I was certain of one thing: I would not be telling anyone else about the woodshed or the nasty thing in it. Since we townies had found a place in the country, we had already suffered a series of pleasant surprises and I did not intend to add to them. I took to walking around the woodshed in a casual manner, carrying a rake in the fashion of a caber for it is tossed. As the days went by I grew bolder and actually entered the woodshed with the raised rake and a pitchfork. I saw nothing. It was another rural mystery. Ever since we got the country place we wanted was to merge into the rural community. I took to tying up around my muddy trousers at below the knee and carried a tall stick with a groove for my thumb at a top. I admit to having some success. The country barber said as I sat in the air "farming?" and I nodded. I did admit that my farming was limited to light weeding and walking with the dog. My enthusiasm was not even impeded when, after sniffing and jipping for a while, the barber asked "What's the dog?" Obviously, if you wish to melt into the environment some basic country knowledge is essential. A small bird took for quick identification is invaluable although bird identification can be very frustrating. The birds in our garden bear no resemblance to the photographs in the bird book. All of ours seem to be what the book calls "various". Instead of having a black breast and a yellow beak, ours have yellow chests and black beaks or even red tips. They do not appear to be regular models at all. Collective identification of birds is very acrimonious. It is quite impossible to agree on whether the thing is an eagle or a redwing as they fly about. The only certainty of securing an identification is to shoot the thing and then examine it deceased on a newspaper on the chen table with the bird book alongside. Such a procedure, however, would



Anthony Scrivener QC and his wife Ying: camels are the least of their problems

Photograph: David Rose

be considered bad form in the country. Visiting the country even has a disastrous effect on the cats. As town cats they live a civilised life watching the TV from the most comfortable chair or bed and ripping up the upholstery. As soon as the cat basket is opened in the country they change character. As I grope my way to the bathroom during the night I invariably trip over a mountain of mice which has been steadily accumulating since dusk. There is nothing like the feel of dead-damp mice to wake you up. Of course the locals take advantage of us townies. We have a couple of fields that apparently are called "paddock" in the country. When the

local lady asked if she could stick some animals in the paddocks to keep the grass down we naturally agreed. We expected to have a dozen or so of those nice black and white patterned cows grazing peacefully. How could we have anticipated that she would put camels there! That was bad enough but what is worse was that one of the camels is in a most appalling moulting with splayed legs and dangling clumps of fur and skin. Someone who had been to Africa said that the camel was in "musk" which sounds an extremely unpleasant thing to be in. As the locals say, camels are quite unsuitable for the Cotswolds. Who but a townie

would have introduced them? We had got used to the odd black rubbish bag moving about on its own and we took on board what the man from the council said: namely, that no one is ever more than two feet from a rat. But the secret of the woodshed still came as a shock. As she ate her third bowl of cornflakes the Godchild said, "there's a snake in the woodshed." This remark had a suitably devastating effect on the other townie breakfasters. After the gasps and muffled screams had died away, suggestions were made to rid us of the "problem". They varied from burning down the shed in a "controlled fire" to notifying the local council.

The British have a blind faith in the local council, they believe that rat-catching, wasp-nest moving, bats in the belfry and nasty things in the woodshed can all be left to the council. Meanwhile the nature book was produced - back to identification. I knew from my bird-watching that identification would not be easy. "It is easy," my wife Ying said, "although the colours are the same, the grass snake has got round eyes but an adder has horizontal eyes vertically." "Good," I said "then it should be easy." Meanwhile, we have given up using the woodshed and we are quite prepared to vacate the barn and garage if necessary.

DAVID AARONOVITCH



Getting the hump

I'm sorry, but the new cartoon version of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* contains a plot-line that is simply not credible; one which is not going to be easy to explain to my two impressionable young daughters. Magic lamps and dragons are accepted without demur. They are fantasy. But in this latest movie the beautiful gypsy, Esmeralda, winds up doing something quite realistic (marrying), not doing it with a most unlikely man, namely Phoebus the equally beautiful captain of the guard. But Rosa and Lily are well aware, from observing the universe around them, that Esmeralda would have been much more likely to walk down the aisle with Quasimodo (or, possibly, swing above it). Sure, E. might have imagined a teenage fling with young Phoebus, possibly even have hung tapestries depicting his many graces on the wall of her caravan. In the end, however, it would have been the devoted hunchback who got to mumble "I do" and lift the veil for a kopsided and toothy snog.

The truth is that, while women want to be the mothers of beautiful men, they rarely want to marry them. That is why lovely women are so often to be seen upon the arms of dreadful-looking chaps. The usual explanation given for this phenomenon is the hackneyed "Power, the ultimate aphrodisiac". So Antonia de Sancta had it off with David Mellor because of his massive aura.

But I do not entirely buy this argument. For a start many of the plug-uglies that reasonable-looking girls hitch themselves to are not powerful or hugely wealthy. Instead they tend to be steady, faithful, warm and (occasionally) witty. They have not been spoiled by doting mothers and aunts running hands through their golden ringlets, but know that - when it comes to women - they have to work to do.

As we know, men's romanticism is fuelled by immediate and very concrete images. An eyelash on a perfectly formed cheek, a tilt-tipped nose, a sinuous twist of shapely hips to send the skirt sliding to the ... (calm down for heaven's sake, Aaronovitch!). And it is dissipated by an unexpected roll of fat, a couple of zits, or greasy

hair. It is about now, this moment, this instant. But girls, from their earliest days - when their hugely superior appreciation of the social world and of relationships begins to develop - start a fine and continuous calculation about the matability of the males around them. No office is complete without a covey of young ladies drawing up and discussing lists of where in the pecking order their unwitting male colleagues are thought to stand. I have several times witnessed (and shared) the horror and disbelief felt by these men when such lists are discovered and analysed.

So when Rebecca or Emma

Women want to be the mothers of beautiful men; they rarely want to marry them

appear in church on the arm of a donkey in a tuxedo it is important to realise that they are not the victim of some fatal whim. In their heads they carry a mental photograph album, full of pictures of a balding, comfortable hubby dandling children responsibly on his knee, hubby cooking the Sunday lunch, hubby painting the window-frames in the newly acquired weekend cottage.

So it would have been with Esmeralda and Quasimodo. She'll have realised the potential of his unique ability to get from the top to the bottom of a cathedral in four hops; gargoyles vaulting would have been a handy talent in the 15th century. Quasi's Quick Deliveries, by using the rooftops of medieval Paris, rather than negotiating the cut-purse infested, rubbish-strewn and ordure-streaming streets, could have made a fortune. Esmeralda would surely have recognised this, and eventually become the Anita Roddick of the Reformation.

His personal qualities, too, would have been attractive. After all, if you can make friends with animated gargoyles, you're likely to be great with toddlers. Oh, and last but not least, what about all that humping?

Irish despair at British cowardice

Caving in to the Unionists has prejudiced peace plans, says Garret FitzGerald

Week No one in Britain should misinterpret the Irish government's strong reaction to Thursday's decision to allow an orange march through Garvaghy Road, a Catholic area of Portadown, County Armagh. This reaction is an atavistic nationalist response to the fact that the Unionists eventually triumphed, it is a reaction to what seems to me to be a rupture between Irish and British political attitudes to violence and threats of violence. For more than 50 years, Irish governments of all complexions have seen the view that the security of the state requires that violence be resisted and faced down; that intimidation and threats must never be yielded; and, in a related policy, that the state should never negotiate with terrorists unless and until they propose to bring their violence to an end. Decade after decade, successive Irish governments have watched with regret as one British government or another keeps alive bitterness and bigotry in Northern Ireland by giving in to threats, violence and intimidation. I might also add that it encouraged the IRA throughout the Seventies to continue its violence by negotiating with them in the absence of any commitment to end their terror campaign. Let me justify these statements. Contact with the IRA was ruled out by successive Irish governments throughout the Seventies and Eighties. The IRA and the Sinn Féin press were banned from radio and television. Special jury trials that could not be intimidated by used to try terrorist suspects. Hunger strike demands were resisted with a consistency that assured that such strikes were always abandoned without loss of life. We in Ireland believe that these policies, together with the encouragement that the Anglo-Irish Agreement in 1985 gave to Northern nationalists support constitutional politics



Ulster in flames: British governments have kept violence and bigotry alive by giving in to threats

rather than IRA terrorism, made a major contribution to the IRA's decision two years ago in favour of a ceasefire that would permit peace negotiations to take place. By contrast, throughout the Seventies we were deeply depressed - indeed at times infuriated - by the encouragement that the IRA received from successive British governments, who kept alive IRA hopes of a British withdrawal through their persistent political and official contacts with that organisation at a time when the IRA were clearly not ready to abandon their campaign. Thus in 1971, Harold Wilson, then Opposition leader, came to Dublin, ostensibly to meet the Irish government and opposition. In fact, he came to meet IRA leaders behind our backs at a time when Irish police were being murdered by terrorists. A year later, William Whitelaw gave the IRA leadership further encouragement by inviting them to London for talks. Three years later, a Labour government authorised talks with Sinn Féin, while at the same time their Northern Ireland Secretary, Merlyn Rees, was refusing month after month to meet the democratically elected government of our state.

Such was our concern, and indeed alarm, about those secret discussions and about the duplicity of the British government in what they told us about those talks, that as Foreign Minister I felt it necessary to inform the US Secretary of State, Henry Kissinger, of the dangers that this British government collaboration with the IRA might pose for the security of the Irish state, and indeed for

We were infuriated by the way British governments encouraged the IRA

the whole of Ireland. Again, in 1981, when representatives of the Irish Catholic hierarchy had negotiated with IRA prisoners to end their hunger strike without conceding IRA demands, that settlement was sabotaged by a direct approach to the IRA from London. This cut right across what had been worked out with the British representatives in Belfast, and as a result the hunger strikes continued, more prisoners

died, and the IRA received a huge boost in support, which lasted for a number of years. The other side of this coin is the manner in which successive British governments have repeatedly caved in to Unionist pressure or intimidation. This process started in 1922. Then, in the face of threats of resignation by the Unionist Prime Minister, Sir James Craig, the British government both backed off the establishment of an inquiry into the pogrom that had cost the lives of 380 Catholics and dropped its objections to the abolition of proportional representation for local elections. As one historian has written of these two climbdowns: "It was to be almost 50 years before the British government made any serious attempt to intervene with the Ulster government on behalf of the Catholic minority. By then it was too late." The roots of the subsequent explosion of nationalist discontent in 1968-1970 had been well planted. In 1974, a British Labour government caved into the loyalist workers' strike, allowing the power-sharing executive established by the Sunningdale Agreement to founder. They thus opened the way to a fur-

ther 22 years of unrest and inter-community violence.

Yesterday's decision to cave in once again to Unionist violence opens up the prospect of a further indefinite period of unrest, and seriously prejudices the already delicate process of peace negotiations.

The excuse given by the Secretary of State that the reversal of the RUC's decision was justified by a change in the "balance" of the situation was a polite way of saying that whoever poses the biggest threat will be allowed to win. It is difficult to conceive of a more dangerous overt encouragement to the IRA to resume their campaign of terror. It is impossible to believe that in Britain itself the threat of mob violence would have been allowed to prevail in similar circumstances.

I cannot help wondering how Sir Patrick Mayhew expects the nationalist population of the North to react to his BBC TV comment on Thursday that Cardinal Daly should reflect on the consequences for the Catholic population of Portadown if the march had not been allowed through. Such a public declaration of the inability - or unwillingness - of a sovereign government to protect its citizens from mob violence is surely unprecedented in a modern European democracy.

It is not easy for a government by a single act to abdicate its own moral authority, undermine confidence in the police, insult church leaders of four principal faiths, and boost the acceptability of a terrorist organisation. But last Thursday, a British government managed at one fell swoop to do all four.

Just what the consequences of this may be it is impossible to tell. But when a government abandons the rule of law in favour of the rule of the mob, one must be very fearful of the long-term consequences.

Dr FitzGerald is a former Prime Minister of the Republic of Ireland and was an architect of the Anglo-Irish Agreement.

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Forget Agincourt, this besieged French supermarket group needs the English

Docks de France is prepared to seek a bid from Sainsbury's or Tesco

MARY DEJEVSKY
Paris

The French supermarket and distribution group, Docks de France, yesterday gave its clearest signal yet that it is on the verge of welcoming a takeover bid from a British company to fend off a hostile offer from its rival French group, Auchan.

There is strong speculation in France and the UK that Tesco, which is led by Sir Ian MacLaurin, is in the throes of preparing a takeover move. The name of Sainsbury's, arch rival to Tesco and headed by David Sainsbury, has also featured in the rumours.

Michel Deroy, the Docks group chairman whose family is the largest single shareholder, said yesterday that all possibilities were open. He advised shareholders against hurrying to accept the hostile £2bn takeover bid launched by the French hypermarket giant, Auchan, three weeks ago.

Mr Deroy said he took exception to the way Auchan – a long-standing rival which has acquired a 17 per cent stake in Docks in recent weeks – was playing “the patriotic card” as it tried to win over Docks shareholders.

“Auchan has given people to believe that foreigners are tantamount to the devil in an attempt to strengthen its own claim to be flying to our rescue

and protecting us,” he said. “But,” he continued, “I’m not one of those people who relive the battle of Agincourt every day. I am above all an open-minded European.”

His comments are a striking departure from commonly met attitudes in French business where foreign firms, particularly from Britain, are viewed in a dis-favourable light.

Talks are believed to have taken place already with Tesco, though Mr Deroy would only confirm that he wanted “a partner of our choosing”. He also declined to comment on whether another French company, Casino, might be interested. Tesco and Sainsbury's also both declined to comment on the situation yesterday.

Auchan, which launched its hostile bid last week, is engaged in an aggressive advertising campaign to promote its offer of 1,250 francs a share and Docks shareholders have until 30 July to decide.

Mr Deroy has made no secret of his objections to the Auchan bid, which appear to be partly personal and a product of the long-standing rivalry between the two companies, and partly a reflection of his concern that Docks de France remains a separate and distinctive entity.

Yesterday, he said: “We do not see how Docks de France and Auchan could live together. Everything sets them apart:



No longer into the breach: Retailers across the Channel do not want “every day to relive the Battle of Agincourt”, as re-enacted by Kenneth Branagh in the film “Henry V” (left). Instead, they are keen to ally themselves with British supermarket chiefs such as Sir Ian MacLaurin (right) and David Sainsbury

their culture, their business... Our two firms are as complementary as fire and water, black and white,” Auchan, he added, represented “capitalism pure and harsh”, while Docks was “family-style capitalism”.

Docks de France has an annual turnover of FF6.7bn (£5.85bn) and employs almost 30,000 people in France. It owns the Mammoth chain of 75 hypermarkets in France, 264 supermarkets, including the

Atac chain, and 730 smaller shops. It also has supermarkets in Spain and a chain of 50 convenience stores in the United States.

The Deroy family is one of three families that together own the 26 per cent controlling share. Companies, including Auchan, account for a further 21 per cent, with 53 per cent in public hands. The French finance ministry had already asked the Council on competi-

tiveness – the equivalent of the Monopolies and Mergers Commission – to consider the implications of the Auchan stake in Docks de France, but it will not report for six months.

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Trinity emerges as rival to STV

MATHEW HORSMAN
Media Editor

Trinity International Holdings, the regional newspaper group, yesterday emerged as the rival bidder for Caledonian Publishing, owner of the *Glasgow Herald*, which confirmed this week it had held merger talks with Scottish Television.

According to sources close to the situation, Trinity, which last year bought the Thomson regional newspapers south of the border, is eager to expand further, and has been eyeing the Scottish titles for a considerable time.

Caledonian had originally planned a flotation, which was postponed on Thursday to allow the company to consider the two bids.

It is believed the current management of Caledonian would prefer to remain independent, but investment bank Fleming, which owns 57 per cent, is eager to exit.

It is also understood that STV is willing to pay £120m in cash, which Fleming had been eager to ensure.

STV's 20 per cent shareholder, Mirror Group, publishes the *Daily Record* and the *Mail*, and is believed to be prepared to co-operate with Caledonian on printing, administration and back-office activities in the event that STV's bid for Caledonian succeeds. Mirror Group, which also owns 46 per cent of the *Independent*, is a champion of the “collegiate” approach to publishing.

But sources at STV argued yesterday that a merger of STV and Caledonian would make sense even without the link to the Mirror Group. Caledonian's advertising is roughly 90 per cent local and 10 per cent national, while STV's split is approximately the reverse. Sources close to the negotiations said last night that Caledonian and STV had been in discussions since April, even as the publisher was preparing its flotation.

That “dual track” approach was abandoned when it became apparent that the flotation would not generate as high an exit price as Fleming had been hoping.

It is expected that the discussions with the two bidders will continue for the better part of two weeks. Analysts predicted STV would win the race, with one saying: “Scottish is clearly the leading contender.”

Separately, it emerged yesterday that Flextech, which also holds 20 per cent of STV, could offer shares to Pearson in exchange for Pearson's minority holding in Flextech's UK Gold and UK Living cable channels. The deal is believed to be similar to one being discussed with Flextech's other commercial shareholder, Cox Communications.

High court orders £18.4m pension bill for Hillsdown

NIC CICUTTI

Hillsdown Holdings, the Typhoo tea-to-Hartley's jam conglomerate, must pay back £18.4m plus interest unlawfully taken from one of its pension funds, the High Court ruled yesterday.

Mr Justice Knox's ruling backs a similar finding by the Pensions Ombudsman last year, which Hillsdown had tried to challenge in court.

Legal experts said last night that the legal decision gave greater weight to the Ombudsman, Dr Julian Farrand, in future decisions over pension schemes, which control billions of pounds of employers' and employees' funds.

The ruling strengthens the rights of employees and pensioners, for whom the only avenue of protest against decisions taken by company pension schemes is through the Ombudsman.

The case follows Hillsdown's takeover in 1983 of Faststock Marketing Corporation (FMC), a small food company, whose pension scheme had a large surplus.

Although the rules of the fund included restrictions preventing trustees paying any surplus to FMC, Hillsdown devised a series of transactions in an attempt to overcome them.

Hillsdown persuaded the trustees to transfer the members and assets to its own pension plan, the HF scheme.

Just £1.3m of the surplus of more than £20m was used to improve benefits for FMC pensioners, after which the HF scheme rules were amended to allow the £18.4m surplus to be paid to Hillsdown, minus 40 per cent tax.

Hillsdown, which in the process enhanced the benefits to the FMC scheme members,

honestly believed itself to be entitled to what it did. But Mr Justice Knox said the company was still “unjustly enriched”.

The judge said members of the pension scheme were never told exactly what would happen to their money. Pension fund members were told of the merger but not about the payments to Hillsdown. When they eventually found out many years later, two individual pensioners appealed to the Pensions Ombudsman. Dr Farrand ruled in October 1995 that the FMC trustees acted in breach of trust and Hillsdown had breached their duty of good faith.

During the High Court hearing, David Oliver QC, for Hillsdown, challenged the Ombudsman's decision in the High Court and claimed the company had acted honestly.

But Mr Justice Knox said yesterday: “In my view one only has to compare the position of Hillsdown who successfully wielded a big but misguided stick with that of the members of the FMC scheme, who were never told anything... to see which way the scales of justice fall.”

Dates must still be set for more hearings to determine how pensioners are to be compensated.

David Parkin, a partner at Paines & Co, solicitors to the Pensions Ombudsman, said after the hearing: “The Hillsdown appeal shows that an individual pension scheme member, or a small group of members, can effectively bring a test case to the Pensions Ombudsman on behalf of all the members.”

A Hillsdown spokesman said: “The key thing is that [the judge] said that any remedy should be proportionate to the injustice suffered.”

Premiums to rise after IRA bomb costs £400m

NIC CICUTTI

The IRA bomb blast in Manchester city centre last month looks set to cost up to £400m, according to the Chartered Institute of Loss Adjusters yesterday, twice the amount some estimates gave shortly after the explosion.

The likely scale of claims is certain to push up terrorism insurance premiums for thousands of businesses throughout the UK next year.

Those who already have cover are already having to meet an additional levy of about two-thirds the premiums they have already paid. The 40 per cent discount they received on their policies only applied as long as total claims on Pool Re, the Government-backed insurer of last resort, did not exceed £75m this year.

In Manchester, the institute said the scale of individual insurance claims so far assessed by its members ranged between £25,000 for small units to more than £60m for one store, believed to be a Marks & Spencer, close to where the blast took place. A substantial proportion of total claims were likely to be related to business interruption rather than damage from the bomb explosion itself.

A spokesman from the institute said: “There are still many imponderables to be resolved, such as what happens to the Arndale Centre, [the shopping mall] which was badly damaged by the blast but not completely destroyed. The owners will have to decide what to do with it before the extent of all claims can be fully calculated.”

Speaking about the Arndale Centre Philip Heron, Northern regional manager for Thomas Howell Group, a leading firm of assessors, said: “The cost of rebuilding the centre from scratch would probably be in the region of £360m by itself.”

The Manchester blast is seen by some experts as unique in that, unlike the Isle of Dogs bomb earlier this year and the two City explosions in 1992 and 1993, it affected mainly retail shopping facilities rather than offices.

Although it is possible to minimise business interruption claims relating to offices, simply by relocating staff, this is less likely for retail units, leading to higher insurance payouts.

A further problem comes from the heavy under-insurance in the wake of the IRA ceasefire in 1994. At Canary Wharf, which suffered damages of up to £150m, up to one third of businesses had no terrorism insurance, leaving them to meet all costs over £100,000.

A spokesman for the Association of British Insurers, the industry trade body, said it would not be possible to give an indication of the extent of under-insurance in Manchester for security reasons.

British Energy proceeds slip further

PETER RODGERS
AND JOHN WILLCOCK

The Government's proceeds from the sale of the nuclear industry slipped further last night, as sources close to the company denied that the disappointing outcome was a result of City reaction to the unexpected closure of two reactors on Tuesday night.

BZW, the investment bank handling the sale of British Energy, is likely to value the shares on a fully paid basis between 200 and 210p rather than the range of up to 230p expected a few weeks ago, valuing the company at only £1.4bn.

The latest estimates are a slipage of £100m even from mid-

week expectations and are at the lower end of the £1.2bn-£1.9bn valuation put on the company in the prospectus.

But vigorous efforts were being made to distance the slipage in the likely price from the reactor closures. The reduction in the expectations of the government's advisers was said to be a result of further analysis of the detailed make up of the offers, 95 per cent of which lie within the 200p to 230p price range.

The cover – the total value of the offers as a multiple of the value of shares available – is not thought to have fallen in recent days.

But City sources suggested that some highly respected in-

stitutions that British Energy would like to have on its share register made offers at the lower end of the range, and to include them means accepting a slightly lower price.

A “grey market” in British Energy shares quoted by the financial bookmaker IG Index yesterday put the shares at 105p, compared with a first instalment to be paid by private investors of 100p and for institutions 105p. Earlier in the week the IG Index priced the shares 10p higher.

The announcement of the reactor closures on Wednesday two hours after the public share offer closed led to accusations by the Labour Party of “organised deceit”.

Tim Eggar, the energy minister, yesterday strongly rejected the accusations and said the shutdowns were “a tremendous tribute to the importance the nuclear industry attaches to safety”.

The surprise closure of one reactor each at Hunterston B in Scotland and Hinkley Point B in Somerset brought each of the twin reactor stations to a standstill. A reactor had already been closed at each station in a search for defective welds.

Analysts said the closures highlighted the volatility of British Energy's profits, which are closely related to output. BZW has published estimates showing a five percentage point variation in annual output from

the company's eight power stations knocks about £700m off its value. “British Energy only makes money when the plants are running,” said one analyst.

Another factor affecting profits will be the “pool” price for wholesale electricity, where a 0.1p movement triggers a £61m hit in profits before tax, according to Nigel Hawkins, analyst at Yemaichi.

But the Government has offset the risks with an attractive dividend policy, kicking off with a guaranteed 15.7p payout ahead of the second payment for shares, due in September 1997.

Labour is already committed to a windfall tax on utilities in its first year of office.



Tim Eggar: Rejected Labour claims of ‘organised deceit’

Rank announces shake-up plans after resignation

JOHN WILLCOCK

Rank Organisation's new chief executive Andrew Teare was yesterday forced into making a premature announcement about a pending radical shake-up at the leisure group.

The company had to act after Angus Crichton-Miller resigned as a director, after he disputed the board's decision to sell Shearings, the coach holidays company, and declared an interest in buying the business.

Leisure analysts at City stock-broking firms expect Shearings, which has 30 hotels and 320 coaches, to attract bids in excess of £75m.

Rank said that it did not intend to unveil Mr Teare's radical strategic overhaul until the interim results statement, due on 8 August, but that Mr Crichton-Miller's expression of interest pre-empted the announcement. Rank is the UK's largest leisure company with diverse interests spanning bingo clubs and Butlins holiday camps, and is valued by the stock market at almost £4bn.

Mr Teare said yesterday: “This announcement was only made because Mr Crichton-Miller announced an interest and therefore had to resign because of a potential conflict of interest. We will tell the market more about our plans in

August. Our strategic review will look at the portfolio in the round and will be a very thorough review.”

Shearings' net assets were £31m at end-December, but the purchase price is more likely to be determined on an earnings formula, analysts said. The unit's strong cash flow could push the price above £75m, they added.

Last year, Shearings had operating profits of £8m on sales of just over £100m. The holiday division as a whole also includes Butlin's and Haven, and the division's profits have had a bumpy ride. Five years ago it made £64m, but then fell to a £44m profit a year later. It bounced back to £63m last year but is viewed as a drag on the group.

Mr Crichton-Miller, 57, has been with Rank for 14 years. He may not be the only party interested in bidding for Shearings, however. Analysts said that Barr & Wallace Arnold has a near identical business, and other leisure companies may also throw their hats in the ring.

Mr Teare joined Rank from English China Clays in April. So far he has bought out the remaining stake in Hard Rock Cafe for £27m. Analysts expect him to slim down the sprawling Rank group, with Strand Lighting and the precision instruments business both likely to go.

STOCK MARKETS

The figure consists of three line graphs, each representing a different stock market index. The x-axis for all graphs represents months from March (M) to February (F). The y-axis represents the index value.

- FTSE 100:** The index starts at approximately 2600 in March, rises to a peak of about 2720 in November, and then declines to around 2680 by February.
- Dow Jones:** The index starts at approximately 5400 in March, rises to a peak of about 5650 in November, and then declines to around 5450 by February.
- Nikkei:** The index starts at approximately 21000 in March, rises to a peak of about 22000 in November, and then declines to around 21500 by February.

*Data from March to February 1998

(FTSE 100 Index Value)

Indices

	Index	Close	Day's change	Change(%)	1996 High	1996 Low	Yield(%)
FTSE 100	3729.30	-20.70	-0.6	3867.10	3839.50	4.08	
FTSE 250	4316.90	-27.30	-0.6	4559.80	4013.30	3.45	
FTSE 350	1874.20	-10.70	-0.6	1945.40	1816.60	3.45	
FT Small Cap	2147.77	-12.42	-0.6	2244.36	1954.06	3.05	
FT All Share	1856.40	-10.62	-0.6	1924.17	1781.95	3.87	
New York *	5491.73	-111.92	-2.0	5778.00	5403.94	3.22	
Tokyo	21656.45	-236.13	-1.1	22666.80	19735.70	0.732	
Hong Kong	10802.68	-118.67	-1.1	11594.99	10204.87	3.381	
Frankfurt	2544.26	-31.28	-1.2	2583.49	2233.36	1.521	

Source: FT Financial Press

Cross-channel detente defeats a distant memory

COMMENT

Michel Deroy sounds like the City's kind of man. Well almost, anyway. To the chairman of Docks de France, even the English are preferable to Auchan, his main French supermarket rival. Auchan is trying to take him over; Monsieur Deroy is determined it should not and is even prepared to countenance a white knight bid from England to stop the opposition getting a look in. Why, perhaps we are actually going to get a takeover battle. Sounds almost Anglo-Saxon. Which is what Auchan, desperately trying to play the patriotic card, would like Docks de France shareholders to believe. Keep France free of Les Ros Bifs, is its campaign slogan.

To Monsieur Deroy, Agincourt is apparently no more than a dim and distant memory, unlike the rest of us who thought it part of fifteenth century history. But there you are; victory is more easily forgotten than defeat. "We are all Europeans now," he said yesterday in an interview which stopped only just short of begging Tesco or Sainsbury to enter the fray. By French standards this is quite an admission. Normally things are arranged to keep French companies French. But perhaps things are changing. Docks de France seems to regard Auchan as the devil incarnate. They'll come in and close us down, seems to be the general view, while the English might actually invest in us.

Whether Tesco's or Sainsbury's thinks it worth the £2.5bn candle remains to be seen. Of the two, Tesco has the more credible

overseas strategy. It already has a successful, though relatively small presence in France. But for choice it would rather go for the underdeveloped markets of the more prosperous Eastern European countries (Czechoslovakia and Hungary) to the already overcrowded planes of the Franco-German tundra. Docks de France is also quite a bite even for Tesco, and could require a rights issue.

Nonetheless this is a rare opportunity to take a quantum leap into the Continental supermarket business. Now what was that about Agincourt. As Henry V would say: "Gentlemen in England, now a-bed, Shall think themselves accursed they were not here. And hold their manhoods cheap while any speaks. That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day." Eat your heart out Auchan. Here we come.

Just because the majority of Lloyds members vote in favour of the reconstruction and renewal plan, as they are expected to at Monday's annual meeting in the Royal Festival Hall, doesn't mean the Lloyds story will go away.

A number of rebel leaders and their supporters will continue to hold out in the hills, determined to pursue the Lloyd's market for fraud, refusing either to accept the rescue deal or to pay what Lloyd's claims they owe. As American names proved, being bloody minded can pay. By getting US securities

regulators to put Lloyd's over a barrel, they managed to squeeze an extra £40m out of the market over and above what everyone else is getting.

There is still room for the apple cart to be upset. Technically members will be voting on Monday only for a resolution in favour of their own direct £440m contribution to the rescue, not the whole plan. The voting process as a whole lasts six weeks, culminating in a postal poll of all the members. David Rowland, chairman, must carry a convincing majority in the final vote, and that means a lot more than 51 per cent. Even so, to all intents and purposes, the war looks now to be largely over. Lloyd's can at last begin to think about what sort of business it wants to be.

The answer, surprisingly to those who have predicted that unlimited liability will disappear and that the market will be taken over entirely by corporate investors, is that some of the old flavour of Lloyd's may well be preserved. This does not mean, God forbid, a reappearance of the ignorant underwriting hoolies from the C-stream. But it does mean there is a willingness among richer names to continue. Lloyd's was never meant for the poorer types who mortgaged themselves up to the hilt to join the club in the crazy 1980s. And while we are perhaps still a long way from the days when being a member of Lloyd's really meant something on the Côte d'Azur, there is a renewed sense of self confidence in the market.

After £8bn of losses, however, even the rich may want some additional safeguards. Lloyd's is already experimenting with new forms of individual membership that limit liability. It must also hand over regulation to an outside body, preferably the Securities and Investments Board, as soon as the law can be changed to allow it. All the same, David Rowland deserves some applause when he stands up to address names on Monday. Not that he will get it. His achievement in bringing Lloyd's back from the brink is nonetheless a remarkable one.

Media types have been anxiously awaiting the Office of Fair Trading's findings on the pay-TV market for nearly two weeks now. Yet no white smoke has appeared over the headquarters of John Bridgeman's lair.

Why is it taking so long to announce the results of a six-month inquiry, which sources confirm has been completed? This is not a frivolous question, for there are many commercial interests at stake here. First and foremost, the pay-TV giant BSkyB is truly worried for the first time about government interference in what has been a nice little, rather big, earner for Rupert Murdoch. Sky soars above all the other players in the pay-TV market: it has the bulk of the satellite transponders, the dominant conditional access system, the best programming. As a result it has been able to dictate terms to

the cable industry, which is desperate for programming to help drive subscriptions.

The OFT has tried, half-heartedly in the past, to correct the balance between the cable industry and BSkyB. But none of the informal undertakings agreed has satisfied cable operators, who pressed the OFT for months before Mr Bridgeman, then newly arrived, agreed to launch a proper investigation.

The worry, now, is that he has lost his bottle. Lobbying efforts by cable operators have been more than matched by the well-paid, persuasive legal experts at BSkyB, who may now have convinced Mr Bridgeman to water down his initial remedies.

There is also some speculation that he will do nothing at all. Since the Government did nothing in the Broadcasting Bill to control Mr Murdoch, why should the OFT bother? And after all, the cable industry is still growing, and will soon have the market power to extract far more lucrative terms for the purchase of transmission rights from BSkyB.

£25m top up for Lloyd's rescue plan from agents

PETER RODGERS
Financial Editor

Lloyd's of London has squeezed another £25m out of agents towards the market's recovery plan, about half the amount David Rowland, the chairman, had asked them for as a top up to their £200m contribution.

The money was wanted to help pay for pensions to the hardest hit names who have been wiped out by their losses, which in many cases have forced them to sell their houses and all their assets.

But the extra sum to be contributed by the agents is only half the £50m Mr Rowland had asked for.

The agents resisted his demands by claiming they were already contributing nearer £200m than £200m, after a £64m adjustment for the way profit commission was calculated and a further separate donation they were making of £20m.

The extra cash from the agents emerged 24 hours after Lloyd's signed an outline deal with US securities regulators to top up the value of the rescue package for US names by £40m. Earlier, Lloyd's said it expected

to make almost £3bn profit in the three years to the end of 1995, almost as much as the value of the £3.1bn rescue package which members are to debate on Monday at the annual meeting in the Royal Festival Hall.

The Lloyd's predictions include confirmation of a £1.1bn profit for 1993, the latest completed year, the first time the market had been in the black after five years of losses totalling £8bn. The 1993 profit is after deducting members' personal expenses and a proposed special contribution on which they are to vote on Monday.

For 1994, Lloyd's expects £1bn profit and for 1995 £882m, a lower figure as the decline in insurance rates bites.

Mr Rowland said he expected only a small decline in the number of individual names next year once the rescue goes through and he made clear they would be much more like the members of the 1960s and 1970s, who were richer and more able to withstand financial shocks than many of those who arrived in the 1980s. Lloyd's has just under 13,000 individual names now.

Mr Rowland also made it clear he would be prepared to



David Rowland: "If this fails there isn't some magic deal waiting around the corner"

resign if members voted against contributing £440m to the rescue at the annual meeting on Monday, though he retreated from an earlier offer of the cuff threat to "head for the hills" immediately if he lost.

Mr Rowland said: "If it does fail, we do not instantly drop the sense of duty we have to the market, but certainly I and the Council would discuss the options with the regulators."

"However, instant resignations and chaos in the market would not necessarily lead to the best outcome. I and my colleagues could possibly continue to give some aid, in whatever form that may be," he added, though he made clear he would be prepared to resign if asked.

"If this fails there isn't some magic deal waiting around the corner. There is not an alternative scenario," he said.

Responding to threats of legal actions by members against Lloyd's for fraud, Mr Rowland said: "I think on Monday it will be demonstrated that people crying fraud will be a very small minority."

Meanwhile, the first Lloyd's auction of capacity this year was heavily oversubscribed, and it is expected that almost all capacity will change hands by the new auction system in 1996.

Glaxo riding high on Aids research

THE INVESTMENT COLUMN

EDITED BY MAGNUS GRIMOND

The two ends of the pharmaceutical sector have been moving in different directions this week. While share prices of the biotech stocks have been falling out of bed on signs of indigestion at a flood of new paper hitting the market, Glaxo Wellcome, the industry's giant, has been on a wave of euphoria due to its anti-Aids drugs. This reversal of recent fortunes will confirm the scepticism of many investors about biotechnology after its storming rise at the turn of the year. It could also mark the start of a new phase of Glaxo's rehabilitation in the eyes of the stock market as the shadow of the Zantac patent expiry lifts.

Fears for Zantac, the anti-ulcer drug which formed the basis of Glaxo's phenomenal growth in the 1980s, hit the share price earlier this year. The patent on that drug runs out next July, a date that is becoming uncomfortably close, as a court ruling against Glaxo reminded everyone last weekend. In normal circumstances, the successful patent challenge by Novartis, a small Canadian group, to the so-called form 1 version of Zantac should have hit Glaxo's shares by around 50p. As it turned out, they ended the week 18p down at 876p.

This relative firmness was accounted for by the release of a flood of new test results at the 11th international conference on Aids in Vancouver. The focus was on triple drug "cocktails" involving the group's existing Retrovir (also known as AZT) and Epiriv (3TC) anti-Aids drugs and, separately, on a new Glaxo compound, codenamed 1592U89. The currently used double drug combinations have been shown to cut the blood

concentration of the HIV virus, a precursor to full-blown Aids, by over 90 per cent. The claims made in Vancouver were that the new three-way dosage regime, using drugs developed by three other drugs companies, cuts the amount of HIV to "undetectable" levels over periods of 12 to 48 weeks.

The Vancouver results were being hailed as a breakthrough in Aids treatment, but they have also had the happy result of throwing the spotlight on Glaxo's new product portfolio. Previous doubts about the group's ability to offset the inevitable decline of Zantac sales are passing. Retrovir and Epiriv alone could be chipping in up to £900m by 2000, according to Barclays de Zoete Wedd. The brokers reckon new and recently launched drugs will represent £60m sales by then, or double last year's £3.1bn contribution from Zantac and Zovirax. Wellcome's blockbuster anti-herpes drug which also goes off patent next year.

That is not to say that life will not be tough for Glaxo over the next two or three years. When the patent on SmithKline Beecham's lagamot, an anti-ulcer drug, expired in 1994, sales crashed by nearly three-quarters in the space of nine months as non-patented, generic competition piled into the market. Glaxo is already bracing itself to combat four known competitors, but even if the worst happens with Zantac, Hoare Govett, the group's own brokers, reckons the

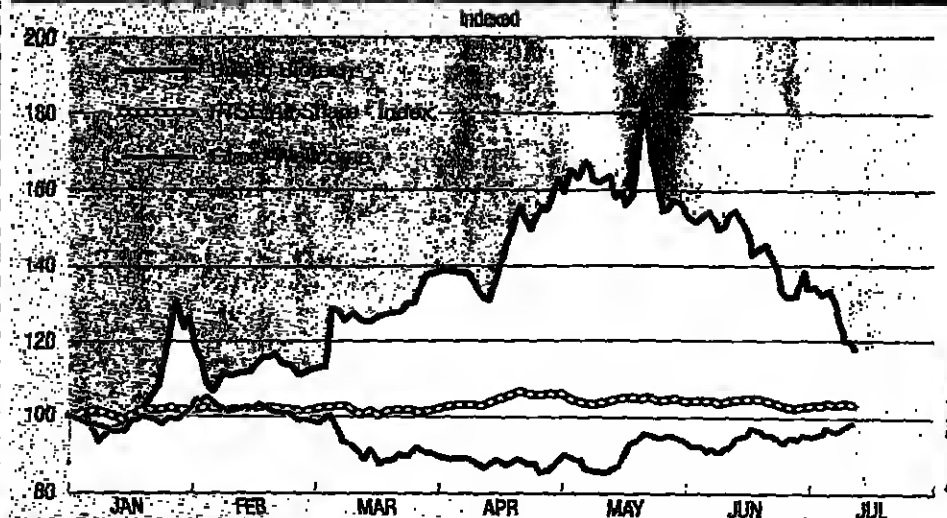
group will manage single digit earnings growth up to the end of the century. Pre-tax profits of £3bn this year would put the shares on a prospective price-earnings ratio of 15, which looks modest against multiples of 18 and 20 for rivals SmithKline Beecham and Zeneca. With current political and economic worries pushing investors back towards the pharmaceutical sector and its defensive qualities, Glaxo should make further progress.

It is hard to be as sanguine about the biotech sector of the market. Cambrio, a fledgling pharmaceutical group which had hoped to come to market in early July, has already put back the date of its launch to later this month. There has also been a minor glitch at Therapeutic Antibodies, another new issue hopeful, which now hopes to announce its pricing early next week, some days later than scheduled.

British Biotech's mammoth £143m rights issue being left with the underwriters after it closes on Wednesday would be a real body blow. The company's shares were dancing around the £20.50 rights price on Friday, leaving little incentive for shareholders to take up the new paper.

It looks as if the wobbles which have affected the US biotech sector over the past two months have spread to London. Until nerves steady a little, investors would be wise to steer clear.

Divergent trends in the drugs sector



IN BRIEF

• Three senior equity sales traders have quit HSBC James Capel to join rival Merrill Lynch in London as part of the US group's efforts to bolster its global equity activities. Colin Thompson, Keith Hutchins and Francis Buchan will start at Merrill in September. Another Capel sales trader, Mark Vaughan, recently quit to join UBS. A spokeswoman declined to comment on the latest departures. Paul Roy, head of equity sales and trading at Merrill in London, said: "We expect to announce further senior additions to our team in the coming months."

• US retail sales fell 0.2 per cent in June, led by a drop in auto, department store and apparel sales. Excluding autos, retail sales were up 0.1 per cent, compared with a 0.5 per cent rise in May. The consensus forecast of Wall Street economists was for retail sales to rise 0.1 per cent in June, and for sales excluding autos to rise 0.2 per cent. On a year-on-year basis, total retail sales were up 4.6 per cent in June.

• National Express Group has appointed Ernest Patterson, a former director of BET, as chief executive with effect from 1 August. When at BET Mr Patterson was responsible for the company's worldwide transport businesses. Separately, the company warned that passenger numbers at its East Midlands Airport fell 5.4 per cent to 522,000 in the three months to June compared to a year earlier.

• Intel plans to lower prices on certain Pentium microprocessors in August more than previously planned, and then hold prices steady through to the end of the year. The company, which did not divulge the size of the price cuts, said its moves were designed to provide a "more stable" environment during the fourth quarter selling season for personal computers. "Customers and retailers have found it disruptive to have a processor price reduction during the key selling period because it has served as a disincentive to carrying inventory and stocking distribution channels adequately," a spokesman said.

• CF Holdings, a company established by International Mezzanine Investment, proposes to make a recommended £16.1m, 108p per share bid for Continental Foods for £16.1m. Certain members of the executive management of the Continental Foods group, led by chairman David Ciceur, will become shareholders of CF Holdings on completion of the acquisition, and will continue to manage the business.

• Legal & General, which has been the subject of several takeover rumours in recent months, has appointed Schroders and JP Morgan as its investment bankers. The insurance company has also appointed Kleinwort Benson and SBC Warburg as its corporate brokers. Market Report, page 22.

• Throgmorton Trust has agreed to sell its 49 per cent stake in the unit trust management group Framlington to the US fund manager Munder Capital Management for an undisclosed sum. Credit Commercial de France will continue to hold the remaining 51 per cent. Mike Vogel, Framlington's managing director, welcomed the deal which will give the UK-based Framlington wider opportunities in an increasingly global business.

Pacific buyers boost British Bloodstock

JOHN WILLCOCK

The British Bloodstock Agency has doubled its annual profits and paid its first dividend for six years on the back of booming racehorse sales to the Pacific Rim.

The Newmarket-based company acts as an agent, buying and selling horses for racing and stud to clients in 38 countries. Colin Bothway, managing director, said the market had recovered from its low of five years ago and there were exciting new possibilities in Asia, especially in the previously closed market of China.

Pre-tax profits rose to £153,000

from £66,000 last time, and the company paid a final dividend of 1.5p per share, trading in which will start on AIM next month after 12 years on the USM.

The British Bloodstock Agency's recent deals include the sale of 1991 Derby hero Generous to a Japanese client for £9m. The company is currently negotiating the sale of the three-year-old colt Lammtarra, a winner in the Derby, King George and Arc, to a client in Asia.

This is a high risk business for clients, since there is no guarantee that a champion racehorse may sire future champions when put out to

stud, according to turf experts. "The prospects for sales to the Pacific rim are glittering," Mr Bothway said. "We are increasing our sales for stallions and mares to Japan, while China is getting increasingly active. We are endeavouring to explore that market, where betting, of course, is very active."

Sales have also been strong in Brazil, while India has picked up over the last two years. The huge ownership of racehorses by Arabs, in contrast, is not a big market for the company, since the Middle Eastern owners tend to have their own experts in buying and selling.

Receivers appointed at troubled Heritage

MAGNUS GRIMOND

The directors of Heritage, the housewares distributor, are considering legal action after Lloyds Bank called in receivers to the troubled group. Dehis are thought to be "well in excess of £5m", compared with net assets in December of £907,000. Simon Morris and Scott Barnes of accountants Grant Thornton have been appointed receivers to Heritage and its three London-based operating subsidiaries.

On Tuesday, the company asked for its shares to be suspended at 23p "pending clarification of its financial position". Jeffrey Lampert, chairman and chief executive, blamed a faulty computerised accounting system which had rendered the company unable

to determine its year-end figures. He said the group's bankers, who are Lloyds, were not involved in the decision.

But in a statement yesterday, Heritage said Lloyds had rejected a financial strategy presented on Monday by management and accountants Smith & Williamson.

"Lloyds found this to be unacceptable for reasons they were not prepared to discuss and appointed receivers. The company considers this action to be inappropriate and has reserved its position, including the right to take legal action."

Mr Lampert refused to comment yesterday, but Lloyds said it had been "saddened" by yesterday's announcement.

Mr Barnes said they were attempting to sell the business as a going concern.

THE INDEPENDENT

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EXECUTIVE RELIEF.



market report/shares

London defies the doom mongers over New York

DATA BANK

FT-SE 100
3728.3 -20.7

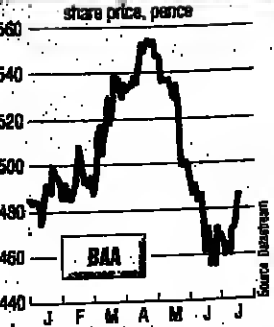
FT-SE 250
4316.5 -27.3

FT-SE 950
1874.2 -10.7

SEAQ VOLUME
642.7m shares,
28,766 bargains

Gifts Index

SHARE SPOTLIGHT



For the second time this week shares defied the prophets of gloom. At one time, as the stock market anticipated another New York bloodbath, the FT-SE 100 index was down 33.7 points. In the event, Wall Street produced a mixed display and the Footsie fell was cut to 20.7 at 2,728.3.

On Monday, there had been widespread fears of a big sell-off after a New York slump. But after a hesitant session the Footsie fell was confined to 1.7 points.

New York, the world's highest market, will always weigh heavily on London and the old saying that when Wall Street sneezes London catches a cold is unlikely to be removed from market vocabulary.

Still, there is little doubt New York's influence in London is waning and the markets have decoupled to some extent. The way London has survived the latest US setbacks un-

derlines its new found freedom, although much of the Dow Jones Average discomfort is due to the sudden unpopularity of hi-tech shares, a sector which has not a prominent role in London presence.

RAA, facing a Civil Aviation Authority price package next week, was the best performing blue chip, up 14p at 485p. The shares have been ruffled by regulatory worries and fallen from a 554p peak in April.

BT, figures next week, gained 4.5p to 351.5p and, even under pressure, Hanson managed to move against the tide, gaining just 1p to 168p. National Power, as its big dividend payments loom, gained 2p to 534p. The dividend is due to be paid on 20 August with the shares going ex-dividend on Monday.

RTZ, the resources group, had a difficult time, falling 25p to 916p. ABN Amro Hoare Govett did the damage,



MARKET REPORT

DEREK PAIN

Stock market reporter of the year

slashing its forecasts from £975m to £780m for this year and from £950m to £900m for next. The downgrading is on the back of the shake-up in the copper market following the Sumitomo fiasco. Last week Kleinwort Benson cut £70m from this year's forecast to £820m. RTZ was 1,074p six weeks ago.

Tesco continued to reflect worries it planned a £2.5bn French supermarket takeover and rights issue, losing 8.5p to 289p. British Airways settlement with its pilots left the market unimpressed with the shares diving 15.5p to 527p. Orange, the mobile telephone group, dialled yet an-

other low, off 5.5p to 190.5p, and Thorn EMI, as its demerger gathers pace, fell 46p to 1,743p as rumours swirled of alleged US price fixing.

British Biotech managed to struggle above its rights price. The shares closed 27p down at 2,058p after touching 2,030p. The £143m cash call has been fixed at 2,050p. The full paid shares halved to 18p; they were once 403p.

are likely to intensify following a shake-up among its financial advisers. Schroders and JP Morgan have been appointed financial advisers, replacing SBC Warburg which remains stockbroker but with Kleinwort Benson instead of Cazenove.

Rumours of corporate activity have flowed through the insurance sector with talk of continental strikes. Royal Insurance and Sun Alliance are merging in what is a defensive get-together and there is a suspicion L&G, if it avoids a hostile bid, will merge with Commercial Union, down 3p at 566p.

Beckman, the Dunbar-based brewery, ignored the gloom, touching 201p before closing at 198p, an 180p placing. BATM Advanced Communications, a maker of high speed data equipment, arrived on AIM and after touching 130p settled at its 125p issue price. Continental Foods, the

snack food group, was the day's best performer, jumping 49p to 103p as a group led by chairman David Cramel bid £16.1m to take the company private, offering 108p a share.

BTG, the technology company, staged a remarkable comeback. It pulled back from a 95p fall to close at 1,770p, down 3p.

Avocet Mining fell 5p to 185p despite a glowing report about its Malaysian gold mine development. Viewlin, an AIM high flyer which provides hotel guests with communication and information services through TV screens, slumped 80p to 435p. The shares, floated in December at 100p, touched 625p in May. There was said to be persistent small selling.

Tunstall, the alarms group, changed 67p lower to 310p after it warned profits would be little changed.

Skynet, the Ofex wonder share, is joining AIM. The company, with a vehicle and security tracking system, plans to arrive early next month through a placing which will raise £2m. Skynet held a successful City presentation this week.

Its shares, through stockbroker Walters Lunnis, were floated at 27.5p, opening on Ofex last month at 50p and finishing their first day at 92p. They closed at 290p, up 5p.

Dealings are expected to start on Ofex on Monday in shares of Woodstock, a pubs chain. It raised £600,000, selling shares through Austin Friars Securities at 20p. Entrepreneur Luke Johnson is said to have acquired 9.5 per cent and there is talk the company is on the verge of clinching a pubs acquisition.

Share Price Data

Prices are in sterling except where stated. The yield is last year's dividend, grossed up by 20 per cent, as a percentage of the share price. The price/earnings (P/E) ratio is the share price divided by last year's earnings per share, excluding exceptional items. Other details: Ex rights; Ex dividend; Ex at a United Securities Market Suspended; No Parity Paid on Nil Paid Shares; * AIM Stock

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Market leaders: Top 20 volumes

Stock	Volume	Stock	Volume	Stock	Volume	Stock	Volume
General Elec	630,000	British Gas	600,000	National Power	700,000	Light 199	600,000
British Gas	600,000	Rolls Royce	600,000	Orange	700,000	British Telecom	600,000
Rolls Royce	600,000	ASDA Group	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000
ASDA Group	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000
BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000
BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000
BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000
BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000
BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000
BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000
BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000
BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000
BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000
BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000
BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000
BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000
BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000
BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000	BT	600,000

FT-SE 100 Index hour by hour

	11.00	11.30	12.00	12.30	13.00	13.30	14.00	14.30	15.00	15.30	16.00
Open	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3
High	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3
Low	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3
Close	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3	3728.3

Alcoholic Beverages

Stock	Price	Chg	%	Stock	Price	Chg	%
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0

Banks, Merchant

Stock	Price	Chg	%	Stock	Price	Chg	%
Barclays	1.10	0.00	0.0	Barclays	1.10	0.00	0.0
Barclays	1.10	0.00	0.0	Barclays	1.10	0.00	0.0
Barclays	1.10	0.00	0.0	Barclays	1.10	0.00	0.0
Barclays	1.10	0.00	0.0	Barclays	1.10	0.00	0.0

Banks, Retail

Stock	Price	Chg	%	Stock	Price	Chg	%
Barclays	1.10	0.00	0.0	Barclays	1.10	0.00	0.0
Barclays	1.10	0.00	0.0	Barclays	1.10	0.00	0.0
Barclays	1.10	0.00	0.0	Barclays	1.10	0.00	0.0
Barclays	1.10	0.00	0.0	Barclays	1.10	0.00	0.0

Breweries, Pubs & Rest

Stock	Price	Chg	%	Stock	Price	Chg	%
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0

Diversified Industrials

Stock	Price	Chg	%	Stock	Price	Chg	%
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0

Engineering Vehicles

Stock	Price	Chg	%	Stock	Price	Chg	%
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0

Extractive Industries

Stock	Price	Chg	%	Stock	Price	Chg	%
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0

Food Manufacturers

Stock	Price	Chg	%	Stock	Price	Chg	%
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0

Gas Distribution

Stock	Price	Chg	%	Stock	Price	Chg	%
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0

Health Care

Stock	Price	Chg	%	Stock	Price	Chg	%
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0

Household Goods

Stock	Price	Chg	%	Stock	Price	Chg	%
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0

Insurance

Stock	Price	Chg	%	Stock	Price	Chg	%
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0

Investment Companies

Stock	Price	Chg	%	Stock	Price	Chg	%
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0

Investment Trusts

Stock	Price	Chg	%	Stock	Price	Chg	%
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0

Leisure & Hotels

Stock	Price	Chg	%	Stock	Price	Chg	%
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0

Life Assurance

Stock	Price	Chg	%	Stock	Price	Chg	%
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0
Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0	Guinness	1.10	0.00	0.0

Media

Penberthy reveals grounds for optimism

When Lancashire had Northamptonshire reeling at 96 for 7 in last Wednesday's NatWest Trophy tie at Old Trafford, those who had backed the Benson and Hedges Cup holders to collect again when the sides re-engaged at Lord's today were already wearing self-satisfied smiles.

It seemed that the crushing victory they had hoped for from the dress rehearsal would indeed come about and their opponents would emerge on the grand stage today in their minds already beaten. In the end it did not quite work out like that. Lancashire won all right – but by the margin of a single wicket, with eight balls to spare, after Northamptonshire fought

back in a manner which nullifies any advantage Michael Atherton and company might have gained from the result.

Northamptonshire were rescued by an extraordinary partnership between the all-rounder, Tony Penberthy, and their 43-year-old player-coach, John Emburey, who added 112 for the eighth wicket, a county record in the competition. Emburey later took three wickets.

The recovery confirmed to Penberthy, and his team-mates, that Lancashire would be unwise to be complacent about today's outcome.

"We believe we are a good side when the pressure is on whereas Lancashire, we feel, are

Lancashire are favourites for today's Benson and Hedges Cup final, but Northamptonshire are unfazed. **Jon Culley reports**

inclined to panic a little," Penberthy said. "We had the worst of the conditions on Wednesday yet Lancashire still only just scraped home. I think all those pundits who have been writing us off in their predictions about the final might have been a little premature in making such strong Lancashire favourites."

Lancashire will rightly identify Curtly Ambrose as posing the biggest threat to their ambitions and will be pleased if they can restrict Rob Bailey's effectiveness with the bat, taking note of the two centuries the

new captain has acquired on the way to the final.

But much of Northamptonshire's progress has been achieved through everyone pitching in, with notable contributions among others from the left-arm swing bowler Paul Taylor, the developing talent of Moll Lloy, the evergreen David Capel and the unlikely hero of the semi-final with Warwickshire, Tim Walton, who repaid an unexpected selection with an innings-saving 70 and two vital run-outs.

If there is a weakness in Lancashire's impressive depth

of all-round ability, it is in the spin department. But that represents only a thin chink in their armour, fielding a line-up which offers six or seven genuine bowling options and batting down even to the No 11, Peter Martin, who secured a dramatic last-gasp triumph over Yorkshire in the semi-final.

And they possess an England captain who insists that he is relishing another big occasion at Lord's as much as anyone, despite finding it necessary to take a break through fatigue before the Nottingham Test. "I needed

a short break from county cricket to recharge my batteries," the England captain said. "But the Test match went well for me and I feel fine now."

He will reveal, also, in the freedom of being back in the ranks, while Mike Watkinson grapples with the tactical headaches. Concentrating on his own game, Atherton made 93 in last year's final as Lancashire beat Kent by 35 runs to take the prize for the third time. "It will be nice not to worry about reading the pitch or working out field placements and bowling changes," he said.

Today's match, meanwhile represents a kind of homecoming for the Cornishman, Penberthy, whose earliest mem-

ories of a Lord's final were as a three-year-old taken along by his family to watch Tooty win the first of three National Village Championships between 1972-76. His father, Gerald, played in the 1973 triumph.

"Lord's has usually been a lucky place for me," he said. "I did all right playing for Young England there and although it was a disappointment to lose the NatWest final last year I was part of the team that won it in 1992."

Nelson finalises move to Villa

Football
CATHERINE RILEY

Brian Little, the Aston Villa manager, finally got his man yesterday when Portuguese full-back Fernando Nelson completed his £1.75m move to Villa Park.

Little revealed that he had been tracking the Sporting Lisbon player for several years, even before he signed Gary Charles to fill the right-back slot. When Charles broke his ankle last season, an injury that will keep him out until the new year, Little had no hesitation in renewing his interest in Nelson.

"There is no doubt that we are adding a top quality player to our squad for next season," Little said. "He's had a medical, met the players, speaks good English and is very excited about coming to Villa."

The Leeds manager, Howard Wilkinson, is seeking guidance from the Professional Footballers' Association on the legality of withholding Tomas Brodin's wages. Brodin failed to report for pre-season training after being granted three extra days holiday to try and arrange a move to another club, with Italian sides Verona and Fiorentina at the top of the list.

Wilkinson said yesterday: "Tomas has expressed a desire to play in Italy and he doesn't want to come back. My understanding is that if a player doesn't turn up for work we should not have to pay him. He has had a warning, but has not come back for training."

Sunderland have signed goalkeeper Tony Coton on a three-year contract after finalising a £600,000 deal with Manchester United. Coton was swayed by Sunderland's new-found Premier League status, and said: "Wolves also offered me a player-coach role, but I still want to play in the Premier League."

Coton will have the added responsibility of coaching the young goalkeepers at Roker Park. He made a surprise £400,000 switch to Old Trafford from Maine Road six months ago, but never figured in Alex Ferguson's starting line-up.

Chris Makin is poised to move from Oldham to Middlesbrough. The England Under-21 full-back played a secret trial game for the former European Cup winners on Thursday and hopes to agree terms on a two-year deal this weekend.

Sheffield United have completed the signing of Peter Kachuro from Dynamo Minsk for £650,000. Kachuro, a Belarus international, said yesterday: "Sheffield United are a great club. I will be doing my very best to prove to the fans I am a very good buy. I am hoping at the very least to score 15 goals in my first season."

Bermuda's international striker Shaun Goater has joined Bristol City from Second Division rivals Rotherham in a £175,000 deal.

England's bid for World Cup qualification could once again see them playing in red after kit manufacturers Umbro revealed plans to jettison the much-maligned indigo shirts.

When the England side were unable to wear their first-choice white shirts for the semi-final against Germany, calls for a return to red – their colour for the 1966 World Cup final triumph over Germany – found overwhelming public support.

Umbro have admitted that they have been forced into a rethink by the weight of public opinion and are planning to phase out the indigo strip.

Fairbrother's race against the clock

Lancashire's great one-day batsman is in pursuit of another high score at Lord's today. **Derek Pringle reports**

Today is Neil Harvey Fairbrother's sixth appearance in a Benson and Hedges Cup final, a record he shares with his captain, Mike Watkinson. Over the years, Lancashire has come to mean everything to Fairbrother, so despite a bat-trick of previous wins in this competition, Northamptonshire can expect little in the way of indifference from the little left-hander when hostilities begin this morning.

At 32, Fairbrother – named after his mother's favourite player, the dashing Australian Neil Harvey – is one of the great one-day batsmen. It is a tag that has followed him from the moment he made a third-ball duck in his Test debut against Pakistan in 1987, an experience made all the more edifying for being in front of a full house at Old Trafford.

"I think it's been an unfair tag," says David Lloyd, the current England coach, who until his appointment to that office worked with Fairbrother at Lancashire. "Mind you, he can be a frustrating cricketer. I've seen him play several edge-of-your-seat innings to get a hundred, only for him to smack the ball up in the air when he should have made the opposition pay with a bigger score."

"I've heard it said that he hasn't got a tight enough technique. Well he got 204 against Middlesex on a pitch that Lancashire were docked 25 points for in 1994. Not bad for a man reputed to have a poor technique, especially when the likes of Mike Gatting and Desmond Haynes struggled to get double figures."

Likewise, his 366 made against Surrey at The Oval in 1990 is a record for that ground and the third-highest score in the history of the Championship. Unfair or not, it is hatting against the clock for which Fairbrother is rightly revered, and his 51 limited-over international outings with his Test appearances by a ratio of five to one.

Although batting in one-day cricket is much maligned, it broadly falls into three categories: hitters like Sanath Jaya-

suriya; anchors like Mike Atherton and Mark Taylor; and run-a-hall men like Fairbrother. Dermot Reeve and Mark Waugh, before the latter took to opening the innings.

In fact, Fairbrother's international one-day average of 37.53 just pips Waugh's, which despite the recent advantages of opening the innings, is 37.28.

But apart from having a broad range of strokes, the main factor that sets batsmen like Fairbrother and Waugh apart is the ability to absorb massive amounts of pressure. After all, these are the cool cutters who come in cold and are expected to score at more than a run a ball. Not surprisingly, reputations such as theirs

'As Lancashire captain, he was so caring that he wore red roses on his underpants'

are not easily forged.

This is especially true during run chases, where a clear and decisive mind is as crucial as a gambler's instinct for calculating risks and speedily weighing odds. More often than not they succeed, pacing their own as well as the side's innings to perfection.

For over a decade, whenever this small but sprightly batsman has marched to the crease, opponents have tended to wilt. His career average in this competition, invariably hatting when at least half the overs have gone, is an impressive 52.73 – a consistency made all the more remarkable considering it contains just a single century.

He is not invincible, however, and before the increased length of Lancashire's batting line-up, he would allow failure to gnaw away at him. It is a characteristic that forced him to resign from the Lancashire

captaincy, a job he cherished and had always wanted to do. According to Lloyd, he is a complex character who lives on his nerves. "As captain, he was so caring he wore red roses on his underpants. He became so worried about everyone else that the job began to devour him."

"In the end, he decided to keep his sanity and call it a day. Mind you, he is an enormously popular player and whenever someone puts one together, he nearly always features in the best-ever Lancashire teams."

A fellow left-hander, Graeme Fowler, believes he has never seen better hand-eye co-ordination in a batsman. His secret, when he first comes in, is to play the ball as late as possible. With most bowlers in England being right-arm medium pacers, he is a master at using the angle to deflect the ball to third man and keep the scoreboard ticking over with singles.

When he is set, he hits the ball by and large where he wants, favouring aerial routes if necessary. With the rain rule pushing England's run-rate through the roof, his brilliant 75 not out against South Africa in Melbourne during the 1992 World Cup was one of the innings of the competition, and one he believes rates along with his hundred against the West Indies at Lord's as his finest he has played.

When not playing cricket, he follows football and rugby league, and along with Atherton is a regular winter visitor to the other Old Trafford. Like most of Manchester's sportsmen, he lives in nearby Cheshire, whose verdant swathes are better suited to the family life he now leads.

However, before a life of carpet slippers becomes too tempting, he is desperate to win more honours with Lancashire, with today's final being the first of the season.

"I'm still as nervous now as when I first played," he admitted yesterday. But as both he and Lancashire know, that is no bad thing.



Eye on the prize: Neil Fairbrother makes his sixth appearance in a Benson and Hedges final today. Photograph: Empics

Women make most of slow but steady progress

Women's cricket is flourishing and is now a Sky sport, but the New Zealand tour that ends with this third Test here could have done with kinder weather. When well-coached straight bats compete against friendly medium pace on county-standard wickets, every hour is valuable in the search for a natural result. The boundary rope may not be crossed as often as in the men's game, but the bat, nevertheless, dominates.

In terms of overs, the first Test at Scarborough lost half a day to rain, and the second at Worcester three times as much. No player padded up for a second innings. After England had

compiled 414 at Scarborough, with centuries for Barbara Daniels and Kathryn Leng, the visitors replied with 517 for 8, Kirsty Flavel making 204. Worcester showed more potential for a result (England 276, New Zealand 296 for 6 declared), but not when showers kept sending the players scurrying for shelter. And so, although the visitors enjoyed a clean sweep in the three-day matches in mid-June, there is still much to prove in terms of relative strength at four-day level.

England, current World Cup and European Cup holders, have a regional structure of 13

Sound displays from England and New Zealand have left the third Test in the balance. **John Collis reports from Guildford**

areas, with Derbyshire and Hampshire as recent recruits and more soon to join. The Women's Cricket Association supports a full-time director, Scarborough's Centurian Daniels, and after 70 years has a network of 60 clubs. It runs a national league and knockout cups, together with competitions at Under-21 and Under-17 levels. In the winter, England beat India 1-0 in the Test series, but again lost the one-dayers. Internationally, Japan, Canada, Pakistan and Sri Lanka have

been added to the 1993 World Cup's eight nations, and Guildford is staging the 10th women's Test match world-wide (the first, between England and Australia, took place in 1934).

Guildford, nursery ground of the brothers Bicknell, is an attractive stage for the climax of the tour and for once the sunshine. Not always convincingly, but continuously, but welcome none the less. Surrey play here next week, making this something of a mid-season festival for the local cricket-lovers,

who turned out in gratifying numbers.

Yesterday's stately progress, however, gave no positive hint that the teams might be identified as winners and losers come Monday evening. New Zealand chose to bat on a friendly wicket and in Debbie Hockley (63 and 115 in the previous Tests) and Shelley Frith (63 and 6), they have two experienced and in-form openers.

In passing 128, they set a first-wicket record for their country and when they were parted at

150, their record was for all wickets. The end, half-way through the afternoon, was the result of a rare rush of blood. Fruin pushed at the England captain, Karen Smithies, and scampered off, but the expedient Smithies, following through, collected the ball for a neat run-out. Hockley, scoring at barely one an over, followed when she nicked the second ball after tea.

England's sharpest bowler looked to be the tall left-hander Lucy Pearson, an East Anglian player winning her first Test cap. Much of the boundary conversation, however, was about her fellow debutante,

also from East Anglia, whose chance to shine will come later. At 16, Charlotte Edwards is the youngest player to represent England. She joined the boys in Huntingdon's county youth team at 13 and now captains them at Under-16 level. With enthusiastic family support, she clearly has a future in the game.

Whether this particular game has a future remains open to question. New Zealand's progress was solid but unentertaining yesterday, while England plugged away, waiting for something to happen without the penetrative power to insist that it did. But they did enjoy a rare full day's play.

Double success for father and daughter

Equestrianism
GENEVEVE MURPHY
Reports from Hickstead

John Whitaker made a successful first appearance at this year's Royal International Horse Show yesterday when he rode Jolly Boy to win the West Sands Selsley Speed Challenge. Whitaker still bore the mark of a nasty graze on the top of his nose, caused by a fall in Sweden last week which had left him

"a bit dazed" but since then he has done little wrong.

Whitaker won the Galsterer Grand Prix with Granatusch on Sunday, followed by the Cock o' the North Championship with Gammon at the Great Yorkshire Show on Thursday, before his success here. Louise Whitaker (John's 16-year-old daughter) was also victorious yesterday when winning the Young Riders Championship.

The Irish had held the top three places in the Speed

Challenge, until John Whitaker pushed them all down a place.

Michael Robert gained his second victory of the meeting in the West Sands Holidays International Stakes, again riding the American-bred grey Airborne Montecillo. The Frenchman defeated Rob Hoekstra by almost 10 seconds.

Hoekstra's eight-year-old mount, Pebble Beach, is jumping at Hickstead for the first time – so a good clear round that was fast enough for second

place was all the rider wanted.

"I couldn't have gone faster than Michel even with fences down," Hoekstra said. He was also pleased to be ahead of John Whitaker, who was fifth after two jump-off errors on Granatusch, his mount in today's King George V Gold Cup.

Few riders were aware of a bomb scare here yesterday, which caused traffic chaos when one lane of the A23 was closed off for two hours. It was caused by a metal box (later found to

have been stolen with its contents of brochures) which was spotted by Edward Burn, the assistant show director, close to the showground's entrance.

ROYAL INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW (Hickstead): West Sands Selsley Speed Challenge: 1. Jolly Boy, 11 Whitaker, 68.1; 2. Granatusch, 11 Whitaker, 68.1; 3. Cock o' the North, 11 Whitaker, 68.1; 4. Gammon, 11 Whitaker, 68.1; 5. Airborne Montecillo, 11 Whitaker, 68.1; 6. Pebble Beach, 11 Whitaker, 68.1; 7. Jolly Boy, 11 Whitaker, 68.1; 8. Granatusch, 11 Whitaker, 68.1; 9. Cock o' the North, 11 Whitaker, 68.1; 10. Gammon, 11 Whitaker, 68.1; 11. Airborne Montecillo, 11 Whitaker, 68.1; 12. Pebble Beach, 11 Whitaker, 68.1; 13. Jolly Boy, 11 Whitaker, 68.1; 14. Granatusch, 11 Whitaker, 68.1; 15. Cock o' the North, 11 Whitaker, 68.1; 16. Gammon, 11 Whitaker, 68.1; 17. Airborne Montecillo, 11 Whitaker, 68.1; 18. Pebble Beach, 11 Whitaker, 68.1; 19. Jolly Boy, 11 Whitaker, 68.1; 20. Granatusch, 11 Whitaker, 68.1; 21. Cock o' the North, 11 Whitaker, 68.1; 22. Gammon, 11 Whitaker, 68.1; 23. Airborne Montecillo, 11 Whitaker, 68.1; 24. Pebble Beach, 11 Whitaker, 68.1; 25. 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'Brittle in attack on colleagues

Rugby Union
DAVID LLEWELLYN

Cliff Brittle, chairman of the Rugby Football Union executive committee, launched an attack on the executive at the RFU AGM at the Hilton yesterday, accusing them of preventing him carrying out his duties.

"When I was elected I expected things to be difficult. I'm afraid that to date they have been almost impossible. I was elected to do certain duties but have been unable to do them. This cannot go on for a moment longer."

He was hailed with cries of "Hear, hear" from around the Grand Ballroom. Brittle continued: "I can confirm that I have been sidelined on certain important issues. However I can confirm that a working group has been agreed today, under an independent chairman to address the problems as soon as possible."

The working party, which is to ascertain the causes of an apparent breakdown in relation between the officers and staff of the RFU, is likely to be chaired by the Wasps president, Sir Pat Lowry, a former chairman of Acas.

Brittle was not the only one to attempt to get the RFU on the back foot. Questions from the floor all concerned England's future in the Five Nations' Championship and their unilateral negotiation for broadcasting rights with BSkyB.

The outgoing president, Bill Bishop, made an unexpected statement, which may have gone a long way to assuaging people's immediate fears for the future of the tournament. He said: "Tasner Watkins, president of the Welsh Rugby Union and myself met last week to discuss the Five Nations' Championship."

"Following that four representatives from each union met on Tuesday and there was

unanimous agreement that the Five Nations' Championship is of paramount importance to the game and should continue as such. Ways must be found to ensure this, particularly in the area of television contracts, and should be pursued actively and urgently."

On the BSkyB front the RFU's solicitor, George Kirk, issued a paper which had not been excluded but Tony Hallett, the RFU secretary, reassured everyone when he pointed out that Twickenham had retained a right of veto over the pay-per-view question.

The RFU treasurer, David Robinson, who is stepping down from the post because of ill-health, was asked about the TV negotiations and he revealed that the final 10 days of discussions had been conducted in total secrecy. The only people privy to the goings-on were those on the negotiating team. Details were only given to the committee on 5 June after the document had been signed.

Bishop's words on looking back at his year in office probably summed up things best: "I'm sure the events of the year are probably burnt into your soul as they are in mine."

He is succeeded by solicitor John Richardson, 64, and he made a plea for unity. Orrell has demanded compensation from the RFU over the postponement of their opening league game of the season at home to Bath on 31 August. The game has been called off because Bath are to play Neath, the Heineken League champions at Twickenham on that day in a challenge match.

That day have announced a multi-million pound tie-up with Andrew Brownword, the greetings card tycoon. Brownword, who lives in Bath and is worth £175m, is prepared to inject £25m in return for a 75 percent stake in the club.

Australia facing a test of character

Australia need a drastic improvement to halt South Africa's push towards rugby union history in today's Tri-Nations Test in Sydney, the Wallabies' coach, Greg Smith, warned yesterday.

The Springboks, who woo the World Cup on home soil last year, need only two more wins to equal New Zealand's record of 17 successive Test victories, set in the 1960s.

Smith believes his side, who suffered a record 43-6 defeat by New Zealand in Wellington last week, will have their work cut out to end South Africa's two-year unbeaten run to Test matches.

Although conceding it would take time for his team to realise their potential, Smith also warned the current players that their Test futures would be at stake against South Africa. Australia have failed to find a settled side this season, using 24 players in four Tests.

"Regardless of the result, we want them to legitimately be able to walk off the field and have respect, and that was something we didn't have last week," the coach said.

Australia's mauling by the All Blacks prompted selectors to make four changes, with stand-off Pat Howard, prop Andrew Heath, scrum-half George Gregan and flanker Daniel Mann replacing Scott Bowen, Sam Payne, Oweo Finegan and Richard Harry respectively.

South Africa make two changes to the team that defeated Fiji 43-18 in Pretoria 10 days ago, with Pieter Hendricks returning from illness at the expense of Justin Swart and Brendan Venter replacing the injured Hennie le Roux.

Australia's squad: 15. J. Smith, 16. J. Smith, 17. J. Smith, 18. J. Smith, 19. J. Smith, 20. J. Smith, 21. J. Smith, 22. J. Smith, 23. J. Smith, 24. J. Smith, 25. J. Smith, 26. J. Smith, 27. J. Smith, 28. J. Smith, 29. J. Smith, 30. J. Smith, 31. J. Smith, 32. J. Smith, 33. J. Smith, 34. J. Smith, 35. J. Smith, 36. J. Smith, 37. J. Smith, 38. J. Smith, 39. J. Smith, 40. J. Smith, 41. J. Smith, 42. J. Smith, 43. J. Smith, 44. J. Smith, 45. J. Smith, 46. J. Smith, 47. J. Smith, 48. J. Smith, 49. J. Smith, 50. J. Smith, 51. J. Smith, 52. J. Smith, 53. J. Smith, 54. J. Smith, 55. J. Smith, 56. J. Smith, 57. J. Smith, 58. J. Smith, 59. J. Smith, 60. J. Smith, 61. J. Smith, 62. J. Smith, 63. J. Smith, 64. J. Smith, 65. J. Smith, 66. J. Smith, 67. J. Smith, 68. J. Smith, 69. J. Smith, 70. J. Smith, 71. J. Smith, 72. J. Smith, 73. J. Smith, 74. J. Smith, 75. J. Smith, 76. J. Smith, 77. J. Smith, 78. J. Smith, 79. J. Smith, 80. J. Smith, 81. J. Smith, 82. J. Smith, 83. J. Smith, 84. J. 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sport

BRITISH GRAND PRIX: A victory at Silverstone would be a welcome fillip for the championship leader, says Derick Allison

Hill set to prove a point with home advantage

The championship beckons and the chances are that by tomorrow evening Damon Hill will have advanced a significant step closer to its embrace. Here at the British Grand Prix, however, the continuing quest for the title is but a part of the story.

Almost as important as the master plan, though, is the subplot. It has nothing to do with points and tables, everything to do with pride, stature and atonement.

Hill's mission is targeted for this circuit, this race, this crowd. The objective is to demonstrate to his own country that he is a champion of substance.

It is, paradoxically, not easy to do that in the best car and the Williams-Renault is the best by a margin that shames the other teams and frankly devalues Formula One as a contest and spectacle. If you win you achieve no more than is to be expected; if you do not you are a mug.

That is where you need, again paradoxically, a strong team-mate to help you out by giving you a fight. Jacques Villeneuve has yet to prove he is among the strongest at this level. So, six times out of nine this season, Hill has won the race, usually without breaking sweat.

All logic suggests he will win again tomorrow, but winning alone may not fully satisfy him or the gallery. He won here two years ago, yet only after Michael Schumacher had become embroiled in a conflict with officials and was given a stop-go penalty which effectively put victory beyond his reach.

Twelve months ago Hill had Schumacher within his reach only to fumble and both drivers were propelled into a gravel trap. The Englishman was roundly castigated over the incident and even his own boss, Frank Williams, was reported to have called him "a prat" when delivering a personal apology to Schumacher's team Benetton.

Hill has been burdened with this baggage ever since and it is to his credit he has come so far, modifying opinion along the way. But the spectre of Schumacher still hangs over his path and, in his perfect world championship, he would be seen to beat the man he is deposing, and



Speed thrills: Damon Hill steps on the gas in yesterday's free practice session at Silverstone where he was second fastest behind his team-mate Jacques Villeneuve

Photograph: Peter Jay

above all he will be seen to beat him at Silverstone.

After their farcical performances in Canada and France, Ferrari are due a serious effort and have been testing a range of improvements designed for the quicker circuits in this second half of the season. If the car has any prospect of being competitive, Schumacher will exploit it.

Hill's campaign for credibility bears distinct similarities with the one that eventually carried Nigel Mansell to the championship four seasons ago. The difference is that while no one doubted Mansell's pace, many have questioned Hill's.

Other contemporary drivers will tell you: "He is still not regarded as particularly fast," which is either a betrayal of ram-

phant envy or a dreadful indictment of Formula One. The truth probably covers an element of both.

What Hill has learnt, especially through his experience as Alain Prost's team-mate, is that it makes sense to win at the slowest possible pace. Mansell occasionally showed that kind of restraint, but more often than not drove the wheels off the thing and was undeniably more exciting, at times even terrifying, to watch.

Mansell also had trouble convincing the world he was the best around, yet he did have his spectacular victories against the great champions of his time – against Prost, against Nelson Piquet and, most impressively of all, against Ayrton Senna.

Hill has only one truly great driver to contend with, and although he can never hope to be considered the equal of Schumacher in terms of pure talent, he could elevate himself in the consciousness of the public by defeating the double champion in head to head combat.

Those contemporaries who wonder about Hill's speed also remain uncertain about his ability to race from behind. Starting from the front row of the grid is a considerable advantage and he has generally made the most of it, his maturity and judgment keeping him clear of trouble and complication.

When, however, he has been sucked back into the pack, whether by error or freak of circumstance, he has been prone

to compound his plight. Spain was a classic case in point. While he floundered in the wet, Schumacher sailed into a different ocean.

It is because of days like that, and at Silverstone last year, that Hill would cherish a little more than just taking the championship.

Despite the reservations about Hill, his opponents acknowledge he is "doing a good job" and has played his part, as test driver and then race driver, in the development of the Williams. Patronising? Delivered through clenched teeth? No matter. He is doing a good job and has contributed to the making of that fabulous car.

Formula One is never a level playing field and the champion

is not necessarily the best. Schumacher apart, all the others are difficult to evaluate.

Gerhard Berger, the most experienced current driver, is even reluctant to state, categorically, that Schumacher is the best. "It is always a bit difficult to say because maybe there is someone at Magny who is the best and you don't know," he reasons and, although the Austrian patently has a problem giving the German his due, the point is valid.

Few could have envisaged, even two years ago, that Hill would become a world champion. He was No 2 to Senna when the Brazilian died at Imola and has grown into the job of leading Williams on the track. Now Britain awaits to acclaim a champion of substance.

THE TITLE RACES

Drivers' Championship

- 1 D Hill (GB) Williams-Renault 63 pts.
- 2 J Villeneuve (Can) Williams-Renault 38.
- 3 M Schumacher (Ger) Ferrari 26.
- 4 J Alesi (Fr) Benetton-Renault 25.
- 5 D Coulthard (GB) McLaren-Mercedes 14.
- 6 M Hakkinen (Fin) McLaren-Mercedes 12.
- 7 O Paris (Fr) Ligier-Mugen-Honda 11.
- 8 G Berger (Aut) Benetton-Renault 10.
- 9 E Irvine (GB) Ferrari 9.
- 10 R Barrichello (Bra) Jordan-Peugeot 7.

Constructors

- 1 Williams-Renault 101 pts.
- 2 Ferrari 35.
- 3 Benetton-Renault 35.
- 4 McLaren-Mercedes 26.
- 5 Ligier-Mugen-Honda 12.
- 6 Sauber-Ford 10.
- 7 Jordan-Peugeot 9.
- 8 Tyrrell-Yamaha 5.
- 9 Footwork-Hart 1.

Remaining races

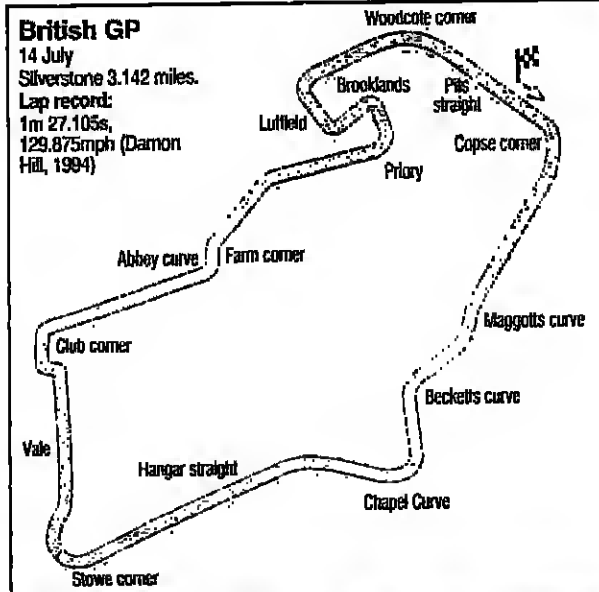
- 14 July Britain (Silverstone).
- 28 July Germany (Hockenheim).
- 11 Aug Hungary (Budapest).
- 25 Aug Belgium (Spa-Francorchamps).
- 8 Sept Italy (Monza).
- 22 Sept Portugal (Estoril).
- 13 Oct Japan (Suzuka).

HILL v SCHUMACHER: A TALE OF TWO SEASONS

How 1995 and 1996 compare going into the British GP

GRAND PRIX	1995	1996
Australia	Hill 1st, Schumacher 3rd	Hill 1st, Schumacher 3rd
Brazil	Hill 1st, Schumacher 3rd	Hill 1st, Schumacher 3rd
Argentina	Hill 1st, Schumacher 3rd	Hill 1st, Schumacher 3rd
Europe	Hill 1st, Schumacher 3rd	Hill 1st, Schumacher 3rd
San Marino	Hill 1st, Schumacher 3rd	Hill 1st, Schumacher 3rd
Monaco	Hill 2nd, Schumacher 1st	Hill 2nd, Schumacher 1st
Spain	Hill 4th, Schumacher 1st	Hill 4th, Schumacher 1st
Canada	Hill 1st, Schumacher 5th	Hill 1st, Schumacher 5th
France	Hill 2nd, Schumacher 1st	Hill 2nd, Schumacher 1st

*engine failure on formation lap



HOW THE BIG FOUR FARE

Williams-Renault

Damon Hill (GB), Age: 35. GPs: 60. Wins: 19. Championships: 0. Jacques Villeneuve (Can), Age: 25. GPs: 9. Wins: 1. Championships: 0. The old champions have been able to recover their poise since Schumacher left Benetton for Ferrari and Hill has relished the opportunity to gather a momentum which seems certain to carry him to the title. The disappointing showing of his partner so far has left him virtually unopposed. The Williams car is the best by some distance and the team have sharpened their act, just as they said they would.

Ferrari

Michael Schumacher (Ger), Age: 27. GPs: 78. Wins: 20. Championships: 2. Eddie Irvine (GB), Age: 30. GPs: 41. Wins: 0. Championships: 0. Schumacher said all along he was embarking upon a two-year campaign for the championship and it is becoming apparent even he may require longer to make the Prancing Horse a genuine contender. After his magnificent win in Spain, he had to endure the shambles of Canada and France. That is Ferrari for you. Irvine can be reasonably satisfied with his performances considering his limited testing opportunities.

Benetton-Renault

Jean Alesi (Fr), Age: 32. GPs: 11. Wins: 1. Championships: 0. Gerhard Berger (Aut), Age: 36. GPs: 189. Wins: 9. Championships: 0. The reigning champions have been unceremoniously dragged off their perch this season, their performances saying as much about the man who left them, Schumacher, as about those who have replaced him. Even given that the team and its new drivers had to go through a "getting to know you" period, the season has proved to be a massive setback to all concerned. One man does not make a team, but...

McLaren-Mercedes

Mika Hakkinen (Fin), Age: 27. GPs: 72. Wins: 0. Championships: 0. David Coulthard (GB), Age: 25. GPs: 34. Wins: 1. Championships: 0. The long-promised improvement is showing some signs of materialising and occasionally their bright young drivers have been able to produce the pace to rattle the leaders of the teams. As yet they have been unable to sustain a level of performance capable of putting them in contention for race victories. Regular points provide some consolation, but by no means satisfy team, engine manufacturer or sponsors.

It's a victory for common sense. Grey is a dreadful colour. George Cohen, a member of the 1966 World Cup winners, is happy England are reverting to red shirts for the change strip. There's a line of thought that some fang-dangled medical treatment in a chamber helps it heal quicker. David Lloyd, the England cricket coach, gives a less than technical explanation about Nasser Hussain's plans to use an oxygen chamber for his broken finger. I can imagine a few heads are coming off out there and that the toys are being thrown out of the

QUOTES OF THE WEEK

Nobody likes getting their arse kicked hole after hole. Greg Turner describes the reaction to conditions in the Scottish Open at Carnoustie. The English game is different. You have to give 100 per cent all the time. Ruud Gullit warns Gianluca Vialli what to expect when he plays for Chelsea. If Damon wins he will equal my 20 victories but I have two world championships so doesn't that tell you something? Michael Schumacher fights back off the track.

Sigma classes add to bustle

Sailing
STUART ALEXANDER reports from Cork

As if Ford Cork Week were not a bustling enough affair, with an entry of nearly 500 boats this year, it also plays host to both the Sigma 33 and 38 national championships within a busy programme of racing which takes place here from tomorrow onwards. The 33s have mustered a fleet of nearly 80 boats, twice as

many as the class chairman Jack Kelly had hoped for. The 38s, in addition to taking part in many feeder races, most of which started yesterday, begin their championship proper with an overnight race tomorrow. The biennial event is now the second biggest regatta in the British Isles, behind only Cowes Week – an event which is swollen by a considerable number of day boats to over 700 craft. It attracts entries from south-

ern and northern Ireland as well as England, Scotland and Wales, and has deliberately focused itself on club racers rather than professionals – though there are many here who have served their time on top Grand Prix boats. With a mixture of short and medium length day races, plus a vigorous social programme ashore, it shares with the Rower Series at Tarbert an appeal that has made it one of the most popular destinations in the calendar.

THE WEEKEND AHEAD

TODAY

Football

INTERCITY CUP Group Four: Coventry (Mid) v Millwall (Surrey) 19.00. Rotherham (Yorkshire) v Walsley (Surrey) 19.00. Rotherham (Yorkshire) v Walsley (Surrey) 19.00.

Rugby League

STONES SUPER LEAGUE: Paris St-Germain v London Broncos 19.00.

Speedway

PREMIER LEAGUE: Bradford v Swindon 17.30. Coventry v Long Eaton 17.30. Eastbourne v Wokingham 17.30. SPEEDWAY STAR CUP Second round second leg: Cradley Heath and Stoke (43) v Belle Vue (53) 17.30 (at Stoke). CONFERENCE LEAGUE: Springfield v Middlesbrough 17.00.

Other sports

BOWLS: Scottish Masters (at Aberdeen). GOLF: Scottish Open (at Carnoustie). MOTOR RACING: British Grand Prix qualifying. Formula Three Championship: Auto Trans (13.00). St. Patrick's Athletic v Lansdowne (13.00).

SWIMMING: ASA National Championships (at Leeds). TENNIS: Bristol Challenger.

TOMORROW

Football

INTERCITY CUP Group One: Ayr (Dumfries) v Carlisle (Cumbria) 19.00. Group Five: Rotherham (Yorkshire) v Walsley (Surrey) 19.00. SPEEDWAY STAR CUP Second round second leg: Cradley Heath and Stoke (43) v Belle Vue (53) 17.30 (at Stoke). CONFERENCE LEAGUE: Springfield v Middlesbrough 17.00.

Rugby League

STONES SUPER LEAGUE: Oldham v Castleford 13.00. Sheffield v Leeds 15.30 (at Bramall Lane). St. Helens v Halifax 16.00.

WARRINGTON v WARRINGTON (13.00). First Division: Doncaster v Rochdale (13.00). Rotherham v Walsley (13.00). Salford v Wakefield (13.00). Widnes v Hull (13.00). Second Division: Bramley v Carlisle (15.00). Doncaster v South Wales (13.00). Hull Kingston Rovers v Chorley (16.30). Preston v Leigh (13.00).

Speedway

PREMIER LEAGUE: Belle Vue v Hull (12.30). Swindon v Bradford 16.00. Swindon v Macclesfield 16.00. Cradley Heath and Stoke (16.30). CONFERENCE LEAGUE: Middlesbrough v Ryde (16.00).

Other sports

BOWLS: Scottish Masters (at Aberdeen). EQUESTRIANISM: Royal International Horse Show (at Hickstead). GOLF: Scottish Open (at Carnoustie). MOTOR RACING: British Grand Prix. Formula Three Championship: Auto Trans (13.00). St. Patrick's Athletic v Lansdowne (13.00). TENNIS: Bristol Challenger.



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Woosnam ready to take rough with smooth

Golf

ANDY FARRELL
reports from Carnoustie

Ian Woosnam will not be allowed to keep the Scottish Open trophy if he wins it for a third time, although Colin Montgomerie is intent on making that issue irrelevant.

He wants to become the first Scot to take possession of it, but he has to work to do it if he is to finish as No 1 here. Woosnam, on two under, leads by three from

Russell Claydon. Montgomerie is in a group four shots back. Paul Broadhurst was in the reckoning, too, until he shocked himself and everyone else by five-putting the last.

Woosnam, who shot 70, burst into the lead with a four-hole spell of two birdies and an eagle, for which he hit a glorious one-iron from 244 yards to six feet at the 12th. Having found the rough and been plugged in a bunker at the last, he boled from 25 feet for a bogey that ensured a comfortable overnight lead.

The Welshman is expecting a low country rating today. "Apparently, it is going to be another rough day," he said. "It will be a day for patience. I'm not saying I'm going to win because anything can happen. This is a course you have to be playing well on. I'm quite enjoying it." Woosnam reported an improvement in his driving. A course like this playing the way it was, to that extent, it is encouraging. I chipped and putted as well as I have for a long time.

Once again, Montgomerie's "problem" was that everything

was going right. "I'm going straight to the range and, as you know, I don't usually do that. I've got to get this sorted out. I've got to hit the ball straighter and get my confidence back, not only for tomorrow, but for next week."

The wind of the first two days has damaged more than one swing, unfortunately given the proximity of the Open Championship. The decision by the likes of Nick Faldo to prepare quietly away from the stress of trailing a great golf course in unfriendly conditions is understandable.

For Broadhurst, stress is a word with only one more letter than he took puts on the final green. At one under par on the 18th tee, he was set for a last round battle with Woosnam. Two shots later and he was safely on the green, 40 feet from the hole. That was the difficult bit over with, you might assume.

Wrong. His first putt came up four feet short. The next was two feet away, and the one after back to four feet. Twice he had lipped out. Finally, he tapped in from 18 inches. "I sup-

pose there is a first time for everything," Broadhurst said. "There were a lot of spike marks around the hole, but that's no excuse. I tried on every one. I might have done that when I was a kid."

That it was Sandy Lyle who took best advantage of the easing conditions was not a surprise, only because his inconsistency is his most consistent quality. Lyle, playing only because the cut rose to include the nine overs, became the first player to break 70 this

week and his 68 matches the score he shot in the third round of the Irish Open last week. That was when he started using a broomhandle putter, and so far in five rounds he has yet to have a three-putt.

The Americans John Cook and Kenny Perry have decided not to play in the Open; they are going on holiday to the Olympic Games instead. Cook was the runner-up to Nick Faldo at Muirfield in 1992 and the runaway winner of the St Jude Classic in Memphis three weeks ago.

Easy Cup win for Henman

Tennis

Luke Milligan came through his Davis Cup debut in style and Tim Henman was again outstanding as Britain gained a 2-0 lead over Ghana in the Euro/Africa Group Two tie in Accra yesterday.

Henman, the British No 1 from Oxford, played the opening rubber and beat Isaac Donkor 6-2, 6-0, 6-2 in 90 minutes to give Britain a flying start.

Then Milligan, opposed Ghana's top player, Frank Ofori, and, despite a hostile crowd and intense heat, won 6-1, 3-6, 6-4, 6-2 to put Britain into an almost impregnable position.

Britain need only to win the doubles today to clinch the tie and this should prove an easy task for Mark Petchey and Neil Broad, who face two little-known Ghana players in Daniel Ombao and Tetteh Quaye.

Ghana's tennis president, I Stanley Owusu, had upset Britain's non-playing captain David Lloyd when he said at Thursday's draw ceremony: "It is D-Day for our motherland Ghana against Great Britain and we can assure you we're going to beat you."

Owusu said this with tongue in cheek but Lloyd did not like it. Not that it made any difference for the British players were clearly in a different class yesterday.

Henman, who became the first home player to reach the Wimbledon quarter-finals since Roger Taylor in 1973, was high-spirited to the unranked Donkor. The divide in skill was clearly evident as Donkor could make nothing of Henman's powerful service and ground strokes.

Donkor, no better than an average county player, was probably delighted to get off court even though the crowd hanging bongo drums, ringing bells and yelling non-stop, had given him tremendous support.

If Britain win they qualify for a promotion match with either Egypt or the Ivory Coast, at home in September.

DAVID GILL, Euro/Africa Group Two (Africa) Ghana v Great Britain (GB) (James Broad) Henman 6-1, 3-6, 6-4, 6-2; I Milligan 6-1, 3-6, 6-4, 6-2. (GB lead 2-0; Friday (David) v Broad and I Henney v I Ombao and T Quaye. Tomorrow (Lloyd) Henman v Ombao; Milligan v Donkor.

TODAY'S NUMBER

4

The autographed footballs, including one signed by the former striker Gary Lineker, and the former goalkeeper Gordon Banks and Peter Shilton, that have been stolen from a collector in Milton Keynes.



Madness at Madison Square Garden: A mass fight breaks out in the ring after Andrew Golota is disqualified

Photograph: Ron Frenn/AP

Duva stable following Bowe riot

Boxing

GLYN LEACH
reports from New York

The veteran trainer Lon Duva is in a stable condition in hospital after a riot lasting 40 minutes and involving several hundred people broke out in Madison Square Garden following the non-title heavyweight fight between Riddick Bowe and Andrew Golota on Thursday night.

Duva, 77, is thought to have suffered a heart attack after having been attacked by Bowe supporters among the 11,252 crowd who charged the ring following the disqualification of Golota in the seventh round.

Bowe was writhing in apparent agony on the canvas when Golota, who had three points deducted for low blows, was deemed to have gone too far after 2min 35sec of the round. Bowe's furious promoter, Rock Newman, climbed through the ropes and made towards Golota, gesticulating wildly, when the referee, Wayne Kelly, waved that the fight was over.

A member of Bowe's camp charged Golota from behind and was hit by a right-hander from the Pole, but hit Golota over the head with a mobile telephone, sparking pandemonium in the ring. Golota's corner team was attacked by Bowe's followers, and Duva was hit in the face. He threw a punch in retaliation, then collapsed.

Golota supporters descended from the higher tiers of the arena and joined the fray. The fighting became polarised as supporters from the rival factions laid into each other with fists, feet, chairs and bottles.

Golota, his head bleeding, ran the gauntlet as punches were thrown at him as he left the ring. Bowe had to be dragged into his dressing-room.

The security in the Garden, such as it was, was totally ineffective. It took some 15 minutes of vicious hawling on all sides of the ring before the New York Police arrived in force and over 100 officers were unable to quell the riot immediately.

Former three-weight world champion Iran "The Blade" Barkley said: "I have seen this kind of thing at the Garden before when I used to compete in

the Golden Gloves tournaments here in the early Seventies. There was never enough security then and there wasn't tonight."

Golota's reputation for foul play preceded him: he had bitten, butted and punched long in previous contests, but the brunt of the blame must lie with the Bowe faction, who have featured in several violent incidents in the past.

"I don't think Golota was hitting low intentionally," said Tommy Morrison, whose heavyweight career was cut short when he was diagnosed HIV positive. "Bowe's shorts were

particularly high and every time Golota went to the body, punches strayed low. But this has to be seen as a black eye for boxing. Lou DiBella, an executive with the Home Box Office television network, who televised the fight in the US, said: "This had nothing to do with boxing, it was a comment on the sad state of humanity."

Golota, a 12-1 underdog, seemed set for victory over an appallingly out of condition boxer who disputed world champion, Bowe, who weighed in at a career-high 18st, but may have weighed closer to 20st by fight time, dropped to the canvas in the fourth, sixth and seventh rounds following low blows. But he had been rocked on several occasions and, on my scorecard, had won only one of the six completed rounds. There was a suspicion that Bowe, in boxing parlance, was looking for a way out.

Boxing returned to the Garden after an 18-month absence in December 1995, but the arena may have to reconsider its policy towards the sport following this disgraceful event.

BOWE'S BOUTS AND LEGACY OF VIOLENCE

October 1991: Elia Tilley is pulled out of the ring by Rock Newman after Tilley and Bowe continued fighting after the bell to end the first round. Gunshots were fired outside the arena in Washington.

November 1992: Newman is accused of assaulting a photographer on the night Bowe won the world titles from Evander Holyfield. A lawsuit was settled out of court.

April 1993: Fighting breaks out at a show in Woodbridge, Virginia, featuring Bowe's sparring partner Gerard Jones. Newman is forced physically to restrain Bowe from joining the fray in the ring.

November 1993: The Bowe faction attack the infamous "Fam Man", who had power-glued into the ring during Bowe's second fight with Holyfield.

November 1994: Bowe hits future opponent Larry Donald at a press conference before their fight in Las Vegas in December 1994.

April 1995: Bowe throws a glass at future opponent Jorge Luis Gonzalez at a press conference, sparking a brawl. Further press conferences were conducted with a perspex screen separating the fighters.

McRae wants pride restored

Rugby League

Shaun McRae, the St Helens coach, wants his side to restore some lost pride as well as regain the winning thread in front of their own fans tomorrow. The Knowsley Road outfit have been feeling battered and bruised following their 50-22 mauling at the hands of Bradford Bulls last week which saw them lose top place in the Super League to Wigan.

They go into this weekend's match against the much-improved Halifax, with McRae insisting: "I think individually it's time to stand up and be counted for some of our guys. I'm sure they will."

"A few players have got a fair bit to prove this weekend, while from a team perspective, we've got to be a little more committed defensively."

"There is a lot of lost pride at the club and it's very important to prove to our supporters that we are still very much in contention."

"I don't want to use injuries as excuses because you've got to have confidence in the players that take the field and I do have."

"A lot of people write about how Bobbie Goulding was missed against Bradford, but I have made the point that it wasn't just Bobbie - we had six or seven players missing."

The Bradford hammering was Saints' second setback in three games, following last month's defeat by Wigan.

"We can't control what anyone else does, but our goal is to win our remaining seven games and it is vitally important for us to get back on track against Halifax."

Richard Webster, the Salford Reds back-row forward, is the latest rugby league player to be

targeted by Bath. The 28-year-old ex-Swansea, Wales and Lions rugby union forward is having talks with Bath - who were involved in the cross-code games with Wigan in May - over a possible switch back to his former code.

Bath, who won the double last season, have already sounded out Wigan about the possibility of having centre Va'anga Tuigamala and stand-off Henry Paul for guest spells during the winter.

Salford, the First Division leaders, hope to have completed the signing by early next week of the former Wigan Test prop Andy Platt, who is currently playing for Auckland Warriors.

Hull have signed the Australian Glen Liddiard and the centre goes straight into the side to play at Widnes tomorrow despite not having played this season because he signed a Super League contract and consequently has not played in the rival Australian Rugby League.

Liddiard is Hull's sixth overseas player - the rules allow only five - but the club are locked in a battle with the Rugby League to get Dave Webster and Dave Moffatt taken off the quota as both have British passports.

The First Division club are refusing to say how Liddiard will be allowed to play only saying he definitely will.

Bath's former Great Britain back, Carl Gibson, sent off for dissent in the home defeat by Rochdale Hornets in a First Division clash on Sunday has had his one-match ban quashed, although his fine has been increased from £75 to £200.

Rochdale have agreed a loan deal with Oldham for the ex-Great Britain Under-21 prop, Chris Parr, who is ready to play in the First Division game at Dewsbury tomorrow.

Paris will miss Russell

Paris St-Germain are forced to move their captain and centre, Pierre Chamonin, to loose forward for a match of considerable resonance against the London Broncos this evening, writes Dave Bedford.

Chamonin replaces Ian Russell, even though the Australian forward's suspension was reduced from two matches to one on appeal yesterday.

The Paris coach, John Kear, admits that he would have liked to have Russell available, now that defeat at Workington last week has left the club in the ominous shadow of the guillotine. "He is a bit like Malcolm Reilly at Castleford in the 1970s," he said. "You would want him there on one leg, for the influence he has on the others."

Kear has elected to give another Australian, George Wilson, his full debut on the right wing and gives Danny Smith, who was sacked by the Broncos for missing training earlier this year, a run in the second row. London retain the team who

overwhelmed Sheffield last week, with the 17-year-old Tony Martin keeping his place at full-back after an impressive debut. There is still no sign of a return for the Broncos' most experienced forwards, Terry Maiterson and Gavin Allwright.

Iestyn Harris returns for Warrington - London's rivals for a top four place - for tomorrow's trip to Workington, who still need a result or two between now and the end of the season to climb above Paris at the foot of the table.

St Helens will be without Scott Gibbs for the visit of those accomplished travellers, Halifax, after his appeal against a two-match suspension failed. They are delaying decisions on the fitness or otherwise of Bobbie Goulding and Chris Joynt.

Leeds should have Tony Kemp back in action at Sheffield and there is a chance that Kevin Iro and Francis Cummins could also return, to give their back line a more potent look.

Feast of runs is served up in the Eights

Cricket

The Super Eights tournament, an experiment with two-hour games, began in Kuala Lumpur yesterday with a total of 846 runs from three matches.

Nathan Aspin hit 53 off just 18 balls to give New Zealand a total of 162 and an unexpected six-wicket victory over Australia. Australia A defeated India by 33 runs as Matthew Hayden made an unbeaten 66 off 24 balls, while an Invitation XI led by the former Australian captain Allan Border lost to South Africa by seven wickets.

In Eights, the brainchild of former Australian Test player Greg Chappell, a team of eight players faces 14 overs, and a ball hit over the boundary yields eight runs instead of six. Every player except the wicketkeeper must bowl at least one over. A batsman must retire if he scores 50, but he can return to the crease if all the other batsmen have been dismissed.

American Football

Dallas Cowboys, the Super Bowl champions, have signed the veteran running back Herschel Walker, rescuing his career and returning him to the team where he began in the National Football League 10 years ago. Walker, 34, was passed over by the New York Giants last month and it appeared his career in the NFL might be over, but the Cowboys' owner, Jerry Jones, said he would strengthen the team.

The Green Bay Packers have re-signed their five-time Pro Bowl tight end Keith Jackson on a two-year contract. The 31-year-old Jackson, who became an unrestricted free agent after the 1995 season, featured in the play-offs for the Packers, catching 12 passes for 223 yards and two touchdowns in two games.

Australian Rules

AFL West Coast Eagles 20.11 (133) Fremantle 9.5 (63).

Baseball

AMERICAN LEAGUE: Oakland 8 Runs 2; Boston 11 Runs 4; New York Yankees 4 Runs 2; Kansas City 3 Runs 0; Chicago White Sox 2 Runs 6; Milwaukee 3 Runs 1; Minnesota 7 Runs 6; California 4 Runs 0.

NATIONAL LEAGUE: Pittsburgh 5 Runs 3; Philadelphia 3 Runs 0; Florida 9 Runs 6; New York Mets 8 Runs 2; Chicago Cubs 10 Runs 6; Los Angeles 11 Runs 5; San Diego 5 Runs 0; Los Angeles 8 Runs 0.

Bowls

SCOTLAND: Scotland (Scotland) Scotland 0; England (England) 1; New Zealand (New Zealand) 2; Australia (Australia) 3; South Africa (South Africa) 4; India (India) 5; Pakistan (Pakistan) 6; Sri Lanka (Sri Lanka) 7; Bangladesh (Bangladesh) 8; Zimbabwe (Zimbabwe) 9; Kenya (Kenya) 10; Uganda (Uganda) 11; Kenya (Kenya) 12; Uganda (Uganda) 13; Kenya (Kenya) 14; Uganda (Uganda) 15; Kenya (Kenya) 16; Uganda (Uganda) 17; Kenya (Kenya) 18; Uganda (Uganda) 19; Kenya (Kenya) 20; Uganda (Uganda) 21; Kenya (Kenya) 22; Uganda (Uganda) 23; Kenya (Kenya) 24; Uganda (Uganda) 25; Kenya (Kenya) 26; Uganda (Uganda) 27; Kenya (Kenya) 28; Uganda (Uganda) 29; Kenya (Kenya) 30; Uganda (Uganda) 31; Kenya (Kenya) 32; Uganda (Uganda) 33; Kenya (Kenya) 34; Uganda (Uganda) 35; Kenya (Kenya) 36; Uganda (Uganda) 37; Kenya (Kenya) 38; Uganda (Uganda) 39; Kenya (Kenya) 40; Uganda (Uganda) 41; Kenya (Kenya) 42; Uganda (Uganda) 43; Kenya (Kenya) 44; Uganda (Uganda) 45; Kenya (Kenya) 46; Uganda (Uganda) 47; Kenya (Kenya) 48; 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